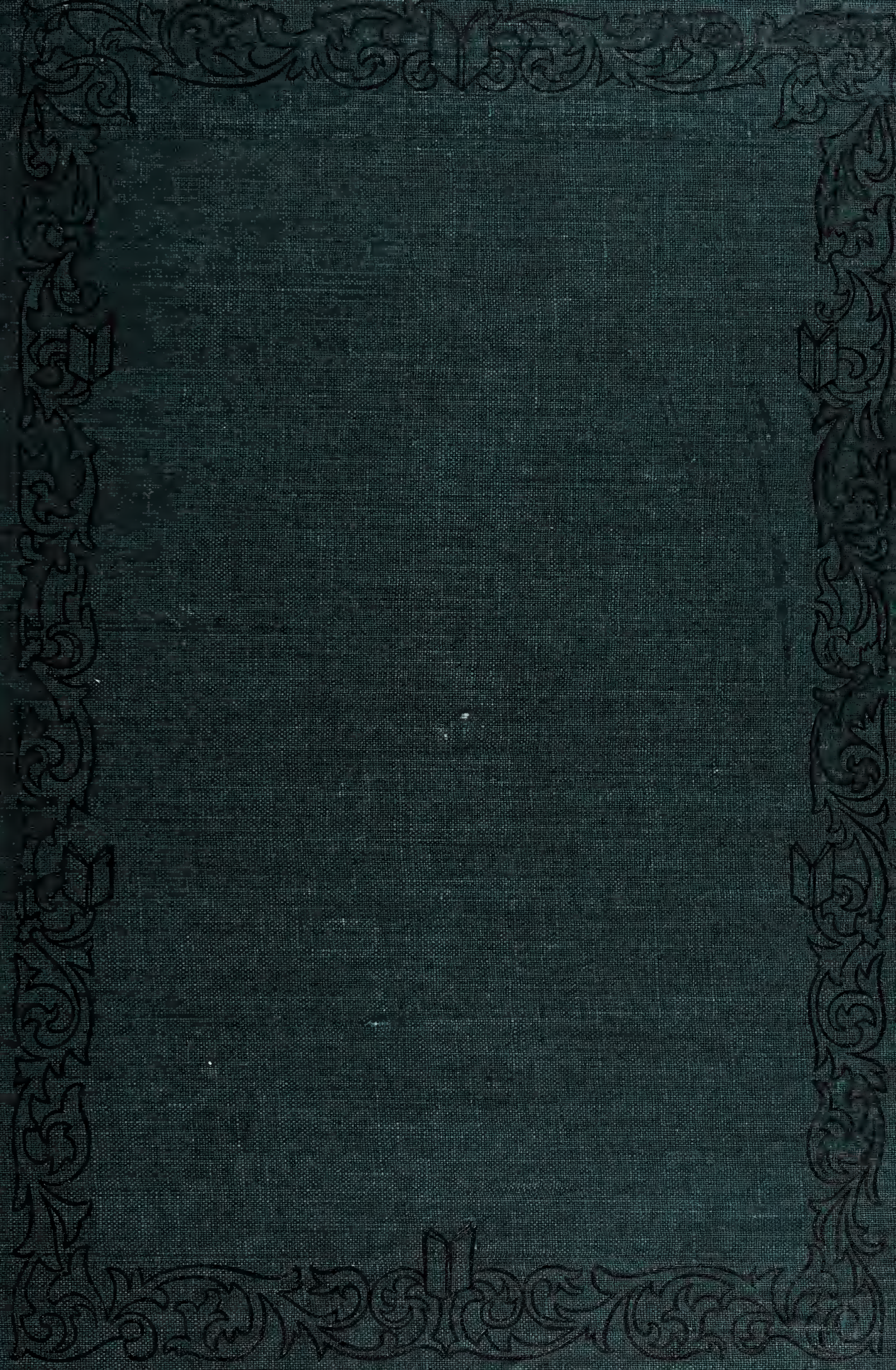

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MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF
THE WORLD WITH THEIR
MASTER PRODUCTIONS

HARRY THURSTON PECK, A. M.
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INTRODUCTION BY
JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG
LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS

OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XIII

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JUNIUS.

Junius, believed to be the pseudonym of Sir Philip Francis, a British politician and pamphleteer, born in Dublin, Oct. 22, 1740; died in London, Dec. 23, 1818. In 1773 he was sent to India as one of the Council of State, with a salary of £10,000 a year. He remained in India six years. Returning to England he entered into politics; became a member of Parliament, but gained no commanding position in public life, from which he retired in 1807, having been knighted the preceding year.

Francis was the acknowledged author of some thirty political pamphlets; but his only claim to remembrance rests upon his supposed authorship of the "Letters of Junius," a series of brilliant newspaper articles which appeared at intervals in the *Public Advertiser* between January, 1769, and January, 1772. In the first authorized collection of these letters there were forty-four bearing the signature of "Junius," and fifteen signed "Philo-Junius." Macaulay was clearly convinced that Francis was the author. He says: "The case against Francis — or, if you please, in favor of Francis — rests on coincidences sufficient to convict a murderer."

To Sir William Draper, Knight of the Bath.

3 *March*, 1769.

Sir, — An academical education has given you an unlimited command over the most beautiful figures of speech. Masks, hatchets, racks, and vipers dance through your letters in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion. These are the gloomy companions of a disturbed imagination; the melancholy madness of poetry, without the inspiration. I will not contend with you in point of composition. You are a scholar, Sir William, and, if I am truly informed, you write Latin with almost as much purity as English. Suffer me then, for I am a plain unlettered man, to continue that style of interrogation, which suits my capacity, and to which, considering the readiness of your answers, you ought to have no objection. Even Mr. Bingley promises to answer, if put to the torture.

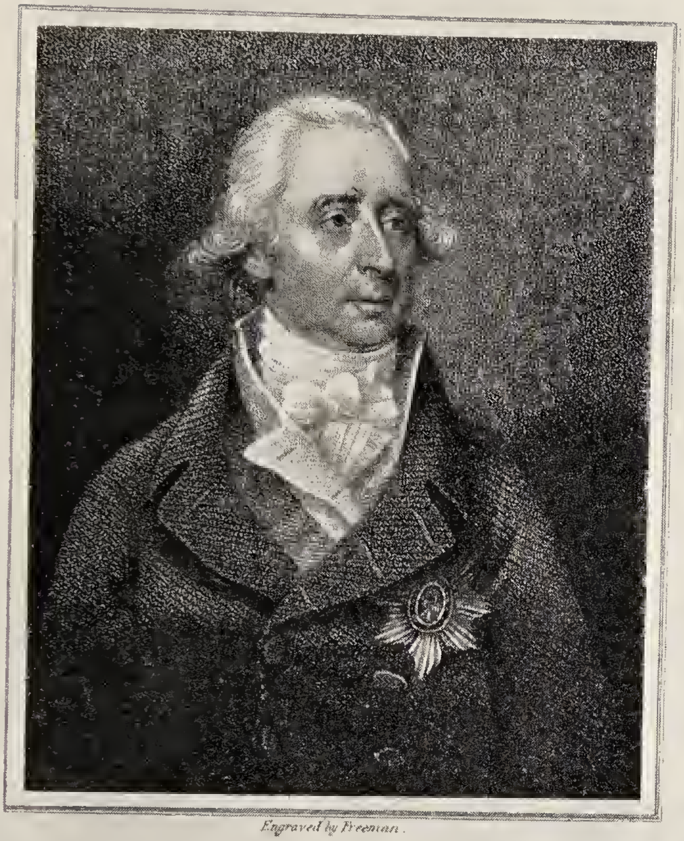
Do you then really think that, if I were to ask a *most virtuous man* whether he ever committed theft, or murder, it would disturb his peace of mind? Such a question might perhaps discompose the gravity of his muscles, but I believe it would little affect the tranquillity of his conscience. Examine your own breast, Sir William, and you will discover, that reproaches and inquiries have no power to afflict either the man of unblemished integrity, or the abandoned profligate. It is the middle compound character which alone is vulnerable; the man who, without firmness enough to avoid a dishonorable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it.

I thank you for your hint of the decalogue, and shall take an opportunity of applying it to some of your *most virtuous* friends in both Houses of parliament.

You seem to have dropped the affair of your regiment; so let it rest. When you are appointed to another, I dare say you will not sell it either for a gross sum, or for an annuity upon lives.

I am truly glad (for really, Sir William, I am not your enemy, nor did I begin this contest with you) that you have been able to clear yourself of a crime, though at the expense of the highest indiscretion. You say that your half-pay was given you by way of pension. I will not dwell upon the singularity of uniting in your own person two sorts of provision, which in their own nature, and in all military and parliamentary views, are incompatible; but I call upon you to justify that declaration, wherein you charge your sovereign with having done an act in your favor, notoriously against law. The half-pay, both in Ireland and England, is appropriated by parliament; and if it be given to persons who, like you, are legally incapable of holding it, it is a breach of law. It would have been more decent in you to have called this dishonorable transaction by its true name; a job to accommodate two persons, by particular interest and management at the Castle. What sense must government have had of your services, when the rewards they have given you are only a disgrace to you!

And now, Sir William, I shall take my leave of you forever. Motives very different from any apprehension of your resentment, make it impossible you should ever know me. In truth, you have some reason to hold yourself indebted to me. From the lessons I have given you, you may collect a profitable instruction for your future life. They will either teach you so to regulate your conduct, as to be able to set the most malicious



Engraved by Freeman.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

Published Nov. 8, 1816, by Taylor and Hessey, 93, Fleet Street.

inquiries at defiance; or, if that be a lost hope, they will teach you prudence enough not to attract the public attention to a character, which will only pass without censure, when it passes without observation.

JUNIUS.

To His Grace the Duke of Grafton.

18 *March*, 1769.

My Lord, — Before you were placed at the head of affairs, it had been a maxim of the English government, not unwillingly admitted by the people, that every ungracious or severe exertion of the prerogative should be placed to the account of the minister; but that whenever an act of grace or benevolence was to be performed, the whole merit of it should be attributed to the sovereign himself. It was a wise doctrine, my Lord, and equally advantageous to the king and to his subjects; for while it preserved that suspicious attention, with which the people ought always to examine the conduct of ministers, it tended at the same time rather to increase than to diminish their attachment to the person of their sovereign. If there be not a fatality attending every measure you are concerned in, by what treachery or by what excess of folly has it happened, that those ungracious acts, which have distinguished your administration, and which I doubt not were entirely your own, should carry with them a strong appearance of personal interest, and even of personal enmity, in a quarter, where no such interest or enmity can be supposed to exist, without the highest injustice and the highest dishonor? On the other hand, by what judicious management have you contrived it, that the only act of mercy, to which you ever advised your sovereign, far from adding to the luster of a character, truly gracious and benevolent, should be received with universal disapprobation and disgust? I shall consider it as a ministerial measure, because it is an odious one; and as your measure, my Lord Duke, because you are the minister.

As long as the trial of this chairman was depending, it was natural enough that government should give him every possible encouragement and support. The honorable service for which he was hired, and the spirit with which he performed it, made common cause between your Grace and him. The minister, who by secret corruption invades the freedom of elections, and the ruffian, who by open violence destroys that freedom, are embarked in the same bottom. They have the same interests, and mutually feel for each other. To do justice to your Grace's humanity, you felt for MacQuirk as you ought to do, and if you had been contented to assist him indirectly, without a notorious denial of justice, or openly insulting the sense of the nation, you might have satisfied every duty of political friendship, without committing the honor of your sovereign, or hazarding the reputation of his government. But when this unhappy man had been solemnly tried, convicted, and condemned;— when it appeared that he had been frequently employed in the same services, and that no excuse for him could be drawn either from the innocence of his former life, or the simplicity of his character, was it not hazarding too much to interpose the strength of the prerogative between this felon and the justice of his country? You ought to have known that an example of this sort was never so necessary as at present; and certainly you must have known that the lot could not have fallen upon a more guilty object. What system of government is this? You are perpetually complaining of the riotous disposition of the lower class of the people, yet when the laws have given you the means of making an example, in every sense unexceptionable, and by far the most likely to awe the multitude, you pardon the offense, and are not ashamed to give the sanction of government to the riots you complain of, and even to future murders. You are partial perhaps to the military mode of execution, and had rather see a score of these wretches butchered by the guards, than one of them suffer death by regular course of law. How does it happen, my Lord, that, in *your* hands, even the mercy of the prerogative is cruelty and oppression to the subject?

The measure it seems was so extraordinary, that you thought it necessary to give some reasons for it to the public. Let them be fairly examined.

1. You say *that Messrs. Bromfield and Starling were not examined at MacQuirk's trial.* I will tell your Grace why they were not. They must have been examined upon oath; and it was foreseen, that their evidence would either not benefit, or might be prejudicial to the prisoner. Otherwise, is it conceivable that his counsel should neglect to call in such material evidence?

2. You say that *Mr. Foot did not see the deceased until after his death.* A surgeon, my Lord, must know very little of his profession, if, upon examining a wound, or a contusion, he cannot determine whether it was mortal or not. — While the party

is alive, a surgeon will be cautious of pronouncing; whereas, by the death of the patient, he is enabled to consider both cause and effect in one view, and to speak with a certainty confirmed by experience.

Yet we are to thank your Grace for the establishment of a new tribunal. Your *inquisitio post mortem* is unknown to the laws of England, and does honor to your invention. The only material objection to it is, that if Mr. Foot's evidence was insufficient, because he did not examine the wound till after the death of the party, much less can a negative opinion, given by gentlemen who never saw the body of Mr. Clarke, either before or after his decease, authorize you to supersede the verdict of a jury, and the sentence of the law.

Now, my Lord, let me ask you, Has it never occurred to your Grace, while you were withdrawing this desperate wretch from that justice which the laws had awarded, and which the whole people of England demanded, against him, that there is another man, who is the favorite of his country, whose pardon would have been accepted with gratitude, whose pardon would have healed all our divisions? Have you quite forgotten that this man was once your Grace's friend? Or is it to murderers only that you will extend the mercy of the crown?

These are questions you will not answer. Nor is it necessary. The character of your private life, and the uniform tenor of your public conduct, is an answer to them all.

JUNIUS.

To His Grace the Duke of Grafton.

12 *December*, 1769.

My Lord, —I find with some surprise, that you are not supported as you deserve. Your most determined advocates have scruples about them, which *you* are unacquainted with; and, though there be nothing too hazardous for your Grace to engage in, there are some things too infamous for the vilest prostitute of a newspaper to defend. In what other manner shall we account for the profound, submissive silence, which you and your friends have observed upon a charge, which called immediately for the clearest refutation, and would have justified the severest measures of resentment? I did not attempt to blast your character by an indirect, ambiguous insinuation, but candidly stated to you a plain fact, which struck directly at the integrity of a privy counselor, of a first commissioner of the Treasury, and of a leading minister, who is supposed to enjoy the first share in his Majesty's confidence. In every one of these capacities I employed the most moderate terms to charge you with treachery to your sovereign, and breach of trust in your office. I accused you of having *sold*, or permitted to be *sold*, a patent place in the collection of the customs at Exeter, to one Mr. Hine, who, unable or unwilling to deposit the whole purchase-money himself, raised part of it by contribution, and has now a certain Doctor Brooke quartered upon the salary for one hundred pounds a year. — No sale by the candle was ever conducted with greater formality. — I affirm that the price at which the place was knocked down (and which, I have good reason to think, was not less than three thousand five hundred pounds) was, with your connivance and consent, paid to Colonel Burgoyne, to reward him, I presume, for the decency of his deportment at Preston; or to reimburse him, perhaps, for the fine of one thousand pounds, which, for that very deportment, the Court of King's Bench thought proper to set upon him. — It is not often that the chief justice and the prime minister are so strangely at variance in their opinions of men and things.

I thank God there is not in human nature a degree of impudence daring enough to deny the charge I have fixed upon you. Your courteous secretary, your confidential architect, are silent as the grave. Even Mr. Rigby's countenance fails him. He violates his second nature, and blushes whenever he speaks of you. Perhaps the noble colonel himself will relieve you. No man is more tender of his reputation. He is not only nice, but perfectly sore in everything that touches his honor. If any man, for example, were to accuse him of taking his stand at a gaming-table, and watching, with the soberest attention, for a fair opportunity of engaging a drunken young nobleman at piquet, he would undoubtedly consider it as an infamous aspersion upon his character, and resent it like a man of honor. — Acquitting him therefore of drawing a regular and splendid subsistence from any unworthy practices, either in his own house or elsewhere, let me ask your Grace, for what military merits you have been pleased to reward him with a military government? He had a regiment of dragoons, which, one would imagine, was at least an equivalent for any services *he* ever performed. Besides, he is but a young officer, considering his preferment, and, except in his activity at Preston, not very conspicuous in his profession. But it seems, the sale of a civil employment was not sufficient, and military governments, which were intended for the support of worn-out veterans, must be thrown into the scale, to defray the extensive bribery of a contested election. Are these the steps you take to secure to your sovereign the attachment of his army? With what countenance dare you appear in the royal presence, branded as you are with the infamy of a notorious breach of trust? With what countenance can you take your seat at the Treasury-board or in council, when you *feel* that every circulating whisper is at *your* expense alone, and stabs you to the heart? Have you a single friend in parliament so shameless, so thoroughly abandoned, as to undertake your defense? You know, my Lord, that there is not a man in either House, whose character, however flagitious, would not be ruined by mixing his reputation with yours; and does not your heart inform you, that you are degraded below the condition of a man, when you are obliged to hear these insults with submission, and even to thank me for my moderation?

We are told, by the highest judicial authority, that Mr. Vaughan's offer to purchase the reversion of a patent in Jamaica (which he was otherwise sufficiently entitled to) amounted to a high misdemeanor. Be it so: and if he deserves it, let him be punished. But the learned judge might have had a fairer opportunity of displaying the powers of his eloquence. Having delivered himself with so much energy upon the criminal nature and dangerous consequences of any attempt to corrupt a man in your Grace's station, what would he have said to the minister himself, to that very privy counselor, to that first commissioner of the Treasury, who does not wait for, but impatiently solicits the touch of corruption; who employs the meanest of his creatures in these honorable services, and, forgetting the genius and fidelity of his secretary, descends to apply to his house-builder for assistance?

This affair, my Lord, will do infinite credit to government, if, to clear your character, you should think proper to bring it into the House of Lords, or into the Court of King's Bench. — But, my Lord, you dare not do either. JUNIUS.

FOR THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

19 *December*, 1769.

WHEN the complaints of a brave and powerful people are observed to increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time will soon arrive at which every inferior consideration must yield to the security of the sovereign, and to the general safety of the state. There is a moment of difficulty and danger, at which flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled. Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, well-intentioned Prince, made sensible at last of the great duty he owes to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation; that he looks round him for assistance, and asks for no advice, but how to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects. In these circumstances, it may be matter of curious SPECULATION to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address himself to his sovereign. Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed, that the ceremonious difficulties of an audience are surmounted, that he feels himself animated by the purest and most honorable affections to his king and country, and that the great person, whom he addresses, has spirit enough to bid him speak freely, and understanding enough to listen to him with attention. Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect.

SIR, — It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth, until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects, on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, *That the King can do no wrong*, is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your Majesty's condition, or that of the English nation, would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth, by removing every painful, offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, Sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, should distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king, and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

You ascended the throne with a declared, and, I doubt not, a sincere resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince, whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle, but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favorite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, Sir, was once the disposition of a people, who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions, with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men, who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant; — that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties, from ministers, favorites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life, in which you have consulted your own understanding.

When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman, believe me, Sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects, at the expense of another. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection; nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affections for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their new-born zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favor. To honor them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects, who placed your family, and, in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it upon the throne, is a mistake too gross, even for the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

To the same early influence we attribute it, that you have descended to take a share not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of their passions. At your accession to the throne, the whole system of government was altered, not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown; but it is not in this country, Sir, that such men can be dishonored by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced. Without entering into a minuter discussion of the merits of the peace, we may observe, in the imprudent hurry with which the first overtures from France were accepted, in the conduct of the negotiation, and terms of the treaty, the strongest marks of that precipitate spirit of concession, with which a certain part of your subjects have been at all times ready to purchase a peace with the natural enemies of this country. On *your* part we are satisfied that everything was honorable and sincere, and if England was sold to France, we doubt not that your Majesty was equally betrayed. The conditions of the peace were matter of grief and surprise to your subjects, but not the immediate cause of their present discontent.

Hitherto, Sir, you have been sacrificed to the prejudices and passions of others. With what firmness will you bear the mention of your own?

A man, not very honorably distinguished in the world, commences a formal attack upon your favorite, considering nothing, but how he might best expose his person and principles to detestation, and the national character of his countrymen to contempt. The natives of that country, Sir, are as much distinguished by a peculiar character, as by your Majesty's favor. Like another chosen people, they have been conducted into the land of plenty, where they find themselves effectually marked, and divided from mankind. There is hardly a period, at which the most irregular character may not be redeemed. The mistakes of one sex find a retreat in patriotism; those of the other, in devotion. Mr. Wilkes brought with him into politics the same liberal sentiments, by which his private conduct had been directed, and seemed to think, that, as there are few excesses in which an English gentleman may not be permitted to indulge, the same latitude was allowed him in the choice of his political principles, and in the spirit of maintaining them.— I mean to state, not entirely to defend his conduct. In the earnestness of his zeal, he suffered some unwarrantable insinuations to escape him. He said more than moderate men would justify; but not enough to entitle him to the honor of your Majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation, collected upon him, served only to illuminate, and could not consume. Animated by the favor of the people on one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as in religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged, and create a maternal affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer.— Is this a contention worthy of a king? Are you not sensible how much the meanness of the cause gives an air of ridicule to the serious difficulties into which you have been betrayed? the destruction of one man has been now, for many years, the sole object of your government; and if there can be anything still more disgraceful, we have seen, for such an object, the utmost influence of the executive power, and every ministerial artifice, exerted without success. Nor can you ever succeed, unless *he* should be imprudent enough to forfeit the protection of those laws to which you owe your crown, or unless your ministers should persuade you to make it a question of force alone, and try the whole strength of government in opposition to the people. The lessons *he* has received from experience, will probably guard him from such excess of folly; and in your Majesty's virtues we find an unquestionable assurance that no illegal violence will be attempted.

Far from suspecting you of so horrible a design, we would attribute the continued violation of the laws, and even this last enormous attack upon the vital principles of the constitution, to an ill-advised, unworthy, personal resentment. From one false step you have been betrayed into another, and as the cause was unworthy of you, your ministers were determined that the prudence of the execution should correspond with the wisdom and dignity of the design. They have reduced you to the necessity of choosing out of a variety of difficulties; — to a situation so unhappy, that you can neither do wrong without ruin, nor right without affliction. These worthy servants have undoubtedly given you many singular proofs of their abilities. Not contented with making Mr. Wilkes a man of importance, they have judiciously transferred the question, from the rights and interests of one man, to the most important rights and interests of the people, and forced your subjects, from wishing well to the cause of an individual, to unite with him in their own. Let them proceed as they have begun, and your Majesty need not doubt that the catastrophe will do no dishonor to the conduct of the piece.

The circumstances to which you are reduced, will not admit of a compromise with the English nation. Undecisive, qualifying measures will disgrace your government still more than open violence, and, without satisfying the people, will excite their contempt. They have too much understanding and spirit to accept of an indirect satisfaction for a direct injury. Nothing less than a repeal, as formal as the resolution itself, can heal the wound, which has been given to the constitution, nor will any thing less be accepted. I can readily believe that there is an influence sufficient to recall that pernicious vote. The House of Commons undoubtedly consider their duty to the crown as paramount to all other obligations. To *us* they are only indebted for an accidental existence, and have justly transferred their gratitude from their parents to their benefactors; — from those who gave them birth, to the minister, from whose benevolence they derive the comforts and pleasures of their political life; — who has taken the tenderest care of their infancy, and relieves their necessities without offending their delicacy. But, if it were possible for their integrity to be degraded to a condition so vile and abject, that, compared with it, the present estimation they stand in is a state of honor and respect, consider, Sir, in what manner you will afterwards proceed. Can you conceive that the people of this country will long submit to be governed by so flexible a House of Commons! It is not in the nature of human society, that any form of government, in such circumstances, can long be preserved. In ours, the general contempt of the people is as fatal as their detestation. Such, I am persuaded, would be the necessary effect of any base concession made by the present House of Commons, and, as a qualifying measure would not be accepted, it remains for you to decide whether you will, at any hazard, support a set of men, who have reduced you to this unhappy dilemma, or whether you will gratify the united wishes of the whole people of England, by dissolving the parliament.

Taking it for granted, as I do very sincerely, that you have personally no design against the constitution, nor any views inconsistent with the good of your subjects, I think you cannot hesitate long upon the choice, which it equally concerns your interest and your honor to adopt. On one side, you hazard the affections of all your English subjects; you relinquish every hope of repose to yourself, and you endanger the establishment of your family forever. All this you venture for no object whatsoever, or for such an object, as would be an affront to you to name. Men of sense will examine your conduct with suspicion; while those who are incapable of comprehending to what degree they are injured, afflict you with clamors equally insolent and unmeaning. Supposing it possible that no fatal struggle should ensue, you determine at once to be unhappy, without the hope of a compensation either from interest or ambition. If an English king be hated or despised, he *must* be unhappy; and this perhaps is the only political truth, which he ought to be convinced of without experiment. But if the English people should no longer confine their resentment to a submissive representation of their wrongs; if, following the glorious example of their ancestors, they should no longer appeal to the creature of the constitution, but to that high Being, who gave them the rights of humanity, whose gifts it were sacrilege to surrender, let me ask you, Sir, upon what part of your subjects would you rely for assistance?

The people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed. In return, they give you every day fresh marks of their resentment. They despise the miserable governor you have sent them, because he is the creature of Lord Bute; nor is it from any natural confusion in their ideas, that they are so ready to confound the original of a king with the disgraceful representation of him.

The distance of the colonies would make it impossible for them to take an active concern in your affairs, if they were as well affected to your government as they once pretended to be to your person. They were ready enough to distinguish between *you* and your ministers. They complained of an act of the legislature, but traced the origin of it no higher than to the servants of the crown: They pleased themselves with the hope that their sovereign, if not favorable to their cause, at least was impartial. The decisive, personal part you took against them, has effectually banished that first distinction from their minds. They consider you as united with your servants against America, and know how to distinguish the sovereign and a venal parliament on one side, from the real sentiments of the English people on the other. Looking forward to independence, they might possibly receive you for their king; but, if ever you retire to America, be assured they will give you such a covenant to digest, as the presbytery of Scotland would have been ashamed to offer to Charles the Second. They left their native land in search of freedom, and found it in a desert. Divided as they are into a thousand forms of policy and religion, there is one point in which they all agree: — they equally detest the pageantry of a king, and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop.

It is not then from the alienated affections of Ireland or America, that you can reasonably look for assistance; still less from the people of England, who are actually contending for their rights, and in this great question, are parties against you. You are not, however, destitute of every appearance of support: You have all the Jacobites, Nonjurors, Roman Catholics, and Tories of this country, and all Scotland without exception. Considering from what family you are descended, the choice of your friends has been singularly directed; and truly, Sir, if you had not lost the Whig interest of England, I should admire your dexterity in turning the hearts of your enemies. Is it possible for you to place any confidence in men, who, before they are faithful to you, must renounce every opinion, and betray every principle, both in church and state, which they inherit from their ancestors, and are confirmed in by their education? whose numbers are so inconsiderable, that they have long since been obliged to give up the principles and language which distinguish them as a party, and to fight under the banners of their enemies? Their zeal begins with hypocrisy, and must conclude in treachery. At first they deceive; at last they betray.

As to the Scotch, I must suppose your heart and understanding so biased, from your earliest infancy, in their favor, that nothing less than *your own* misfortunes can undeceive you. You will not accept of the uniform experience of your ancestors; and when once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in his faith. A bigoted understanding can draw a proof of attachment to the house of Hanover from a notorious zeal for the house of Stuart, and find an earnest of future loyalty in former rebellions. Appearances are however, in their favor; so strongly indeed, that one would think they had forgotten that you are their lawful king, and had mistaken you for a pretender to the crown. Let it be admitted then that the Scotch are as sincere in their present professions, as if you were in reality not an Englishman, but a Briton of the North. You would not be the first prince, of their native country, against whom they have rebelled, nor the first whom they have basely betrayed. Have you forgotten, Sir, or has your favorite concealed from you, that part of our history, when the unhappy Charles (and he too had private virtues) fled from the open, avowed indignation of his English subjects, and surrendered himself at discretion to the good faith of his own countrymen? Without looking for support in their affections as subjects, he applied only to their honor as gentlemen, for protection. They received him as they would your Majesty, with bows, and smiles, and falsehood, and kept him until they had settled their bargain with the English parliament; then basely sold their native king to the vengeance of his enemies. This, Sir, was not the act of a few traitors, but the deliberate treachery of a Scotch parliament, representing the nation. A wise prince might draw from it two lessons of equal utility to himself. On one side he might learn to dread the undisguised resentment of a generous people, who dare openly assert their rights, and who, in a just cause, are ready to meet their sovereign in the field. On the other side, he would be taught to apprehend something far more formidable; — a fawning treachery, against which no prudence can guard, no courage can defend. The insidious smile upon the cheek would warn him of the canker in the heart.

From the uses to which one part of the army has been too frequently applied, you have some reason to expect, that there are no services they would refuse. Here too we trace the partiality of your understanding. You take the sense of the army from the conduct of the guards, with the same justice with which you collect the sense of the people from the representations of the ministry. Your marching regiments, Sir, will not make the guards their example either as soldiers or subjects. They feel and resent, as they ought to do, that invariable, undistinguishing favor with which the guards are treated; while those gallant troops, by whom every hazardous, every laborious service is performed, are left to perish in garrisons abroad, or pine in quarters at home, neglected and forgotten. If they had no sense of the great original duty they owe their country, their resentment would operate like patriotism, and leave your cause to be defended by those to whom you have lavished the rewards and honors of their profession. The Pretorian bands, enervated and debauched as they were, had still strength enough to awe the Roman populace: but when the distant legions took the alarm, they marched to Rome, and gave away the empire.

On this side, then, whichever way you turn your eyes, you see nothing but perplexity and distress. You may determine to support the very ministry who have reduced your affairs to this deplorable situation; you may shelter yourself under the forms of a parliament, and set your people at defiance. But be assured, Sir, that such a resolution would be as imprudent as it would be odious. If it did not immediately shake your establishment, it would rob you of your peace of mind forever.

On the other, how different is the prospect! How easy, how safe and honorable is the path before you! The English nation declare they are grossly injured by their representatives, and solicit your Majesty to exert your lawful prerogative, and give them an opportunity of recalling a trust, which, they find, has been scandalously abused. You are not to be told that the power of the House of Commons is not original, but delegated to them for the welfare of the people, from whom they received it. A question of right arises between the constituent and the representative body. By what authority shall it be decided? Will your Majesty interfere in a question in which you have properly no immediate concern? — It would be a step equally odious and unnecessary. Shall the Lords be called upon to determine the rights and privileges of the Commons? — They cannot do it without a flagrant breach of the constitution. Or will you refer it to the judges? — They have often told your ancestors, that the law of parliament is above them. What party then remains, but to leave it to the people to determine for themselves? They alone are injured; and since there is no superior power, to which the cause can be referred, they alone ought to determine.

I do not mean to perplex you with a tedious argument upon a subject already so discussed that inspiration could hardly throw a new light upon it. There are, however, two points of view, in which it particularly imports your Majesty to consider the late proceedings of the House of Commons. By depriving a subject of his birthright, they have attributed to their own vote an authority equal to an act of the whole legislature; and, though perhaps not with the same motives, have strictly followed the example of the long parliament, which first declared the regal offices useless, and soon after, with as little ceremony, dissolved the House of Lords. The same pretended power, which robs an English subject of his birthright, may rob an English king of his crown. In another view, the resolution of the House of Commons, apparently not so dangerous to your Majesty, is still more alarming to your people. Not contented with divesting one man of his right, they have arbitrarily conveyed that right to another. They have set aside a return as illegal, without daring to censure those officers, who were particularly apprised of Mr. Wilkes's incapacity not only by the declaration of the House, but expressly by the writ directed to them, and who nevertheless returned him as duly elected. They have rejected the majority of votes, the only criterion by which our laws judge of the sense of the people; they have transferred the right of election from the collective to the representative body; and by these acts, taken separately or together, they have essentially altered the original constitution of the House of Commons. Versed, as your Majesty undoubtedly is, in the English history, it cannot easily escape you, how much it is your interest, as well as your duty, to prevent one of the three estates from encroaching upon the province of the other two, or assuming the authority of them all. When once they have departed from the great constitutional line, by which all their proceedings should be directed, who will answer for their future moderation? Or what assurance will they give you, that, when they have trampled upon their equals, they will submit to a superior? Your Majesty may learn hereafter, how nearly the slave and tyrant are allied.

Some of your council, more candid than the rest, admit the abandoned profligacy of the present House of Commons, but oppose their dissolution upon an opinion, I confess not very unwarrantable, that their successors would be equally at the disposal of the Treasury. I cannot persuade myself that the nation will have profited so little by experience. But if that opinion were well founded, you might then gratify our wishes at an easy rate, and appease the present clamor against your government, without offering any material injury to the favorite cause of corruption.

You have still an honorable part to act. The affections of your subjects may still be recovered. But before you subdue *their* hearts, you must gain a noble victory over your own. Discard those little, personal resentments, which have too long directed your public conduct. Pardon this man the remainder of his punishment; and if resentment still prevails, make it, what it should have been long since, an act, not of mercy, but contempt. He will soon fall back into his natural station, — a silent senator, and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of a newspaper. The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface, neglected and unremoved. It is only the tempest, that lifts him from his place.

Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people. Lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived. The acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honor to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government; that you will give your confidence to no man, who does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or no it be in reality the general sense of the nation, that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

These sentiments, Sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions; and, when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, Sir, who tell you that you have many friends, whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received, and *may* be returned. The fortune, which made you a king, forbade you to have a friend. It is a law of nature which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince, who looks for friendship, will find a favorite, and in that favorite the ruin of his affairs.

The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was necessary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, Sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational; — fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your Majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart, of itself, is only contemptible; — armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct, should be warned by their example; and while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another.

JUNIUS.

JUVENAL.

Juvenal (*Decimus Junius Juvenalis*), a Roman Satirist, born about A.D. 40; died about A.D. 120. Of his personal history little is recorded, and of that little the greater part is of questionable authority. It is said that he was the son of a wealthy freedman, from whom he received a comfortable estate at Aquinam, which was presumably his birthplace; that he resided mainly at Rome, occupied as a "rhetorician," or, as we may say, an "advocate;" that certain of his squibs, aimed at prevalent follies and vices, attracted attention; and when past middle age he devoted himself mainly to depicting the follies and crimes of the age in which he lived. Juvenal and Horace rank foremost among the Roman Satirists; but with this difference: Horace touches mainly upon the follies of his time, while Juvenal lashes its vices. There are extant fifteen Satires attributed to Juvenal; but the genuineness of six of these has been questioned. These Satires have been translated, either wholly or in part, into English verse by several persons, among whom is Dryden. The translation of Gifford is by far the best of these. There is also a very useful prose rendering by J. D. Lewis (1873).

The Vanity of Human Wishes in General.

In every clime, from Ganges' distant stream
To Gades, gilded by the western beam,
Few, from the clouds of mental error free,
In its true light or good or evil see;
For what, with reason, do we seek or shun?
What plan, how happily soe'er begun,
But, finished, we our own success lament,
And rue the pains so fearfully misspent.
  To headlong ruin see whole nations driven,
Cursed with their prayers by too indulgent heaven,
Bewildered thus, by folly or by fate,
We beg pernicious gifts in every state —
In peace, in war: A full and rapid flow
Of eloquence lays many a speaker low;
Even strength itself is fatal: — Milo tries
His wondrous arms, and in the trial dies.

JUVENAL

THE VANITY OF THE WISH FOR WEALTH.

But Avarice wider spreads her deadly snare,
And hoards of wealth, amassed with ceaseless care,
Hoards which o'er all paternal fortunes rise,
As o'er the dolphin towers the whale in size:
Hence, in these dreadful times, by Nero's word,
The ruffian bands unsheathed the murderous sword,
Rushed to the sweltering coffers of the great,
And seized the rich domain and lordly seat;
While sweetly in their cockloft slept the poor,
And heard no soldier thundering at the door.
  The traveler, freighted with a little wealth,
Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth:
Even then he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
And starts and trembles at a rush's shade;
While void of care, the beggar trips along,
And in the spoiler's presence trolls his song.
  The first great wish we all with rapture own,
The general cry, to every temple known,
Is still for wealth: "And let, all-gracious Powers,
The largest chest the Forum boasts be ours!"
Yet none from earthen bowls destruction sip.
Dread, then, the baneful draught, when at your lip
The goblet mantles, graced with gems divine,
And the broad gold inflames the ruby wine.

THE WISH FOR POWER. — SEJANUS.

  Crown all your doors with bay, triumphant bay!
Sacred to Jove, the milk-white victim slay;
For lo! where great Sejanus by the throng —
A joyful spectacle — is dragged along.
  "What lips! what cheeks! ha, traitor! For my part,
I never loved this fellow in my heart.
But tell me, why was he adjudged to bleed?
And who discovered and who proved the deed?"
"Proved! A verbose epistle came to-day
From Capua." — "Good! what think the people?" — "They,
They followed Fortune, as of old, and hate,
With their whole souls, the victims of the State. —
Yet would the herd, thus zealous, thus on fire,
Had Nurcia met the Tuscan's fond desire,
And crushed the unwary prince, have all combined,

And hailed Sejanus Master of Mankind!
For since their votes have been no longer bought,
All public care has vanished from their thought;
And those who once, with unresisted sway,
Gave armies, empire, everything, away,
For two poor claims have long renounced the whole,
And only ask the Circus and the Dole."
"But are there more to suffer?" —
"So 'tis said;
A fire so fierce for one was scarcely made.
I met my friend Brutidius, and I fear,
From his pale looks, he thinks there's danger near.
What if this Ajax, in his frenzy strike,
As doubtful of our zeal, at all alike?
Swift let us fly, our loyalty to show,
And trample on the carcass of his foe.
But mark me: lest our slaves the fact forswear,
And drag us to the bar, let them be there."
Thus of the favorite's fall the converse ran,
And thus the whisper passed from man to man.
You grant me, then, Sejanus grossly erred,
Nor knew what prayer his folly had preferred;
For when he begged for too much wealth and power,
Stage above stage he raised a tottering tower,
And higher still and higher — to be thrown
With louder crash and wider ruin down.
What wrought the Crassis, what the Pompeys' doom,
And his, who bowed the stubborn neck of Rome?
What but the wild, the unbounded wish to rise,
Heard in malignant kindness by the skies? —
Few kings, few tyrants, find a natural end,
Or to the grave without a wound descend.

THE WISH FOR GLORY. — HANNIBAL.

PRODUCE the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust that yet remains.
And is this all? Yet this was once the bold,
The aspiring chief whom Afric could not hold.
Afric, outstretched from where the Atlantic roars
To Nilus; from the Line to Libya's shores.
Spain conquered, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds.
Nature opposed her everlasting mounds,
Her Alps and snows. O'er these, with torrent force,
He pours, and rends through rocks his dreadful course.

Yet thundering on, "Think nothing done," he cries,
"Till o'er Rome's prostrate walls I lead my powers,
And plant my standard on her hated towers!"
Big words? But view his figure, view his face!
Ah for some master-hand the lines to trace,
As through the Etrurian swamps, by floods increased,
The one-eyèd chief urged his Getulian beast!
  But what ensued? Illusive Glory, say:
Subdued on Zama's memorable day,
He flies in exile to a petty state,
With headlong haste; and at a despot's gate
Sits, mighty suppliant! of his life in doubt,
Till the Bithynian's morning nap be out.
  Nor swords, nor spears, nor stones from engines hurled,
Shall quell the man whose frowns alarmed the world.
The vengeance due to Cannæ's fatal field,
And floods of human gore, a ring shall yield!
Go, madman, go! at toil and danger mock,
Pierce the deep snow, and scale the eternal rock,
To please the rhetoricians, and become
A declamation for the boys of Rome.

The Wish for Length of Life.

"Life! length of life!" For this with earnest cries,
Or sick or well, we supplicate the skies.
Pernicious prayer! for mark what ills attend
Still on the old, as to the grave they bend:
A ghastly visage to themselves unknown;
For a smooth skin a hide with scurf o'ergrown;
And such a flabby cheek as an old ape,
In Tabraca's thick woods, might haply scrape.
  But other ills, and worse, succeed to those:
His limbs long since were gone; his memory goes.
Poor driveler! he forgets his servants quite;
Forgets at morn with whom he supped last night;
Forgets the children he begot and bred,
And makes a strumpet heiress in their stead;
So much avails it the rank arts to use,
Gained by long practice in the loathsome stews.
  But grant his senses unimpaired remain,
Still woes on woes succeed — a mournful train!
He sees his sons, his daughters, all expire,
His faithful consort on the funeral pyre;
Sees brothers, sisters, friends, to ashes turn,

And all he loved, or loved him, in their urn. —
Lo! here the dreadful fine we ever pay
For life protracted to a distant day:
To see our house by sickness, pain, pursued,
And scenes of death incessantly renewed;
In sable weeds to waste the joyless years,
And drop at last 'mid solitude and tears.

The Wish for Beautiful Offspring.

Whene'er the fame of Venus meets her eye,
The anxious mother breathes a secret sigh
For handsome boys; but asks, with bolder prayer,
That all her girls be exquisitely fair.
"And wherefore not? Latona in the sight
Of Dian's beauty took exquisite delight." —
True; but Lucretia cursed her fatal charms,
When spent with struggling in a Tarquin's arms;
And poor Virginia would have changed her grace
For Rutila's crooked back and homely face. —
"But boys may still be fair!" — No, they destroy
Their parents' peace, and murder all their joy;
For rarely do we meet, in one combined,
A beauteous body and a virtuous mind,
Though through the rugged house, from sire to son,
A Sabine sanctity of manners run.

The Only Wise Human Wish.

"Say, then, shall man, deprived all power of choice,
Ne'er raise to Heaven the supplicating voice?" —
Not so, but to the gods his fortunes trust:
Their thoughts are wise, their dispensations just.
What best may profit or delight they know,
And real good for fancied bliss bestow.
With eyes of pity they our frailties scan;
More dear to them than to himself is man.
By blind desire, by headlong passion driven,
For wife and heirs we daily weary Heaven;
Yet still 'tis Heaven's prerogative to know
If heirs or wife will bring us bliss or woe.
But that thou may'st (for still 'tis good to prove
Our humble hope) ask something from above;
Thy pious offerings to the temple bear,
And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer:

"O Thou, who know'st the wants of human kind,
Vouchsafe me health of body, health of mind;
A soul prepared to meet the frowns of Fate,
And look undaunted on a future state;
That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
Existence nobly, with its weight of care;
That anger and desire alike restrains,
And counts Alcides's toils and cruel pains
Superior far to banquets, wanton nights,
And all Sardanapalus's soft delights."
Here bound at length thy wishes. I but teach
What blessings man by his own powers may reach.
The path to Peace is Virtue. We should see,
If wise, O Fortune, naught divine in thee.
But we have deified a name alone,
And fixed in heaven thy visionary throne.

An Invitation to a Frugal Dinner.

Enough! to-day my Persicus shall see
Whether my precepts with my life agree;
Whether, with feigned austerity, I prize
The spare repast — a glutton in disguise;
Bawl for coarse pottage, that my friend may hear,
But whisper "sweetmeats!" in my servant's ear.
For since, by promise, you are now my guest,
Know, I invite you to no sumptuous feast,
But to such simple fare, as long, long since,
The good Evander bade the Trojan Prince.
Come, then, my friend, you will not sure despise
The food that pleased the offspring of the skies;
Come, and while fancy brings past times to view,
I'll think myself the king, the hero you.
Take now your bill of fare. My simple board
Is with no dainties from the market stored,
But dishes all my own. From Tibur's stock
A kid shall come — the fattest of the flock,
The tenderest, too, and yet too young to browse
The thistle's shoots, the willow's watery boughs,
With more of milk than blood; and pullets drest
With new-laid eggs, yet tepid from the nest,
And 'sparage wild, which from the mountain's side
My housemaid left her spindle to provide;
And grapes, long kept, yet pulpy still and fair;
And the rich Signian and the Syrian pear,

And apples, that in flavor and in smell
The boasted Picene equal or excel;
Nor need you fear, my friend, their liberal use,
For age has mellowed and improved their juice.
How homely this! and yet this homely fare
A senator would once have counted rare;
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace
O'er a few sticks a little pot to place,
With herbs by his small garden-plot supplied —
Food which the squalid wretch would now deride,
Who digs in fetters, and, with fond regret,
The tavern's savory dish remembers yet!
Time was, when on the rack a man would lay
The seasoned flitch against a solemn day;
And think the friends who met with decent mirth
To celebrate the hour which gave him birth,
On this, and what of fresh the altars spared
(For altars then were honored), nobly fared.
Some kinsman, who had camps and senates swayed,
Had thrice been Consul, once Dictator made,
From public cares retired, would gayly haste,
Before the wonted hour, to such repast.
Shouldering the spade, that with no common toil,
Had tamed the genius of the mountain-soil.
Yes, when the world was filled with Rome's just fame,
And Romans trembled at the Fabian name,
The Scauran and Fabrician; when they saw
A Censor's rigor e'en a Censor awe,
No son of Troy e'er thought it his concern,
Or worth a moment's serious care to learn,
What land, what sea, the fairest tortoise bred,
Whose clouded shell might best adorn his bed.
His bed was small, and did no signs impart
Or of the painter's or the sculptor's art,
Save where the front, cheaply inlaid with brass,
Showed the rude features of a vine-crowned ass;
An uncouth brute, round with his children played,
And laughed and jested at the face it made! —
Briefly, his house, his furniture, his food,
Were uniformly plain, and simply good.
Then the rough soldier, yet untaught by Greece
To hang, enraptured, o'er a finished piece,
If haply, 'mid the congregated spoils
(Proof of his power, and guerdon of his toils),
Some antique vase of master-hands were found,

Would dash the glittering bauble on the ground;
That in new forms the molten fragments drest
Might blaze illustrious round his courser's chest
(A dreadful omen to the trembling foe),
The mighty Sire, with glittering shield and spear
Hovering enamored o'er the sleeping fair;
The wolf, by Rome's high destinies made mild,
And, playful at her side, each wondrous child.
  Thus, all the wealth these simple times could boast —
Small wealth! their horses and their arms engrossed;
The rest was homely, and their frugal fare,
Cooked without art, was served in earthenware:
Yet worthy all our envy, were the breast
But with one spark of noble spleen possest.
Then shone the fanes with majesty divine;
A present god was felt at every shrine!
And solemn sounds, heard from the sacred walls,
At midnight's solemn hours, announced the Gaul,
Now rushing from the main; while prompt to save,
Stood Jove, the prophet of the signs he gave!
Yet when he thus revealed the will of Fate,
And watched attentive o'er the Latian state,
His shrine, his statue, rose of humble mold,
Of artless form, and unprofaned with gold.
  Those good old times no foreign tables sought;
From their own woods the walnut-tree was brought,
When withering limbs declared its pith unsound,
Or winds uptore and stretched it on the ground.
But now, such strange caprice has seized the great,
They find no pleasure in the costliest treat,
Suspect no flowers a sickly scent exhale,
And think the venison rank, the turbot stale,
Unless wide-yawning panthers towering high,
Enormous pedestals of ivory,
Formed of the teeth which Elephantis sends,
Which the dark Moor, or darker Indian vends,
Or those which now, too heavy for the head,
The beasts in Nabathea's forest shed,
The spacious orbs support; — then they can feed,
And every dish is delicate indeed;
For silver feet are viewed with equal scorn,
As iron rings upon the finger worn. . . .
  My feast to-day shall other joys afford:
Hushed as we sit around the frugal board,
Great Homer shall his deep-toned thunder roll,

And mighty Maro elevate the soul;
Maro, who, warmed with all a poet's fire,
Disputes the palm of victory with his sire.
Nor fear my rustic clerk; read as they will,
The bard, the bard, shall rise superior still.
Come then, my friend, an hour to pleasure spare,
And quit awhile your business and your care.
The day is all our own; come and forget
Bonds, interest, all; the credit and the debt.
Yes, at my threshold tranquillize your breast;
There leave the thoughts of home, and what the haste
Of heedless slaves may in your absence waste;
And — what the generous spirit most offends —
Oh, more than all, leave, thee, ungrateful friends.

Terrors of Conscience.

The Spartan rogue, who, boldly bent on fraud,
Dared ask the god to sanction and applaud,
And sought for counsel at the Pythian shrine,
Received for answer from the lips divine, —
"That he who doubted to restore his trust,
And reasoned much, reluctant to be just,
Should for those doubts and that reluctance prove
The deepest vengeance of the powers above."
The tale declares that not pronounced in vain
Came forth the warning from the sacred fane:
Ere long no branch of that devoted race
Could mortal man on soil of Sparta trace!
Thus but intended mischief, stayed in time,
Had all the mortal guilt of finished crime.
If such his fate who yet but darkly dares,
Whose guilty purpose yet no act declares,
What were it, done! Ah! now farewell to peace!
Ne'er on this earth his soul's alarms shall cease!
Held in the mouth that languid fever burns,
His tasteless food he indolently turns;
On Alba's oldest stock his soul shall pine!
Forth from his lips he spits the joyless wine!
Nor all the nectar of the hills shall now
Or glad the heart, or smooth the wrinkled brow!
While o'er the couch his aching limbs are cast,
If care permit the brief repose at last,

Lo! there the altar and the fane abused!
Or darkly shadowed forth in dream confused,
While the damp brow betrays the inward storm,
Before him flits thy aggravated form!
Then as new fears o'er all his senses press,
Unwilling words the guilty truth confess!
These, these be they whom secret terrors try,
When muttered thunders shake the lurid sky;
Whose deadly paleness now the gloom conceals
And now the vivid flash anew reveals.
No storm as Nature's casualty they hold,
They deem without an aim no thunders rolled;
Where'er the lightning strikes, the flash is thought
Judicial fire, with Heaven's high vengeance fraught.
Passes this by, with yet more anxious ear
And greater dread, each future storm they fear;
In burning vigil, deadliest foe to sleep,
In their distempered frame if fever keep,
Or the pained side their wonted rest prevent,
Behold some incensed god his bow has bent!
All pains, all aches, are stones and arrows hurled
At bold offenders in this nether world!
From them no crested cock acceptance meets!
Their lamb before the altar vainly bleats!
Can pardoning Heaven on guilty sickness smile?
Or is there victim than itself more vile?
Where steadfast virtue dwells not in the breast,
Man is a wavering creature at the best!

Parental Influence.

Let naught which modest eyes or ears would shun
Approach the precincts that protect thy son!
Far be the revel from thy halls away,
And of carousing guests the wanton lay:
His child's unsullied purity demands
The deepest reverence at a parent's hands!
Quit for his sake thy pleasant vice in time,
Nor plunge thy offspring in the lore of crime;
For if the laws defied at length requite
His guilty course, and angry censors smite,
Thy moral likeness if the world shall see,
And sins made worse by practice, taught by thee, —

Then shalt thou sharply, in thy wrath, declare
Thy canceled will, and him no longer heir!
What! dost assume the grave parental face,
Thou, whom persistive vices still disgrace?
Thou, from whose head, where endless follies reign,
The void cucurbit were a needful drain?

Expects thy dwelling soon a stranger guest?
Behold! not one of all thy menials rest;
Down comes the spider, struggling in his loom,
O'er walls and pavements moves the active broom;
This brings the pail, to that the brush assigned,
While storms the master with his whip behind!
Wretch! art thou troubled lest thy friend descry
Some unswept corner with too curious eye?
Lest marks unseemly at thy porch be seen,
Which sawdust and a slave may quickly clean? —
And is it nothing, nothing, that thy child
Should see thy house with vices undefiled,
From moral stains immaculate and free,
The home of righteousness and sanctity?
Yes! if thou rear'st thy son to till the soil,
To bear the patriot's or the statesman's toil,
Then from thy grateful country claim thy meed,
A good and useful citizen indeed!
But ere she thank thee, let that country know
From early care of thine what virtues flow!

THE KALEVALA.

"The great Finnish epic, the 'Kalevala,'" says William Sharp, "is in a sense the most significant national epic in existence. In it are reflected not only the manners, beliefs, superstitions, and customs of a race, but the very soul of that race. The Finnish pulse beats in the 'Kalevala,' the Finnish heart stirs throughout its rhythmic sequences, the Finnish brain molds and adapts itself within these metrical limits."

For many ages the Finnish minstrels went to and fro reciting old sagas, singing old national songs and telling the folk-tales. These singers were known as the Runolainen, and played to the sound of the *kantela*, a kind of harp. For generation after generation, much of the essential part of the "Kalevala," as we now know it, lived in the hearts and on the lips of the peasants and farming classes.

The main body and frame of the "Kalevala" is compounded of four cycles of folk-songs. The poem takes its name from three heroes of Ancient Kalevala; namely, Wåinåmōinen, Ilmarinen, and Lemminkainen. The struggles of these with the mythical "darksome Laplanders" or others, out of Pohjola, a land of the cold north, and from Luomela, the land of death, constitute the theme of the epic. The poem, which begins at the creation of the world, ends at last in the triumph of Wåinåmōinen and his comrades. Besides the four divisional cycles just alluded to, there are seven distinct romances or folk-tales woven into the general fabric; namely, "The Tale of Aino," "The Fishing for the Mermaid," "The Wooing of the Daughter of the Air," "The Golden Bride," "The Wooing of the Son of Kojo," "The Captivity and Deliverance of the Sun and Moon," and "The Story of the Virgin Maria." Besides these, and scattered freely throughout the work, — sometimes placed in the mouths of the characters, sometimes absorbed into the narrative itself, — are many prayers, chants, religious formulas, and other magic songs and lyrics.

The meter of the "Kalevala," and its quaint trick of repetitions, struck the poet Longfellow, who read it in a Swedish translation. He made use of them in his "Hiawatha," and consciously or unconsciously imitated in many passages the episodes of the "Kalevala."

"The Kalevala." [1]

Translated by John Martin Crawford.

I.

ILMARINEN'S BRIDE OF GOLD.

Ilmarinen, metal-worker,
Wept one day, and then a second,
Wept the third from morn till evening,
O'er the death of his companion,
Once the Maiden of the Rainbow;
Did not swing his heavy hammer,
Did not touch its copper handle,
Made no sound within his smithy,
Made no blow upon his anvil,
Till three months had circled over;
Then the blacksmith spake as follows:
"Woe is me, unhappy hero!
Do not know how I can prosper;
Long the days, and cold, and dreary,
Longer still the nights, and colder;
I am weary in the evening,
In the morning still am weary,
Have no longing for the morning,
And the evening is unwelcome;
Have no pleasure in the future,
All my pleasures gone forever,
With my faithful life-companion
Slaughtered by the hand of witchcraft!
Often will my heart-strings quiver
When I rest within my chamber,
When I wake at dreamy midnight,
Half-unconscious, vainly searching
For my noble wife departed."
  Wifeless lived the mourning blacksmith,
Altered in his form and features,
Wept one month and then another,
Wept three months in full succession.
Then the magic metal-worker
Gathered gold from deeps of ocean,
Gathered silver from the mountains,
Gathered many heaps of birch-wood,

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[1] By permission of John Martin Crawford.

Filled with fagots thirty sledges,
Burned the birch-wood into ashes,
Put the ashes in the furnace,
Laid the gold upon the embers,
Lengthwise laid a piece of silver
Of the size of lambs in autumn,
Or the fleet-foot hare in winter;
Places servants at the bellows,
Thus to melt the magic metals.
Eagerly the servants labor,
Gloveless, hatless, do the workmen
Fan the flames within the furnace.
  Ilmarinen, magic blacksmith,
Works unceasing at his forging,
Thus to mold a golden image,
Mold a bride from gold and silver;
But the workmen fail their master,
Faithless stand they at the bellows.
Now the artist, Ilmarinen,
Fans the flame with force of magic,
Blows one day, and then a second,
Blows the third from morn till even;
Then he looks within the furnace
Looks around the oven-border,
Hoping there to see an image
Rising from the molten metals.
  Comes a lambkin from the furnace,
Rising from the fire of magic,
Wearing hair of gold and copper,
Laced with many threads of silver;
All rejoice but Ilmarinen
At the beauty of the image.
This the language of the blacksmith:
"May the wolf admire thy graces;
I desire a bride of beauty
Born from molten gold and silver!"
  Ilmarinen, the magician,
To the furnace threw the lambkin;
Added gold in great abundance,
And increased the mass of silver,
Added other magic metals,
Set the workmen at the bellows;
Zealously the servants labor,
Gloveless, hatless, do the workmen

Fan the flames within the furnace.
Ilmarinen, wizard-forgeman,
Works unceasing with his metals,
Molding well a golden image,
Wife of molten gold and silver;
But the workmen fail their master,
Faithless do they ply the bellows.
Now the artist, Ilmarinen,
Fans the flames by force of magic;
Blows one day, and then a second,
Blows the third from morn till evening,
When he looks within the furnace,
Looks around the oven-border,
Hoping there to see an image
Rising from the molten metals.
From the flames a colt arises,
Golden-maned and silver-headed,
Hoofs are formed of shining copper.
All rejoice but Ilmarinen
At the wonderful creation;
This the language of the blacksmith:
"Let the bears admire thy graces;
I desire a bride of beauty
Born of many magic metals."
Thereupon the wonder-forger
Drives the colt back to the furnace,
Adds a greater mass of silver,
And of gold the rightful measure,
Sets the workmen at the bellows.
Eagerly the servants labor,
Gloveless, hatless, do the workmen
Fan the flames within the furnace.
Ilmarinen, the magician,
Works unceasing at his witchcraft,
Molding well a golden maiden,
Bride of molten gold and silver;
But the workmen fail their master,
Faithlessly they ply the bellows.
Now the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Fans the flames with magic powers,
Blows one day, and then a second,
Blows a third from morn till even;
Then he looks within his furnace.
Looks around the oven-border,

Trusting there to see a maiden
Coming from the molten metals.
From the fire a virgin rises,
Golden-haired and silver-headed,
Beautiful in form and feature.
All are filled with awe and wonder,
But the artist and magician.
Ilmarinen, metal-worker,
Forges nights and days unceasing,
On the bride of his creation;
Feet he forges for the maiden,
Hands and arms, of gold and silver;
But her feet are not for walking,
Neither can her arms embrace him.
Ears he forges for the virgin,
But her ears are not for hearing;
Forges her a mouth of beauty,
Eyes he forges bright and sparkling;
But the magic mouth is speechless,
And the eyes are not for seeing.
Spake the artist, Ilmarinen:
"This, indeed, a priceless maiden,
Could she only speak in wisdom,
Could she breathe the breath of Ukko!"
  Thereupon he lays the virgin
On his silken couch of slumber,
On his downy place of resting.
Ilmarinen heats his bath-room,
Makes it ready for his service,
Binds together silken brushes,
Brings three cans of crystal water,
Wherewithal to lave the image,
Lave the golden maid of beauty.
When this task had been completed,
Ilmarinen, hoping, trusting,
Laid his golden bride to slumber,
On his downy couch of resting;
Ordered many silken wrappings,
Ordered bear-skins, three in number,
Ordered seven lambs-wool blankets,
Thus to keep him warm in slumber,
Sleeping by the golden image
He had forged from magic metals.
Warm the side of Ilmarinen

That was wrapped in furs and blankets,
Chill the parts beside the maiden,
By his bride of gold and silver;
One side warm, the other lifeless,
Turning into ice from coldness.
Spake the artist, Ilmarinen:
"Not for me was born this virgin
From the magic molten metals;
I shall take her to Wainola,
Give her to old Wainamoinen,
As a bride and life-companion,
Comfort to him in his dotage."
  Ilmarinen, much disheartened,
Takes the virgin to Wainola,
To the plains of Kalevala,
To his brother speaks as follows:
"O, thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Look with favor on this image;
Take the maiden fair and lovely,
Beautiful in form and feature,
Suited to thy years declining!"
  Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Looked in wonder on the virgin,
On the golden bride of beauty,
Spake these words to Ilmarinen:
"Wherefore dost thou bring this maiden,
Wherefore bring to Wainamoinen
Bride of molten gold and silver?"
Spake in answer Ilmarinen:
"Wherefore should I bring this image,
But for purposes the noblest?
I have brought her as companion
To thy life in years declining,
As a joy and consolation,
When thy days are full of trouble!"
Spake the good old Wainamoinen:
"Magic brother, wonder-forger,
Throw the virgin to the furnace,
To the flames, thy golden image,
Forge from her a thousand trinkets.
Take the image into Ehstland,
Take her to the plains of Pohya,
That for her the mighty powers
May engage in deadly contest,

Worthy trophy for the victor;
Not for me this bride of wonder,
Neither for my worthy people.
I shall never wed an image
Born from many magic metals,
Never wed a silver maiden,
Never wed a golden virgin."
Then the hero of the waters
Called together all his people,
Spake these words of ancient wisdom:
"Every child of Northland, listen,
Whether poor, or fortune-favored:
Never bow before an image
Born of molten gold and silver;
Never while the sunlight brightens,
Never while the moonlight glimmers,
Choose a maiden of the metals,
Choose a bride from gold created;
Cold the lips of golden maidens,
Silver breathes the breath of sorrow."

II.

ILMARINEN'S FRUITLESS WOOING.

Ilmarinen, the magician,
The eternal metal-artist,
Lays aside the golden image,
Beauteous maid of magic metals;
Throws the harness on his courser,
Binds him to his sledge of birch-wood,
Seats himself upon the cross-bench,
Snaps the whip above the racer,
Thinking once again to journey
To the mansions of Pohyola,
There to woo a bride in honor,
Second daughter of the Northland.
  On he journeyed, restless, northward,
Journeyed one day, then a second,
So the third from morn till evening,
When he reached a Northland-village
On the plains of Sariola.
  Louhi, hostess of Pohyola,
Standing in the open court-yard,
Spied the hero, Ilmarinen,
Thus addressed the metal-worker:

"Tell me how my child is living,
How the Bride of Beauty prospers,
As a daughter to thy mother."
Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Head bent down and brow dejected,
Thus addressed the Northland hostess:
"O, thou dame of Sariola,
Do not ask me of thy daughter,
Since, alas! in Tuonela
Sleeps the Maiden of the Rainbow,
Sleeps in death the Bride of Beauty,
Underneath the fragrant heather,
In the kingdom of Manala.
Come I for a second daughter,
For the fairest of thy virgins.
Beauteous hostess of Pohyola,
Give to me thy youngest maiden,
For my former wife's compartments,
For the chambers of her sister."
Louhi, hostess of the Northland,
Spake these words to Ilmarinen:
"Foolish was the Northland-hostess,
When she gave her fairest virgin,
In the bloom of youth and beauty
To the blacksmith of Wainola,
Only to be led to Mana,
Like a lambkin to the slaughter!
I shall never give my daughter,
Shall not give my youngest maiden
Bride of thine to be hereafter,
Life-companion at thy fireside.
Sooner would I give the fair one
To the cataract and whirlpool,
To the river of Manala,
To the waters of Tuoni!"
Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Drew away his head, disdainful,
Shook his sable locks in anger,
Entered to the inner court-room,
Where the maiden sat in waiting,
Spake these measures to the daughter:
"Come with me, thou bright-eyed maiden,
To the cottage where thy sister
Lived and lingered in contentment,

Baked for me the toothsome biscuit,
Brewed for me the beer of barley,
Kept my dwelling-place in order."
On the floor a babe was lying,
Thus he sang to Ilmarinen:
"Uninvited, leave this mansion,
Go, thou stranger, from this dwelling;
Once before thou camest hither,
Only bringing pain and trouble,
Filling all our hearts with sorrow.
Fairest daughter of my mother,
Do not give this suitor welcome,
Look not on his eyes with pleasure,
Nor admire his form and features.
In his mouth are only wolf-teeth,
Cunning fox-claws in his mittens,
In his shoes are only bear-claws,
In his belt a hungry dagger;
Weapons these of blood and murder,
Only worn by the unworthy."
Then the daughter spake as follows
To the blacksmith, Ilmarinen:
"Follow thee this maid will never,
Never heed unworthy suitors;
Thou hast slain the Bride of Beauty,
Once the Maiden of the Rainbow,
Thou wouldst also slay her sister.
I deserve a better suitor,
Wish a truer, nobler husband,
Wish to ride in richer sledges,
Have a better home-protection;
Never will I sweep the cottage
And the coal-place of a blacksmith."
Then the hero, Ilmarinen,
The eternal metal-artist,
Turned his head away, disdainful,
Shook his sable locks in anger,
Quickly seized the trembling maiden,
Held her in his grasp of iron,
Hastened from the court of Louhi
To his sledge upon the highway.
In his sleigh he seats the virgin,
Snugly wraps her in his fur-robes,
Snaps his whip above the racer,

Gallops on the high-road homeward;
With one hand the reins he tightens,
With the other holds the maiden.
Speaks the virgin-daughter, weeping:
"We have reached the lowland-berries,
Here the herbs of water-borders;
Leave me here to sink and perish
As a child of cold misfortune.
Wicked Ilmarinen, listen!
If thou dost not quickly free me,
I will break thy sledge to pieces,
Throw thy fur-robes to the north-winds."
Ilmarinen makes this answer:
"When the blacksmith builds his snow-sledge,
All the parts are hooped with iron;
Therefore will the beauteous maiden
Never beat my sledge to fragments."
Then the silver-tinseled daughter
Wept and wailed in bitter accents,
Wrung her hands in desperation,
Spake again to Ilmarinen:
"If thou dost not quickly free me,
I shall change to ocean-salmon,
Be a whiting of the waters."
"Thou wilt never thus escape me,
As a pike I'll fleetly follow."
Then the maiden of Pohyola
Wept and wailed in bitter accents,
Wrung her hands in desperation,
Spake again to Ilmarinen;
"If thou dost not quickly free me,
I shall hasten to the forest,
Mid the rocks become an ermine!"
"Thou wilt never thus escape me,
As a serpent I will follow."
Then the beauty of the Northland,
Wailed and wept in bitter accents,
Wrung her hands in desperation,
Spake once more to Ilmarinen:
"Surely, if thou dost not free me,
As a lark I'll fly the ether,
Hide myself within the storm-clouds."
"Neither wilt thou thus escape me,
As an eagle I will follow."

They had gone but little distance,
When the courser shied and halted,
Frighted at some passing object;
And the maiden looked in wonder,
In the snow beheld some foot-prints,
Spake these words to Ilmarinen:
"Who has run across our highway?"
"'Tis the timid hare," he answered.
Thereupon the stolen maiden
Sobbed, and moaned, in deeps of sorrow,
Heavy-hearted, spake these measures:
"Woe is me, ill-fated virgin!
Happier far my life hereafter,
If the hare I could but follow
To his burrow in the woodlands!
Crook-leg's fur to me is finer
Than the robes of Ilmarinen."
Ilmarinen, the magician,
Tossed his head in full resentment,
Galloped on the highway homeward;
Traveled but a little distance,
When again his courser halted,
Frighted at some passing stranger.
Quick the maiden looked and wondered,
In the snow beheld some foot-prints,
Spake these measures to the blacksmith:
"Who has crossed our snowy pathway?"
"'Tis a fox," replied the minstrel.
Thereupon the beauteous virgin
Moaned again in depths of anguish,
Sang these accents, heavy-hearted:
"Woe is me, ill-fated maiden!
Happier far my life hereafter,
With the cunning fox to wander,
Than with this ill-mannered suitor;
Reynard's fur to me is finer
Than the robes of Ilmarinen."
Thereupon the metal-worker
Shut his lips in sore displeasure,
Hastened on the highway homeward;
Traveled but a little distance,
When again his courser halted.
Quick the maiden looked in wonder,
In the snow beheld some foot-prints,

Spake these words to the magician:
"Who again has crossed our pathway?"
"'Tis the wolf," said Ilmarinen.
Thereupon the fated daughter
Fell again to bitter weeping,
And intoned these words of sorrow:
"Woe is me, a hapless maiden!
Happier far my life hereafter,
Brighter far would be my future,
If these tracks I could but follow;
On the wolf the hair is finer
Than the furs of Ilmarinen,
Faithless suitor of the Northland."
Then the minstrel of Wainola
Closed his lips again in anger,
Shook his sable locks, resentful,
Snapped the whip above the racer,
And the steed flew onward swiftly,
O'er the way to Kalevala,
To the village of the blacksmith.
Sad and weary from his journey,
Ilmarinen, home-returning,
Fell upon his couch in slumber,
And the maiden laughed derision.
In the morning, slowly waking,
Head confused, and locks disheveled,
Spake the wizard, words as follow:
"Shall I set myself to singing
Magic songs and incantations?
Shall I now enchant this maiden
To a black-wolf on the mountains,
To a salmon of the ocean?
Shall not send her to the woodlands,
All the forest would be frighted;
Shall not send her to the waters,
All the fish would flee in terror;
This my sword shall drink her life-blood,
End her reign of scorn and hatred."
Quick the sword feels his intention,
Quick divines his evil purpose,
Speaks these words to Ilmarinen:
"Was not born to drink the life-blood
Of a maiden pure and lovely,
Of a fair but helpless virgin."

Thereupon the magic minstrel,
Filled with rage, began his singing;
Sang the very rocks asunder,
Till the distant hills re-echoed;
Sang the maiden to a sea-gull,
Croaking from the ocean-ledges,
Calling from the ocean-islands,
Screeching on the sandy seacoast,
Flying to the winds opposing.
When his conjuring had ended,
Ilmarinen joined his snow-sledge,
Whipped his steed upon a gallop,
Hastened to his ancient smithy,
To his home in Kalevala.
Wainamoinen, old and truthful,
Comes to meet him on the highway,
Speaks these words to the magician:
"Ilmarinen, worthy brother,
Wherefore comest heavy-hearted
From the dismal Sariola?
Does Pohyola live and prosper?"
Spake the minstrel, Ilmarinen:
"Why should not Pohyola prosper?
There the Sampo grinds unceasing,
Noisy rocks the lid in colors;
Grinds one day the flour for eating,
Grinds the second flour for selling,
Grinds the third day flour for keeping;
Thus it is Pohyola prospers.
While the Sampo is in Northland,
There is plowing, there is sowing,
There is growth of every virtue,
There is welfare never-ending."
Spake the ancient Wainamoinen:
"Ilmarinen, artist-brother,
Where then is the Northland-daughter,
Far renowned and beauteous maiden,
For whose hand thou hast been absent?"
These the words of Ilmarinen:
"I have changed the hateful virgin
To a sea-gull on the ocean;
Now she calls above the waters,
Screeches from the ocean-islands;
On the rocks she calls and murmurs,
Vainly calling for a suitor."

GWENDOLINE KEATS.

Gwendoline Keats, "Zack," an English writer of fiction, born in Devonshire, England, about 1868. In 1896 she began to contribute short stories to *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *London Outlook,* which soon attracted much attention. In 1898 these stories were collected in a single volume entitled "Life is Life." Besides these stories Miss Keats has written two plays.

The Failure of Flipperty.

(From "Life is Life.")

PART I.

The great Australian liner steamed west, and Port Melbourne lay a bluer streak on a blue horizon. Passengers were grouped about the deck; and at the stern of the vessel, hidden from the others by a cabin, stood two children, boys. It was evident that they now met for the first time: they looked at one another with shy hesitant interest; both wanted to be friends; each wished the other to make the first advance. In appearance they were strangely unlike; the one was short, broad, with red hair and ears agape; the other, who looked about eleven, was slim, his face small and finely drawn, with a straight, determined little nose, the brow and eyes giving an impression of width and imagination.

The red-headed boy edged nearer. "My name is Buster," he said, with affected indifference; "what's yours?"

"Flipperty," the other answered, "an' I've got an anchor and two cricket-bats tattooed on my left arm; what have you got?"

Buster's arm did not happen to be tattooed, so he changed the conversation. "Compare muscles," he said.

Flipperty bent a little thin arm back to his shoulder with a great deal of action.

"Putty," commented Buster; "feel mine."

"You are hard," his companion admitted.

John Keats-

"Practiced in the gym every day; did you have a good gym in your school?"

"I never went to school," Flipperty answered, looking ashamed; but brightening, "Philip did: Philip's splendid, — why, he could throw a cricket-ball farther than any fellow in the college. I'm good at the long jump."

"Who's Philip?"

"My brother; he is at the Teetulpa gold-fields; I'm going to help him to dig for gold."

"You dig for gold!" Buster interrupted with scorn; "why, you look as if you had sat on a high chair all your life and fed the poor out of a long spoon."

"Well, I just didn't, so there."

"Now, upon your solemn Dick, did you never in all your life give a thing to the poor?"

"Only once, so there," he answered, defiantly.

"What did you give them?"

"Oh, things."

"What things?"

"Sha'n't say."

"You're afraid."

"I'm not."

"Well, say."

The blood rushed into Flipperty's face and then receded, leaving it quite white. "It was a flannel petticoat," he answered.

"Cracky, do you wear flannel petticoats?" Buster exclaimed, too astonished for further comment. After a moment he added, "I always thought there was something odd about the look of you; I'll tell my brother, — won't he laugh!"

Flipperty caught Buster by the arm and drew him nearer. "Will you keep a secret if I tell you something?" he whispered.

"Fire away; don't take your tongue for a sugar-plum and swallow it."

"Promise?"

"Solemn Dick."

"Well, then, I'm a girl."

"A girl!"

"Yes."

"Cracky!"

"Do you think it very wrong?"

"What, to be a girl?"

"No; to pretend to be a boy?"

"The police will nab you as sure as an egg."

"Philip won't let them; I'm not afraid."

"They will dress you in yellow and black like a wasp, and paint you all over arrows — solemn Dick. I've seen pictures of thieves in a book."

"I'm not a thief," indignantly.

"What are you, then?"

"I'm just a girl, who hates being a girl because girls are stupid cooped-up things; so I ran away from home, and now I'm a boy, and I will never be a girl again; so there."

"You a boy! why, you haven't any more muscle than a cat."

Flipperty appeared not to hear this comment.

"Philip," she said, "is six feet high; I shall grow like him some day."

"Pooh," Buster answered, contemptuously, "you'll never reach four feet on tiptoe; you're small all over, — I daresay you're deformed."

Flipperty changed the conversation. "Philip," she said, "can bowl first-rate yorkers."

"Does he know you're coming?" Buster asked.

"Yes; I wrote and told him."

"Supposing he doesn't get the letter?"

A curious scared expression crossed Flipperty's face. "He will get the letter," she answered, brusquely.

"Supposing he doesn't?"

"I sha'n't suppose anything of the kind, so there."

"Letters like that always go wrong," Buster declared with emphasis.

Flipperty's eyes filled with angry tears. "I hate you," she said, passionately, "you red-headed, mean-minded, supposing thing."

Her vehemence seemed to surprise Buster. He looked at her a moment in silence, then he took a large red apple from his pocket. "You may have two bites," he said, "as large as you can make them."

A big tear splashed down over Flipperty's face on to the deck. She covered the spot with her foot impatiently.

"The apple is very red," Buster remarked. "Bite just there," he added, indicating the desired spot with a short dirty finger.

Flipperty took a small sobby bite.

"You may eat half," Buster said, "if you promise solemn Dick not to go over your side of the core. Come into my cabin and I'll show you things," he continued, after a pause.

"There," he said, a few minutes later, taking an old pistol from his trunk, "what do you think of that? — it's real. I expect it has killed heaps of people; blew their brains out on the floor — burglars, you know."

"Will it fire off?" she asked.

"No," he replied sadly, "it's broken; but you can pull the trigger. I tell you what," he added, drawing in his breath, "supposing I lend it to you — only supposing, you know."

"Buster, how good you are! but I don't think I shall need it."

His face brightened; he continued to press the pistol on her.

"You will be glad of it," he said, "even if it doesn't go off — sleeping at night with a nugget under your head and murder all around. Why, Flipperty, I daresay you will have to kill a man yourself."

"No," she answered with decision; "I shall let him off. But come and look at the sea, and think of sharks."

"Yes," said Buster. "I wish some one would tumble in, don't you? only a baby, you know, or the boatswain — the cross one with the swivel eye."

"We'd save them," cried Flipperty, flushing; "and nearly get drowned ourselves, and the boatswain would entreat us to ask questions ever afterwards."

"Yes," chimed in Buster; "and the captain would let us steer the ship, and beg us to eat more at dessert."

Then they both lapsed into silence, and watched the foam flung back by the churning of the gigantic screw.

"Flipperty," said Buster, breaking the silence, "you mustn't cry when we say good-by to-morrow, or kiss or anything."

She did not answer.

"Promise, solemn Dick," he said.

"I never, never cry, so there," she answered, with an impatient little stamp of her foot; "and, Buster, if you will tell me something very manly, I'll say it."

"Well," he replied after a pause, "you'd better say 'So-la.'"

"So-la?"

"Yes."

"It sounds rather empty," she objected.

"That's being a man," he answered.

But Flipperty did not look comforted. "It will be very nice seeing Philip to-morrow," she said. "No one in the whole, whole world is as good as Philip."

"If he doesn't come will you go to Teetulpa to find him?" Buster asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"You'll lose yourself, as sure as an egg."

"No," she said with decision; "I shall ask questions."

"Supposing your people find you and drag you home?"

"I've only a stepfather, and he thinks I'm with a horrid smooth-haired girl, who likes sewing and two-and-two walks at school."

"It will cost heaps and heaps to get to Teetulpa."

"I know," she answered. "I've saved all my pennies ever since Philip went away, and my uncle gave me ten pounds on my birthday to buy a pony, and Philip gave me a whole sovereign when he said good-by."

"I wonder what Philip will say when he sees you?"

Her eyes filled with tears. "He will say, 'Flipperty, it would have been braver to have stayed at home.' I knew that all along. I tried and tried, because I did want to be brave and grow like Philip, only somehow I never can be brave when he's not there. Philip is quite different from you and me. He doesn't think much of big grand deeds, like the Crusades and that; he says that small, dull, stay-at-home things are harder to do, and ever, ever so much nobler. Why, he even thinks learning to sew noble if you don't like it; of course it isn't noble for the smooth-haired girl."

But Buster was not interested. "Let us steal dessert from the steward," he said.

Early the next morning the steamer anchored opposite Glenelg, and the children watched the approaching tender that was to bring Philip — but he was not on board her.

"Philip hasn't come," Flipperty exclaimed.

"No more he has," echoed Buster; "but perhaps he's found a nugget and is afraid to leave it."

"Yes," she answered sadly; "that must be it."

The tender bell rang, and the passengers who wished to go on shore scrambled down the long companion-ladder.

"You must go now," Buster said.

The tears rushed to her eyes, and she clung to his arm.

"Don't cry," he said. "See," and he produced a large nobby green apple from his pocket; "how much do you bet that I can't get this apple into my mouth at one go?"

She was put into the tender: looking up at the great vessel to say good-by to Buster, the "So-la" died on her lips. The boy's face was a dull purple hue, his mouth wide open, and tightly wedged inside was the nobby apple; a compassionate passenger led him away, and Flipperty saw Buster no more.

PART II.

The Teetulpa express steamed out of the Adelaide station: in the corner of one of the carriages sat Flipperty. The other passengers were men: they took the cushions off the seats, improvised a table, and began playing cards. Gradually the carriage filled with smoke, and Flipperty fell asleep. Every now and again the train would stop at a station, a passenger scramble across her toes, and she would wake and stare drearily out through the smoke-blurred windows. Early the next morning the train reached the terminus: some roughly built coaches on great leather springs stood outside the station, waiting to take the passengers to the gold fields. Flipperty climbed on the box of one of the coaches: the other passengers crowded on anywhere — some sat on the roof with their legs dangling over the side. They were a curious mixture of types —swagmen, shop-boys, gentlemen, larrikins, and the *bona fide* digger. They smoked, swore, spat — spat, swore, smoked.

The coach rolled heavily over the great red sand plain — a plain that stretches its weary length through hundreds of miles of Central Australia. Here and there were patches of blue or salt bush, and a line of bare-breasted gum-trees marked the course of the creek, but of water there was none: the bones of dead bullocks gaped wide against the plain, or an appalling stench and a flock of crows marked the spot where some animal had lately died of thirst and over-work.

A man sitting next to Flipperty eyed her curiously. He was spare, lean, long-legged, and dressed in a flannel shirt and old pair of moleskins, with a short, black, clay pipe stuck in the band of his wide-brimmed hat.

"Only got to pinch his nose for the milk to run out," he said, turning to his companions.

A roar of laughter greeted this sally.

"Was born on the way up," exclaimed a loose-lipped, red-eyed larrikin. "How old may yer be, you blanked little new chum?" he added, turning to Flipperty.

"Eleven," she answered.

"Why, the damned little pup is out on the spree," said the long-legged digger, laughing. "Well, I ran away from home myself when I wasn't much higher than a big-sized cigar: a boy ain't the worse for a bit of spunk. What are you going to do when you reach Teetulpa, little 'un?"

"Philip and I are going to dig for gold," she replied. "Philip is my brother; he's very big — bigger than you. Buster thinks that Philip has found a nugget already; that's why he didn't meet me. You see he would have to defend the nugget."

There was another roar of laughter, and Flipperty blushed painfully.

"Nuggets ain't so easy found, youngster," the long-legged digger answered. "Fever terrible bad at the diggin's, I hear," he said, turning to his companions. "See a man alive and hearty one morning; the next week yer go into his tent, and there he is lying with his face as black as my hat."

"Why black?" Flipperty asked.

"Flies," he answered, shortly.

At this moment the conductor came round to collect the fares; the red-eyed larrikin declared that "he hadn't a blanked cent."

But the conductor, who was a muscular young fellow, had his own especial way of treating impecunious passengers.

"Slack a bit, Bill," he called to the driver.

The horses fell into a slower trot; there was a short struggle, a volley of oaths, and the red-eyed larrikin was dropped off the roof of the coach on to the sand, where he lay swearing so fearfully that the wonder was that he held together. After this episode the other passengers paid their fares.

On they jogged over the great plain. Flipperty fell asleep, and the long-legged digger put his arm around her to prevent her from slipping off the seat.

"Poor little pup," he said, looking down on her tired face — "poor damned little pup."

The sun was sinking west when some one called out "Teetulpa!"

" Her vespers done . . . her hair she frees "

From a Painting by D. Maclise

Flipperty saw rows and rows of dirty oblong tents, intersected by half-dug claims. A thick yellow mist hung above the diggings; in some places it seemed to sag down till it almost rested on the tents.

The driver drew up at the store.

"Well, boys, what noos?" he cried to a group of men, who gathered round.

"Gold found at Kidd's gully," one of the bystanders answered. "A nine-ounce nugget; but, darn yer eyes, they stick such lies inter yer that it may be devil's bunkum for all I know."

The long-legged digger turned to Flipperty. "Come inter the store," he said; "we'll see if we can't fix that brother of yours."

The store was a roughly constructed wooden shed with a corrugated iron roof; the interior was divided by a canvas partition running half-way to the roof. The room that they now entered was full of men, some playing cards, others leaning up against the walls, smoking and drinking.

"What name does your brother hang out by?" the digger asked.

"Philip," Flipperty answered, — "Philip Deene."

"Have any of you chaps seen a cove called Deene lately?" he inquired, turning to a group of men standing at the bar.

"Wot's the bally beggar like?" one of them asked.

"He's very tall," Flipperty answered, "with blue eyes and hair all over curls."

"Ain't clapped eyes on the damned doll," he said, with a coarse laugh.

"There's a long-legged chap called Deene down with the fever," one of the card-players exclaimed, looking round.

"Where does he hang out?" asked the friendly digger, with a quick glance at Flipperty.

"Foller the creek down past the big gums, and his canvas is the last on the left bank."

The long-legged digger turned and went out of the store, followed by Flipperty. She put her small hand into his rough one, and the man's great fingers, scored with purple scars from the barcoo rot, closed over them. They reached the tent indicated, the digger pushed aside the canvas flap, and Flipperty entered. Lying on some tattered blankets, with parched lips, burning skin, and eyes that failed to recognize her, was Philip.

The child rushed forward. "Philip! Philip!" she cried, flinging herself down beside him, "it's Flipperty, your little Flipperty. I couldn't wait, Philip, I couldn't wait."

But he did not answer her.

"Philip, Philip," she sobbed, "Philip, Philip."

The sick man pushed her from him and sprang to his feet.

"I shall be too late," he cried; "O God! I shall be too late." Then he fell forward on his face, unconscious.

The long-legged digger raised him gently and laid him back on the rough bed.

"The poor beggar is half dead with fever," he exclaimed. "You stay here, little 'un," he added, turning to Flipperty, "and I'll see if I can't lay hands on the bally doctor. Great God Almighty, how hot it is! I wonder if I can't fix the flap of the tent back somehow."

The sound of revolver shots echoed through the tent.

"There's some of those drunken devils firing away at each other," he said; "a bullet through the heart of a good round dozen of 'em wouldn't do the credit of the camp any harm. Well, keep your pecker up, little 'un. I'll prospect round for the doctor; half the camp is down with the fever, they say. I reckon I shall have the devil's own work to find him."

Then he went out, leaving Flipperty alone with Philip. She lay down beside him, placed her cheek against his cheek, and her small thin arms clasped his broad shoulders. The sun sank and swept the long shadows into one uniform gray-black mass; then the moon rose, and its soft light stole across the great plain, making the blue bush look quite soft: it fell, too, on the brother and sister. The hours crept by, but the long-legged digger did not return, nor did Philip wake. The gray light of dawn shivered in the east, and Flipperty realized that Philip had grown strangely cold: she drew the blanket close, and pressed her own little form nearer to him. Then day broke, and as the great plain reddened beneath the sun a vast crowd of flies rose from the ground and entered the tent.

Flipperty gave a shriek of agony: myriads had settled on Philip's face.

Long she knelt and fought an ever-losing battle with the insects: then the doctor entered the tent.

"My poor lad," he said, "your brother is dead."

"The flies," she cried, "the flies are eating his face."

The doctor took off his coat and spread it over the dead man's face.

"They cannot touch him now," he said. "Come outside with me, and we will get some gum-tree boughs to put over him."

"No," she said, "I will stay with Philip."

The doctor went out, and returned in a few moments, his arms full of eucalyptus branches: he crossed the dead man's arms upon his breast, and covered him with the gum-tree boughs. Then he turned to Flipperty, and taking a flask out of his pocket, poured some brandy into a cup.

"Drink this," he said.

She drank obediently.

"You must tell me where to find your people," he asked, kindly.

But she stood staring down at Philip, and did not answer him.

"Poor little chap," the doctor exclaimed softly, turning away. "You must come with me now, like a brave boy," he added.

"No," she answered, "I will stay with Philip."

"My poor little fellow, you can do him no good."

"Go away, go away," she cried, passionately; "I want to be with Philip."

He went out: later in the afternoon he returned, and with him were two men bearing a rough coffin; one of the men was the long-legged digger. There was a look of shame in his face, and he bent down over Flipperty. She was lying with her arms clasped round her brother.

"God strike me for a damned hound," he said, "but I got drunk and forgot yer."

Philip's body was placed in the coffin; it had been made out of old packing-cases — "five prize medals" was printed in big black letters across the side. The lid was nailed down, and they carried the coffin outside the camp to where a rough grave had been dug beneath a great gum-tree. The doctor took a prayer-book out of his pocket, but the burial service had been torn out.

He began quoting from memory, "'And they shall rest from their labors.'"

"A damned good thing, too," said the long-legged digger.

"Fill up the grave, men, it's too horrible," the doctor exclaimed.

The men fell to work: soon the grave was filled in. Flipperty flung herself down on the spot beneath which Philip lay buried.

"Best leave him alone a bit, lads," the doctor said, in a voice that choked strangely. Then they left her.

Later the long-legged digger returned; with him was another man. Raising Flipperty in his arms, he held her out towards the stranger.

"Her be yer pup, ain't her?" he asked.

"I'm her stepfather."

"Wall," said the long-legged digger, slowly, "her's sleeping now; maybe her'll wake soon enough," and he turned on his heel and left them.

JOHN KEATS.

John Keats, a celebrated English poet, born at London, Oct. 29, 1795; died at Rome, Feb. 23, 1821. John was sent to a school at Edmonton. At fifteen he was removed from school, and apprenticed to a surgeon. At the conclusion of his apprenticeship he went back to London to "walk the hospitals;" that is, to study surgery in a practical way. The profession was not suited to him, nor he for it. He had in the meantime resolved to make literature his vocation. His first volume of poems, published in 1817, contained the "Epistles," which appear in his collected "Works." A pulmonary disease set in, which was aggravated by private difficulties, and in 1820 he set out for Italy, to try the effects of a warmer climate. Before leaving England he put forth a volume of poems which contained the fragmentary poems "Hyperion," "Lamia," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Isabella," and several of the best of his smaller poems. He lingered for a while in Naples, and in Rome, where he died. He was buried in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome.

The Eve of St. Agnes.

St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,

He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no — already had his deathbell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-ey'd,
Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting faerily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, soul-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,

Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by — she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
"They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
"He had a fever late, and in the fit
"He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
"Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
"More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me! flit!
"Flit like a ghost away." — "Ah, Gossip dear,
"We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
"And tell me how" — "Good Saints! not here, not here;
"Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,
And as she mutter'd "Well-a — well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
"Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
"When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve —
"Yet men will murder upon holy days:
"Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
"And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
"To venture so: it fills me with amaze
"To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!
"God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
"This very night: good angels her deceive!
"But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
"Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream

"Season of mists, and mellow fruitfulness!"

From a painting by J. Marak

"Alone with her good angels, far apart
"From wicked men like thee. Go, go! — I deem
"Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
"When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
"If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
"Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
"Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
"Or I will, even in a moment's space,
"Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
"And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
"A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
"Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
"Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
"Were never miss'd." — Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespy'd,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd faeries pac'd the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-ey'd.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
"Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
"Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
"For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
"On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
"Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
"The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
"Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;

The dame return'd and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings:
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,

Save wings, for heaven :— Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gaz'd upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo !— how fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap

Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
"Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
"Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
"Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains: — 'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans mercy:"
Close to her ear touching the melody; —
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan.
He ceas'd — she panted quick — and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
"Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
"Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
"And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
"How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
"Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
"Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
"Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
"For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
"Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
"Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
"I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
"Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—
"A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
"Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
"Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dy'd?
"Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
"After so many hours of toil and quest,
"A famish'd pilgrim,—sav'd by miracle.
"Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
"Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
"To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
"Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
"Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
"The bloated wassailers will never heed:—
"Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
"There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—

"Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
"Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
"For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fear,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears —
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found. —
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide: —
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones; —
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meager face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness, —
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
  Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple-stained mouth;
  That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
  Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
  Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies;
    Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
      And leaden-ey'd despairs,
  Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
    Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
  Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
  Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
  And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
    Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
      But here there is no light,
  Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
    Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
  Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
  Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
  White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
    Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
      And mid-May's eldest child,
  The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
    The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
  I have been half in love with easeful Death,

Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: — Do I wake or sleep?

BEAUTY.

(From "Endymion.")

A THING of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,

Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old, and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
  Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
  Of deities or mortals, or of both,
    In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
  What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
    What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
  Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
    Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
  She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
    Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
  Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
  Forever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
    Forever panting, and forever young;

All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets forevermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Ode to Autumn.

Season of mists, and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft within thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

On First Reading Chapman's Homer.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many Western Islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swings into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Lines on the Mermaid Tavern.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise

Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old-sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

Robin Hood.

To a Friend.

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amaz'd to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,

Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grenè shawe";
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her — strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is: yet let us sing,
Honor to the old bow-string!
Honor to the bugle-horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to tight little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honor to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honor to maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood-clan!
Though their days have hurried by
Let us two a burden try.

JOHN KEBLE.

John Keble, a famous English clergyman and poet, born at Fairford, Gloucestershire, April 25, 1792; died at Bournemouth, Hampshire, March 27, 1866. He took his degree at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1810. He was ordained in 1815, and in 1823 resigned all his Oxford employments from a sense of duty and accepted three small curacies, the united emoluments of which were less than £100 a year. In 1824 he declined an archdeanery in the West Indies, worth £2,000 a year; and in 1825 accepted the curacy of Hursley, becoming Vicar of the parish in 1839. In 1832 he was made Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His "Prælectiones Academica," in Latin, were published in 1832–1840. His sermon, "The National Apostacy," preached at Oxford in 1833, is characterized as "the start of the religious movement" of that time. He was also the author of several of the famous "Tracts for the Times." He edited and annotated "The Complete Works of Richard Hooker" (4 vols., 1836); and in 1838, in conjunction with Newman and Pusey, began the editing of the "Library of the Fathers," a collection extending to some forty volumes. His poetical works comprise "The Christian Year," upon which his reputation mainly rests, and of which more than 500,000 copies have been sold (1827); "The Child's Christian Year" (1841); "The Psalter, in English Verse" (1839); "Lyra Innocentium" (1846); and a volume of "Posthumous Poems." The "Life of Keble" has been written by Chief-Justice Sir John Taylor Coleridge (1868).

Third Sunday in Lent.

(The Christian Inheritance.)

See Lucifer like lightning fall,
   Dashed from his throne of pride;
While, answering Thy victorious call,
   The Saints his spoils divide;
This world of Thine, by him usurped too long,
Now opening all her stores to heal Thy servants' wrong.

So when the first-born of Thy foes
  Dead in the darkness lay,
When Thy redeemed at midnight rose
  And cast their bonds away,
The orphaned realm threw wide her gates and told
Into freed Israel's lap her jewels and her gold.

And when their wondrous march was o'er,
  And they had won their homes,
Where Abraham fed his flocks of yore,
  Among their fathers' tombs; —
A land that drinks the rain of Heaven at will,
Whose waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad hill: —

Oft as they watched, at thoughtful eve,
  A gale from bowers of balm
Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and heave
  The tresses of the palm,
Just as the lingering Sun had touched with gold,
Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of giants old.

It was a fearful joy, I ween,
  To trace the Heathen's toil —
The limpid wells, the orchards green,
  Left ready for the spoil,
The household stores untouched, the roses bright
Wreathed o'er the cottage-walls in garlands of delight.

And now another Canaan yields
  To Thine all-conquering Ark; —
Fly from the "old poetic" fields,
  Ye Paynim shadows dark!
Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
Lo! here the "unknown God" of thy unconscious praise!

The olive-wreath, the ivied wand,
  "The sword in myrtles drest,"
Each legend of the shadowy strand
  Now wakes a vision blest;
As little children lisp, and tell of Heaven,
So thoughts beyond their thought to those high bards were given.

And these are ours; Thy partial grace
  The tempting treasure lends:
These relics of a guilty race
  Are forfeit to Thy friends;

What seemed an idol hymn now breathes of Thee,
Tuned by Faith's ear to some celestial melody.

There's not a strain to Memory dear,
Nor flower in classic grove;
There's not a sweet note warbled here,
But minds us of Thy Love;
O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but Thine; with Thee all beauty glows.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

(BALAAM'S PROPHECY.)

Oh, for a sculptor's hand,
That thou might'st take thy stand;
Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze,
Thy tranced yet open gaze
Fixed on the desert haze,
As one who deep in heaven some airy pageant sees.

In outline dim and vast
Their fearful shadows cast
The giant forms of empires on their way
To ruin: one by one
They tower, and they are gone,
Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay.

No sun or star so bright,
In all the world of light,
That they should draw to heaven his downward eye:
He hears the Almighty's word,
He sees the angel's sword,
Yet low upon the earth his heart and treasures lie.

Lo! from yon argent field,
To him and us revealed,
One gentle star glides down, on earth to dwell:
Chained as they are below,
Our eyes may see it glow,
And as it mounts again, may track its brightness well.

To him it glared afar,
A token of wild war,
The banner of his Lord's victorious wrath:
But close to us it gleams,
Its soothing luster streams
Around our home's green walls, and on our church-way path.

We in the tents abide
Which he at distance eyed,
Like distant cedars by the waters spread;
While seven red altar-fires
Rose up in wavy spires,
Where on the mount he watched his sorceries dark and dread.

He watched till morning's ray
On lake and meadow lay,
And willow-shaded streams, that silent sweep
Around the bannered lines,
Where by their several signs
The desert-wearied tribes in sight of Canaan sleep.

He watched till knowledge came
Upon his soul like flame,
Not of those magic fires at random caught:
But true Prophetic light
Flashed o'er him, high and bright,
Flashed once, and died away, and left his darkened thought.

And can he choose but fear,
Who feels his God so near,
That when he fain would curse, his powerless tongue
In blessing only moves? —
Alas! the world he loves
Too close around his heart her tangling veil hath flung.

Scepter and Star divine,
Who in Thine inmost shrine
Hast made us worshipers, O claim Thine own;
More than thy seers we know: —
O teach our love to grow
Up to Thy heavenly light, and reap what Thou hast sown.

Evening Hymn.

(From "The Christian Year.")

Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

First Sunday After Epiphany.

Lessons sweet of spring returning,
  Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
May I call ye sense or learning,
  Instinct pure, or heaven-taught art?
Be your title what it may,
Sweet the lengthening April day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning
  To the inward ear devout,
Touched by light, with heavenly warning
  Your transporting chords ring out.
Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
  Winding shore or deepening glen,
Where the landscape in its glory
  Teaches truth to wandering men:
Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die, —
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse.

See the soft green willow springing
  Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
  O'er the moss and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipped with vernal red,
And her kindly flower displayed
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
  Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
  Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
  Up the stony vale I wind,
Haply half in fancy grieving
  For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside drear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultured grove.

Where the thickest boughs are twining
  Of the greenest, darkest tree,
There they plunge, the light declining;
  All may hear, but none may see.
Fearless of the passing hoof,
Hardly will they fleet aloof;
So they live in modest ways,
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

(From "The Christian Year.")

O LORD my God, do thou thy holy will —
        I will lie still;
I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,
        And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
        In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace! thou must not me beguile
        With thy false smile;

I know thy flatteries and thy cheating ways;
Be silent, Praise,
Blind guide with siren voice, and blinding all
That hear thy call.

. . . .

Mortal! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think who did once from heaven to hell descend,
Thee to befriend:
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

"O Father! not my will, but thine, be done,"—
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys:
That we may cling forever to Thy breast
In perfect rest!

THE WATERFALL.

(From "Lyra Innocentium.")

MARK how a thousand streams in one—
One in a thousand, on they fare—
Now flashing in the sun,
Now still as beast in lair.

Now round the rock, now mounting o'er
In lawless dance they win their way,
Still seeming more and more
To swell as we survey.

They rush and roar, they whirl and leap,
Not wilder drives the winter storm;
Yet a strong law they keep,
Strange powers their course inform.

Even so the mighty, sky-born stream:
Its living waters, from above,
All marred and broken seem,
No union and no love.

Yet in dim caves they softly blend
In dreams of mortals unespied:
One is their awful end,
One their unfailing Guide.

CHRIST AT GETHSEMANE

From a Painting by H. Hoffmann

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

Thomas À Kempis, a German devotional writer, born at Kempen, whence his name, near Cologne, about 1380; died at the monastery of Mount St. Agnes, near Zwolle, in The Netherlands, July 25, 1471. At the age of thirteen he entered the school of "The Brothers of the Common Life" at Deventer. In 1400 he began his novitiate at the monastery of Mount St. Agnes; was ordered priest in 1413; and in 1425 was elected sub-prior of the monastery, having in charge the spiritual direction of the novices. In 1429 he and his brethren were forced to migrate to Lunekerke, in Friesland. They returned to Mount St. Agnes in 1432, when Brother Thomas was made treasurer of the monastery. In 1448 he was again chosen sub-prior, and held that post as long as he lived. He was a voluminous writer. A complete edition of his works, in Latin, was printed at Antwerp (third edition in 1615), and a translation into German by Silbert was published at Vienna in 1834. His "Imitation of Christ," one of the most famous of books, has been universally read and has moved the hearts of men of all nations, conditions and kinds, for four centuries. Its title describes its contents; it abounds in maxims of humility and resignation, and is such a book as only a man living the most uneventful of lives, withdrawn from the world and spent in contemplation, could have written. It is said that it has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. A polyglot edition, in seven languages — Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, German, English, and Greek, was published in 1837. It is divided into four books, entitled, respectively, "Admonitions Useful for a Spiritual Life," "Admonitions Tending to Things Internal," "Of Internal Consolations," and "Concerning the Sacrament."

That the Lovers of the Cross of Jesus are Few.

(From the "Imitation of Christ.")

Jesus hath now many lovers of His heavenly kingdom, but few bearers of His cross.

He hath many desirous of consolation, but few of tribulation.

He findeth many companions of His table, but few of His abstinence.

All desire to rejoice with Him, few are willing to endure anything for Him.

Many follow JESUS unto the breaking of bread; but few to the drinking of the cup of His passion.

Many reverence His miracles, few follow the ignominy of His cross.

Many love JESUS so long as no adversities befall them.

Many praise and bless Him so long as they receive any consolation from Him.

But if JESUS hide Himself, and leave them but a little while, they fall either into complaining, or into too much dejection of mind.

2. But they who love JESUS for His own sake, and not for some special comfort which they receive, bless Him in all tribulation and anguish of heart, as well as in the state of highest comfort.

Yea although He should never be willing to give them comfort, they notwithstanding would ever praise Him, and wish to be always giving thanks.

3. O how powerful is the pure love of JESUS, which is mixed with no self-interest, nor self-love.

Are not all those to be called mercenary, who are ever seeking consolations?

Do they not show themselves to be rather lovers of themselves than of Christ, who are always thinking of their own profit and advantage?

Where shall one be found who is willing to serve God for naught?

4. Rarely is any one found so spiritual as to have suffered the loss of all things.

For where is any man to be found that is indeed poor in spirit, and thoroughly void of all leaning on created things? "From afar, yea from the ends of the earth, is his value."

If a man should give all his substance, it is as yet nothing.

And if he should practice great repentance, still it is little.

And if he should attain to all knowledge, he is still afar off.

And if he should be of great virtue, and of very fervent devotion, yet there is much wanting: especially one thing, which is most necessary for him.

What is that? That leaving all, he forsake himself, and go wholly from himself, and retain nothing of self-love.

And when he hath done all that is to be done so far as he knoweth, let him think that he hath done nothing.

OF THE ROYAL WAY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

UNTO many this seemeth a hard speech, "Deny thyself, take up thy cross, and follow JESUS."

But much harder will it be to hear that last word, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."

For they who now willingly hear and follow the word of the cross, shall not then fear to hear the sentence of everlasting damnation.

This sign of the cross shall be in the heaven, when the Lord shall come to judgment.

Then all the servants of the cross, who in their lifetime conformed themselves unto Christ crucified, shall draw near unto Christ the judge with great confidence.

2. Why therefore fearest thou to take up the cross which leadeth thee to a kingdom?

In the cross is salvation, in the cross is life, in the cross is protection against our enemies, in the cross is infusion of heavenly sweetness, in the cross is strength of mind, in the cross joy of spirit, in the cross the height of virtue, in the cross the perfection of sanctity.

There is no salvation of the soul, nor hope of everlasting life, but in the cross.

Take up therefore thy cross and follow JESUS, and thou shalt go into life everlasting. He went before, bearing His cross, and died for thee on the cross; that thou mightest also bear thy cross and desire to die on the cross with Him.

For if thou be dead with Him, thou shalt also live with Him. And if thou be His companion in punishment, thou shalt be partaker with Him also in glory.

3. Behold! in the cross all doth consist, and all lieth in our dying thereon; for there is no other way unto life, and unto true inward peace, but the way of the holy cross, and of daily mortification.

Go where thou wilt, seek whatsoever thou wilt, thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the holy cross.

Dispose and order all things according to thy will and judgment; yet thou shalt ever find, that of necessity thou must suffer somewhat, either willingly or against thy will, and so thou shalt ever find the cross.

For either thou shalt feel pain in thy body, or in thy soul thou shalt suffer tribulation.

4. Sometimes thou shalt be forsaken of God, sometimes thou shalt be troubled by thy neighbors; and, what is more, oftentimes thou shalt be wearisome to thyself.

Neither canst thou be delivered or eased by any remedy or comfort; but so long as it pleaseth God, thou must bear it.

For God will have thee learn to suffer tribulation without comfort; and that thou subject thyself wholly to Him, and by tribulation become more humble.

No man hath so in his heart a sympathy with the passion of Christ, as he who hath suffered the like himself.

The cross therefore is always ready, and everywhere waits for thee.

Thou canst not escape it whithersoever thou runnest; for wheresoever thou goest, thou carriest thyself with thee, and shalt ever find thyself.

Both above and below, without and within, which way soever thou dost turn thee, everywhere thou shalt find the cross; and everywhere of necessity thou must hold fast patience, if thou wilt have inward peace, and enjoy an everlasting crown.

5. If thou bear the cross cheerfully, it will bear thee, and lead thee to the desired end, namely, where there shall be an end of suffering, though here there shall not be.

If thou bear it unwillingly, thou makest for thyself a burden, and increasest thy load, which yet notwithstanding thou must bear.

If thou cast away one cross, without doubt thou shalt find another, and that perhaps more heavy.

6. Thinkest thou to escape that which no mortal man could ever avoid? Which of the saints in the world was without crosses and tribulation.

For not even our Lord Jesus Christ was ever one hour without the anguish of His Passion, so long as He lived. "Christ" (saith He) "must needs suffer, and rise again from the dead, and so enter into His glory." And how dost thou seek any other way than this royal way, which is the way of the holy cross.

7. Christ's whole life was a cross and martyrdom: and dost thou seek rest and joy for thyself?

Thou art deceived, thou art deceived if thou seek any other thing than to suffer tribulations; for this whole mortal life is full of miseries, and marked on every side with crosses.

And the higher a person hath advanced in the Spirit, so much the heavier crosses he oftentimes findeth; because the grief of his banishment increaseth with his love to God.

8. Nevertheless this man, though so many ways afflicted, is not without refreshing comfort, for that he perceiveth very much benefit to accrue unto him by the bearing of his own cross.

For whilst he willingly putteth himself under it, all the burden of tribulation is turned into the confidence of divine comfort.

And the more the flesh is wasted by affliction, so much the more is the spirit strengthened by inward grace.

And sometimes he is so comforted with the desire of tribulation and adversity, for the love of conformity to the cross of Christ, that he would not wish to be without grief and tribulation; because he believes that he shall be unto God so much the more acceptable, the more and the more grievous things he is permitted to suffer for Him.

This is not the power of man, but it is the grace of Christ, which can and doth so much in frail flesh; so that what naturally it always abhors and flees from, that through fervor of spirit it encounters and loves.

9. It is not according to man's inclination to bear the cross, to love the cross, to chastise the body and bring it into subjection, to flee honors, willingly to suffer contumelies, to despise one's self and to wish to be despised, to endure all adversities and losses, and to desire no prosperity in this world.

If thou look to thyself, thou shalt be able of thyself to accomplish nothing of this kind.

But if thou trust in the Lord, strength shall be given thee from heaven, and the world and the flesh shall be made subject to thy command.

Neither shalt thou fear thine enemy the devil, if thou be armed with faith, and signed with the cross of Christ.

10. Set thyself therefore, like a good and faithful servant of Christ, to bear manfully the cross of thy Lord, who out of love was crucified for thee.

Prepare thyself to bear many adversities and divers kinds of troubles in this miserable life; for so it will be with thee, wheresoever thou art, and so surely thou shalt find it, wheresoever thou hide thyself.

So it must be; nor is there any remedy nor means to escape from tribulation and sorrow, but only to endure them.

Drink of the Lord's cup with hearty affection, if thou desire to be His friend, and to have part with Him.

As for comforts, leave them to God; let Him do therein as shall best please Him.

But do thou set thyself to suffer tribulations, and account them the greatest comforts; for the sufferings of this present time, although thou alone couldst suffer them all, cannot worthily deserve the glory which is to come.

11. When thou shalt come to this estate, that tribulation shall seem sweet, and thou shalt relish it for Christ's sake; then think it to be well with thee, for thou hast found a paradise upon earth.

As long as it is grievous to thee to suffer, and thou desirest to escape, so long shalt thou be ill at ease, and the desire of escaping tribulation shall follow thee everywhere.

12. If thou dost set thyself to that thou oughtest, namely, to suffering and to death, it will quickly be better with thee, and thou shalt find peace.

Although thou shouldst have been rapt even unto the third heaven with Paul, thou art not by this secured that thou shalt suffer no adversity. "I will show him" (saith JESUS) "how great things he must suffer for my name."

It remaineth therefore, that thou suffer, if it please thee to love JESUS, and to serve Him constantly.

13. O that thou wert worthy to suffer something for the Name of JESUS! How great glory would remain unto thyself; what joy would arise to all God's saints; how great edification also to thy neighbor!

For all men recommend patience; few, however, they are who are willing to suffer.

With great reason oughtest thou cheerfully to suffer some little for Christ's sake; since many suffer more grievous things for the world.

14. Know for certain that thou oughtest to lead a dying life. And the more any man dieth to himself, so much the more doth he begin to live unto God.

No man is fit to comprehend things heavenly, unless he submit himself to the bearing of adversities for Christ's sake.

Nothing is more acceptable to God, nothing more wholesome to thee in this world, than that thou suffer cheerfully for Christ.

And if thou couldst choose, thou oughtest rather to wish to suffer adversities for Christ, than to be refreshed with many consolations; because thou wouldst thus be more like unto Christ, and more conformable to all the saints.

For our worthiness and the growth of our spiritual estate consisteth not in many sweetnesses and comforts; but rather in the patient enduring of great afflictions and tribulations.

15. Indeed if there had been any better thing, and more profitable to man's salvation, than suffering, surely Christ would have showed it by word and example.

For both the disciples that followed Him, and also all who desire to follow Him, He plainly exhorteth to the bearing of the cross, and saith, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

So that when we have thoroughly read and searched all, let this be the final conclusion, "That through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God."

Of Craving the Divine Aid, and of Confidence of Recovering Grace.

1. My son, I am the Lord that giveth strength in the day of tribulation.

Come thou unto me, when it is not well with thee.

This is that which most of all hindereth heavenly consolation, that thou art too slow in turning thyself unto prayer.

For before thou dost earnestly supplicate me, thou seekest in the meanwhile many comforts, and lookest for refreshment in outward things.

And hence it cometh to pass that all doth little profit thee, until thou well consider that I am he who doth rescue them that trust in him; and that out of me there is neither powerful help, nor profitable counsel, nor lasting remedy.

But do thou, having now recovered breath after the tempest, gather strength again in the light of my mercies; for I am at hand (saith the Lord) to repair all, not only entirely, but also abundantly and in most plentiful measure.

2. Is there anything hard to me? or shall I be like unto one that promiseth and performeth not?

Where is thy faith? stand firmly and with perseverance; take courage and be patient; comfort will come to thee in due time.

Wait, wait, I say, for me: I will come and heal thee.

It is a temptation, this that vexeth thee, and a vain fear, this that affrighteth thee.

What else doth anxiety about the future bring to thee, but sorrow upon sorrow? "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

It is a vain thing and unprofitable, to be either disturbed or pleased about future things, which perhaps will never come to pass.

3. But it is in the nature of man to be deluded with such imaginations; and it is a sign of a mind as yet weak to be so easily drawn away by the suggestions of the enemy.

For so that he may but delude and deceive thee, he careth not whether it be by true things or by false; whether he overthrow thee with the love of present things, or the fear of future things.

Let not therefore thy heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Trust in me, and put thy confidence in my mercy.

When thou thinkest thyself farthest off from me, oftentimes I am nearest unto thee.

When thou judgest that almost all is lost, then oftentimes the greatest gain of reward is close at hand.

All is not lost, when a thing falleth out against thee.

Thou must not judge according to present feeling, nor so take any grief, or give thyself over to it, from whencesoever it cometh, as though all hopes of escape were quite taken away.

4. Think not thyself wholly left, although for a time I have sent thee some tribulation, or even have withdrawn thy desired comfort; for this is the way to the kingdom of heaven.

And without doubt it is more expedient for thee and for the rest of my servants, that ye be exercised with adversities, than that ye should have all things according to your desires.

I know the secret thoughts of thy heart, and that it is very expedient for thy welfare, that thou be left sometimes without spiritual enjoyment, lest perhaps thou shouldst be puffed up with thy prosperous estate, and shouldst be willing to please thyself in that which thou art not.

That which I have given, I can take away; and can restore it again when I please.

5. When I give it, it is still mine; when I withdraw it, I take not anything that is thine; for every good and every perfect gift is mine.

If I send thee affliction, or any cross whatsoever, repine not, nor let thy heart fail thee; I can quickly succor thee, and turn all thy heaviness into joy.

Nevertheless I am righteous and greatly to be praised, when I deal thus with thee.

6. If thou be wise, and consider this rightly, thou wilt never mourn so dejectedly for any adversity, but rather wilt rejoice and give thanks.

Yea, thou wilt account this thine especial joy, that I afflict thee with sorrows, and do not spare thee.

"As my Father hath loved me, so have I loved you," said I unto my beloved disciples; whom doubtless I sent not out to temporal joys, but to great conflicts; not to honor, but to contempt; not to idleness, but to labors; not to rest, but that they should bring forth much fruit with patience. Remember thou these words, O my son!

THAT A MAN SHOULD NOT BE OVER-CAREFUL IN MATTERS OF BUSINESS.

My son, always commit thy cause to me. I will dispose well of it in due time.

Wait for my ordering of it, and thou shalt find it will be for thy good.

O Lord, I do most cheerfully commit all unto thee, for my care can little avail.

Would that I did not so much dwell on future things, but gave myself up without a struggle to thy good pleasure.

2. My son, oftentimes a man vehemently struggleth for somewhat he desireth, and when he hath arrived at it, he beginneth to be of another mind; for man's affections do not long continue fixed on one object, but rather do urge him from one thing to another.

It is therefore no small benefit for a man to forsake himself even in the smallest things.

3. The true profiting of a man consisteth in the denying

of himself; and he that thus denieth himself, liveth in great freedom and security.

But the old enemy, who always setteth himself against all that are good, ceaseth at no time from tempting, but day and night lieth grievously in wait, to cast the unwary, if he can, headlong into the snare of deceit.

Therefore "Watch ye, and pray," saith our Lord, "that ye enter not into temptation."

THAT MAN HATH OF HIMSELF NO GOOD THING, NOR ANYTHING WHEREOF HE CAN GLORY.

"LORD, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

What hath man deserved that thou shouldest grant him thy favor?

O Lord, what cause have I to complain, if thou forsake me? or if thou do not that which I desire, what can I justly say against it?

Surely this I may truly think and say: Lord I am nothing. I can do nothing, I have nothing that is good of myself, but in all things I am wanting, and do ever tend to nothing.

And unless thou help me, and inwardly instruct me, I must become altogether lukewarm and careless.

2. But Thou, O Lord, art always the same, and endurest forever, always good, just, and holy, doing all things well, justly, holily, and disposing all things with wisdom.

But I, that am more ready to go backward than forward, do not ever continue in one estate, for "seven times are passed over me."

Yet it is soon better with me, when it so pleaseth thee, and when thou vouchsafest to stretch forth thy helping hand; for thou canst help me alone without human aid, and canst so strengthen me, that my countenance shall be no more changed, but my heart shall be turned to thee alone, and be at rest.

3. Wherefore, if I could once perfectly cast off all human comfort, either for the attainment of devotion, or because of mine own necessities enforcing me to seek after thee (because that no mortal man could comfort me), then might I well hope in thy grace, and rejoice for the gift of fresh consolation.

4. Thanks be unto thee, from whom all things proceed, whensoever it is well with me.

But I am in thy sight mere vanity and nothing, a man weak, and never continuing in one stay.

Whereof then can I glory? or for what do I desire to be respected? is it for that I am nothing? yet this is most vain.

Mere empty glory is in truth an evil pest, a very great vanity; because it draweth a man from true glory, and robbeth him of heavenly grace.

For whilst he pleaseth himself, he displeaseth thee; whilst he gapeth after the praise of men, he is deprived of true virtues.

5. But the true glory and holy exultation is for a man to glory in thee, and not in himself; to rejoice in thy name, not in his own strength, and not to delight in any creature but for thy sake.

Praised be thy Name, not mine; magnified be thy work, not mine. Let thy holy Name be blessed, but to me let no part of men's praises be given.

Thou art my glory, thou art the joy of my heart.

In thee will I glory and rejoice all the day, but as for myself, I will not glory, but in my infirmities.

6. Let the Jews seek honor one of another, I will seek that which cometh from God alone.

For all human glory, all temporal honor, all worldly height, compared to thy eternal glory, is vanity and folly.

O my God, my Truth, and my Mercy, O Blessed Trinity, to thee alone be praise, honor, power, and glory forever and ever.

OF THE CONTEMPT OF ALL TEMPORAL HONOR.

MY son, trouble not thyself, if thou see others honored and advanced, whilst thou art contemned and debased.

Lift up thy heart into heaven to me, and the contempt of men on earth shall not grieve thee.

Lord, we are blind, and are quickly misled by vanity.

If I look rightly into myself, I cannot say that any creature hath ever done me wrong; and therefore I cannot justly complain before thee.

2. But because I have often and grievously sinned against thee, all creatures do justly take arms against me.

Unto me, therefore, shame and contempt is justly due, but unto thee praise, honor, and glory.

And unless I prepare myself with cheerful willingness to be despised and forsaken of all creatures, and to be esteemed altogether nothing, I cannot obtain inward peace and stability, nor be spiritually enlightened, nor be fully united unto thee.

THAT OUR PEACE IS NOT TO BE SET ON MEN.

MY son, if thou rest thy peace on any because of the opinion which thou hast of him, or because of thine intimate acquaintance with him, thou shalt ever be inconstant and inthralled.

But if thou have recourse unto the ever-living and abiding Truth, the departure or death of a friend shall not grieve thee.

Thy regard for thy friend ought to be grounded in me; and for my sake is he to be beloved, whosoever he be that thou thinkest well of, and who is very dear unto thee in this life.

Without me friendship hath no strength, and no continuance; neither is that love true and pure, which is not knit by me.

Thou oughtest to be so dead to such affections towards thy friends, that (as much as appertaineth unto thee) thou shouldst be willing to be without all human friendship.

Man approacheth so much the nearer unto God, the farther he departeth from all earthly comfort.

And the lower he descendeth in himself, and the meaner he becometh in his own sight, the higher he ascendeth towards God.

But he that attributeth any good unto himself, hindereth the entry of God's grace; for the grace of the Holy Spirit ever seeketh an humble heart.

If thou knewest perfectly to annihilate thyself, and to empty thyself of all created love, then should I be constrained to flow into thee with great abundance of grace.

When thou hast regard unto creatures, the sight of the Creator is withdrawn from thee.

Learn in all things to overcome thyself, for the love of thy Creator, and then shalt thou be able to attain to divine knowledge.

How small soever anything be, if it be inordinately loved and regarded, it keepeth thee back from the highest good, and defileth the soul.

Against Vain and Secular Knowledge.

My son, let not the sayings of men move thee, however fair and ingenious they may be. "For the kingdom of God consisteth not in word, but in power."

Observe well my words, for they inflame the heart, and enlighten the mind; they cause compunction, and carry with them many a consolation.

Never read the word of God in order to appear more learned or more wise.

Be studious for the mortification of thy sins; for this will profit thee more than the knowledge of many difficult questions.

2. When thou shalt have read and known many things, thou oughtest ever to return to the one beginning and principle.

I am He that teacheth man knowledge; and I give unto little children a clearer understanding than can be taught by man.

He therefore, to whom I speak, shall quickly be wise, and shall profit much in the Spirit.

Woe be to them that inquire many curious things of men, and little care about the way of serving me!

The time will come, when the Master of masters shall appear, Christ the Lord of angels, to hear the lessons of all, that is, to examine the consciences of every one.

And then will he search Jerusalem with candles; and the hidden things of darkness shall be laid open, and the arguings of men's tongues shall be silent.

3. I am he who in one instant do raise up the humble mind, so that a man shall understand more reasonings of eternal truth, than if he had studied ten years in the schools.

I teach without noise of words, without confusion of opinions, without the desire of honor, without bandying of arguments.

I am he who instructeth men to despise earthly things, to loathe things present, to seek things heavenly, to relish things eternal, to flee honors, to endure offenses, to place all hope in me, out of me to desire nothing, and above all things ardently to love me.

4. A certain one by loving me entirely, became instructed in divine things, and was wont to speak that which was admirable.

He profiteth more by forsaking all things, than by studying subtleties.

But to some men I speak common things, to others things uncommon; to some I appear sweetly by signs and figures, but to some I reveal mysteries with much light.

The voice of books is indeed one, but it instructs not all alike; for I am the teacher of the truth within, I am the searcher of the heart, the discerner of the thoughts, the mover of actions, distributing to every man as I judge meet.

Of not Attracting to Ourselves Outward Things.

My son, in many things it is thy duty to be ignorant, and to esteem thyself as dead upon earth, and as one to whom the whole world is crucified.

Thou must also pass by many things with a deaf ear, and rather think of those which belong unto thy peace.

It is more useful to turn away one's eyes from unpleasing things, and to leave every one to his own opinion, than to be a slave to contentious discourses.

If all stand well betwixt thee and God, and if thou hast his judgment in thy mind, thou shalt the more easily endure to be overcome.

2. O Lord, to what a pass are we come! Behold, we bewail a temporal loss: for a pitiful gain we toil and run; and the spiritual losses of our soul are forgotten, and hardly at last return to the memory.

That which little or nothing profiteth we heed; and that which is especially necessary, we slightly pass over; because the whole man doth slide off into outward things; and unless he speedily repent, he settleth down in them, and that willingly.

On The Joys of Heaven.

(From "The Voice of Christian Life in Song: or, Hymns and Hymn-Writers of Many Lands and Ages.")

High the angel choirs are raising
Heart and voice in harmony;
The Creator King still praising,
Whom in beauty there they see.

Sweetest strains, from soft hearts stealing;
Trumpets, notes of triumph pealing;

Radiant wings and white stoles gleaming,
Up the steps of glory streaming;
Where the heavenly bells are ringing,
Holy, holy, holy! singing
    To the mighty Trinity!
Holy, holy, holy! crying;
For all earthly care and sighing
    In that city cease to be!

Every voice is there harmonious,
Praising God in hymns symphonious;
Love each heart with light infolding
As they stand in peace beholding
      There the Triune Deity!
Whom adore the seraphim,
    Aye with love eternal burning;
Venerate the cherubim,
    To their fount of honor turning;
    Whilst angelic thrones adoring
      Gaze upon His majesty.

Oh how beautiful that region,
And how fair that heavenly legion,
    Where thus men and angels blend!
Glorious will that city be,
Full of deep tranquillity,
    Light and peace from end to end!
All the happy dwellers there
    Shine in robes of purity,
    Keep the law of charity,
    Bound in firmest unity;
Labor finds them not, nor care.
Ignorance can ne'er perplex,
Nothing tempt them, nothing vex;
Joy and health their fadeless blessing,
Always all things good possessing.

On Christian Patience.

(From "Hymns and Poems.")

Adversa mundi tolera.

For Christ's dear sake with courage bear
      Whatever ills betide;
Prosperity is oft a snare,
      And puffs the heart with pride.

What seemed thy loss will often prove
To be thy truest gain:
And sufferings borne with patient love
A jeweled crown obtain.

By this thou wilt the angels please,
Wilt glorify the Lord,
Thy neighbor's faith and hope increase,
And earn a rich reward.

Brief is this life, and brief its pain,
But long the bliss to come;
Trials endured for Christ attain
A place with martyrdom.

The Christian soul by patience grows
More perfect day by day;
And brighter still, and brighter glows
With heaven's eternal ray;

To Christ becomes more lovable,
More like the saints on high;
Dear to the good; invincible
Against the enemy.

MAY KENDALL.

May Kendall, born at Bridlington, Yorkshire, 1861, author of "From a Garret," "White Poppies," "Such is Life," "Dreams to Sell" (1887), "Songs from Dreamland" (1894); "Judy" (1896).

A Theory.

Why do violins shudder so,
When across them is drawn the bow,
Sob for anguish and wild despair?
Human souls are imprisoned there.

Souls are shut in the violins,
They are the souls of Philistines;
But the Philistines, row on row,
Soulless sit and they do not know.

But they brandish their eye-glasses,
Stare at each other's evening dress,
Scrutinize form or brilliant hue,
Say: "Is it rouge or is it true?"

"Some one was flat a semitone,
And how stout the soprano's grown!
Isn't the bass a dear? and oh,
Do look at Mrs. So-and-so!"

Still the musicians play serene,
As though Philistines had not been,
But their souls in the violins
Mourn on bitterly for their sins,

Call them wildly and call in pain,
Call them with longing deep and vain,
And with infinite tenderness,
Since they can give them no redress.

Since not one of them is aware,
Here is he and his soul is *there,*
In the music's divinest chord,
Making melody to the Lord.

So how often in life and art
Soul and body must dwell apart —
Great is the master's soul, no doubt —
Twenty Philistines go without.

Are we body or are we soul?
Little matter upon the whole.
Human soul in the violin,
Save me at last, a Philistine!

Fairies and the Philologist.

About his pillow he was ware,
I' the watches o' the night,
Of shining elves and ladies fair,
And knights in armor bright.

And drowsily he thought: "I know
Exactly what you are —
You're parables of sun and snow,
And moon and sky and star."

But presently a doubtful awe
Disturbed his idle scorn;
For each familiar face he saw
Was sorrowful and worn.

Ladies and wizards, knights and elves,
They moaned: "Bad luck to *you*,
We only know we're not ourselves,
We cannot tell who's who."

The enchanted prince, at Beauty's side,
Seemed solacing her ire.
"Too bad," dejectedly he cried:
"One of you calls her Fire;

"And there's another calls her Snow;
She says, till she is told
Her meaning, how is she to know
If she is hot or cold?"

With weary steps they wandered by:
"We were quite wrong," they said.
"You're not a prince — not Beauty I;
We might as well be dead!"

Slowly dispersed the vanquished throng,
Faded the raiment bright;

It was as though a mournful song
Came floating through the night.

"We're dead and gone. Our stories grew
From how our names were spelt.
If some one made a myth of *you*,
You'd find out how it felt.

"'Tis all in vain. We're Dawn *or* Day,
We're Sun *or* Sea *or* Air.
Only — you might have let us stay
Till you knew *what* we were."

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

Dim clouds across the field there float,
And shadows slowly form, combine,
And gather shape. A tiny boat
I see, tossed in the foaming brine.
O rower, wait! Brave rower, stay!
Nay, boat and rower fade away.

Again the dim clouds gather o'er,
And slowly shape a battle-field,
And, dead or living, wounded sore,
One lies beside a broken shield.
O warrior, canst thou heed or hear?
Nay, for the visions disappear.

Fling down the shining surface bare;
An idle tale it tells to me.
The shadowy form I image there
I trace in earth and air and sea.
Earth, sea, and air, from pole to pole,
The magic mirror of my soul!

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Francis Scott Key, an American lawyer and poet, born in Frederick County, Md., Aug. 1, 1779; died in Washington, D.C., Jan. 11, 1843. He was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, studied law and began practice in his native county, but subsequently removed to Washington, where he became District Attorney for the District of Columbia. When the British troops invaded Washington in 1814, they seized and held as a prisoner Dr. William Beanes, and Key was sent by President Madison with a flag of truce to the British General Ross to negotiate for his release. The mission was successful, but he was detained by the British commander, who had prepared to attack Baltimore. The engagement began with the bombardment of Fort Henry, near the city, and was witnessed by Key. Under the tension of patriotism and anxiety for the fate of the fort, Key wrote the ever-since popular national song, "The Star-Spangled Banner." The song was at once published and sung to the tune "Anacreon in Heaven," and became popular throughout the country. A collection of Key's poems was published in 1857, but none of the others attracted attention.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still there.
O say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.
'Tis the Star-spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
  That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
  Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hircling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
  Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heav'n-rescued land
  Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto — "In God is our trust!"
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

GRACE ELIZABETH KING.

King, Grace Elizabeth, an American novelist, short-story writer, and historian; born in Louisiana, 1858. She is one of the most prominent of Southern writers, and her books largely deal with Southern subjects. Her novel "Monsieur Motte," which appeared first in the "New Princeton Review," was republished in book form in 1888. "Balcony Stories" was one of her best works; others can be seen in "Tales of a Time and Place." Her historical writings embrace "New Orleans, the Place and the People," and a "Life" of Bienville, the founder of New Orleans.

At War with Spain.[1]

1719.

(From "Sieur de Bienville.")

On the 19th of April the "Maréchal de Villars" and the "Philippe" brought into port one hundred and thirty passengers. Among them were De Serigny and his son, a midshipman; the former, returning decorated with the cross of St. Louis and the advanced grade of "lieutenant de vaisseau," was charged with a commission to examine and sound, with Bienville, the coast of Louisiana.

But what the ships brought of most importance to the colony was the news of the declaration of war between France and Spain. At last the moment had come for the getting of the coveted port of Pensacola. The French hardly needed the advice given by the Western Company to Bienville some months previous to profit by such an opportunity. They were not the men to let an occasion of the kind go by default. A council of war was instantly summoned, and measures in all haste adopted to surprise the Spaniards, who, ignorant of the news, were carelessly basking in innocent security.

The cargoes were discharged from the ships, and on the 13th of May De Serigny sailed out of the roadstead of Dauphin

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Island, followed by the "Maréchal de Villars" and the "Comte de Toulouse," which latter vessel fortunately was in port at the time. They carried an army of a hundred and fifty soldiers. Bienville, with eighty men, sailed in a sloop.

Bienville gives the facts of his victory in his official report to the minister. The approaches to the victory are the pleasant duty of the early historians, Dupratz and Dumont, whose enjoyment of what they describe is communicated to readers of the present day.

With a fair wind the ships made a good run to Isle Ste. Rosa, the outpost of the Spaniards. Anchoring as close to land as possible, the troops disembarked unperceived, and easily mastered the small guard stationed there. Putting their prisoners in irons and assuming their uniforms, and forcing the Spanish drummer to beat as usual, the Spaniards who came out at daybreak the next morning to relieve guard were as easily seized, disarmed, and deprived of their uniforms, which served to disguise more of their enemies. The Spanish-uniformed Frenchmen embarking in the boat that had brought out the guard, crossed the bay, entered the fort, surprised the sentinels on duty, and captured the whole place, — soldiers, magazine, store-house, and the commandant, who was still in bed, and who claimed this as his first notification of the rupture between the two Governments. Bienville says in his despatch that simply the commandant surrendered the fort at four o'clock in the afternoon, that he put his brother Chateauguay in command, and according to the terms of capitulation to deliver his prisoners in the nearest port, shipped the entire garrison for Havana on his two ships, the "Comte de Toulouse" and the "Maréchal de Villars," under command of De Richebourg; he then returned to Mobile. The Governor of Havana was not devoid of ingenuity himself. He received De Richebourg most ceremoniously, thanking him for the politeness of his visit; but no sooner were the prisoners in his hands than he captured the capturers, with their ships, placing the soldiers in irons, and putting the entire crew, officers and all, into prison, and, according to the French accounts, treated them so hardly, fed them so badly, and insulted them so grievously that most of the soldiers deserted to him, to deliver themselves. He then equipped the French vessels with a Spanish crew, Spanish soldiers, and some of the French deserters, and sent them, with his squadron, to retake the lost Pensacola. They came in sight of it on the 3d of August. The Spanish vessels drew up behind Isle Ste. Rosa. The French vessels, flying the French colors, boldly entered the channel. To the challenge of the sentry they answered, "De Richebourg." Scarcely was anchor dropped, however, than the French flag was lowered, the Spanish run up, and three cannon-shots were fired. At the signal, the rest of the squadron made their appearance, twelve sail in all. The next day eighteen hundred men were landed, and began the assault.

Although the return visit of the Spaniards was expected, and in a measure prepared for, Chateauguay found his means of defence as totally inadequate as his rivals' had been. Sixty of his soldiers immediately abandoned him, escaping from the fort and joining the enemy. The rest showing every disposition to follow their example, no choice was left, upon the summons to surrender, but capitulation. He obtained the sortie, with all the honors of war, and transportation to Old Spain, — a more genial and more advantageous place of imprisonment than Havana, under the circumstances. He was nevertheless sent to Havana. At the news of the Spaniards' reappearance at Pensacola, Serigny had hastened by land to Chateauguay's assistance with a troop of savages and soldiers; but hearing of his surrender midway from some fugitive slaves, he turned, and marched as rapidly back to Dauphin Island to prepare for what he had no doubt would be the next step in the Spanish programme.

In truth, he had hardly arrived at the island before the advance of the Spanish flotilla was sighted. Three brigantines approached, from one of which a boat was sent to the Company's ship, "Le Philippe," with an officer charged with a letter to the captain. The missive, dated "on board 'Notre Dame de Vigogne,' 13th August, 1719, at ten o'clock in the morning," contained an imperative summons for the surrender of the ship, without any damage to it, under penalty of the captain's being treated as an incendiary, and all the French, including Chateauguay and his garrison, accorded no quarter. A cordial reception, on the contrary, was promised all those who freely and willingly gave themselves up.

The captain of the "Philippe" sent the Spanish officer with his letter ashore to Serigny, who, according to the "Journal Historique," received him surrounded by his soldiers, Canadians, and savages in all their war-paint and greed of scalps;

and according to Bienville, told him that the Spaniards could come when they pleased, they would find the French prepared to receive them. In the meantime a reinforcement of soldiers was passed on board the "Philippe."

During the night one of the brigantines entered the bay and did considerable damage, capturing two boats of provisions sent by Serigny to Bienville, and pillaging and burning a settlement belonging to a company of Canadians on the Mobile coast, half-way between the fort and the island, where a great deal of property had been sent from the latter place for security, and of which the booty consequently was large.

Fortunately that night Bienville was sending a reinforcement of white men and Indians to his brother. These fell upon the marauders. Very few escaped. Five were killed, the Indians scalping them, six were drowned trying to regain their boats, and eighteen were taken prisoners. Of these latter, the deserters from the French had their heads broken with a hatchet, in default of an executioner to inflict the legal capital punishment. As it was impossible to defend the bay or the mouth of the river, no more boats of provisions, or otherwise, were risked to Bienville. All forces were turned to putting Dauphin Island in a state of defence.

During a high tide the "Philippe" was brought in to within a pistol-shot of land, and made fast with pile and cable in a deep hole, or kind of bay, to the west of the island. With all her guns bristling on the ocean tide, and her reinforced equipage, she presented, for the times, a formidable citadel of defence to the enemy.

An intrenched battery of three twelve-pounders was placed to command the old channel. The rest of the island was patrolled by Serigny, who, the accounts say, multiplied himself into being everywhere with his mixed force, the regulars of which, Bienville says, were more to be dreaded than the enemy.

Three days after the brigantines the rest of the Spanish fleet, including the captured French vessels, hove in sight, and anchored in the roadstead. Once or twice a demonstration of attack was made, which was warded off with a counter-demonstration. Neither daring to land nor approach within gunshot of the "Philippe" or the battery, the fleet contented itself with remaining in its position for fourteen days, and cannonading boats from a safe and harmless distance.

On the 24th, signs of departure were observed among the sails; by the 28th all had disappeared, with the exception of two large vessels left to cruise before the island and intercept its water communication.

The long stay of the Spanish fleet excited apprehensions among the French that it was waiting to be joined by the squadron from Vera Cruz. When, therefore, on the first of September, sails were again sighted in the Gulf, as no ships were expected from France, the general anxiety became keen. It changed to wildest joy as three war-ships of the royal navy neared, escorting two loaded vessels belonging to the Company. They were the "Hercules," of sixty cannon, under the Comte de Champmeslin, the "Mars," of fifty-eight, and the "Triton," of fifty-six cannon. The Company's ship, the "Union," armed with forty-eight cannon, brought one hundred and ninety-nine passengers, and the fleet "Marie" a freight of provisions and merchandise. The Spanish cruisers took flight for Pensacola.

As soon as the good news reach him, Bienville hastened from Mobile, and with Serigny went aboard Champmeslin's ship, where a council of all the officers, military and marine, was held. The recapture of Pensacola and capture of the Spanish fleet was the unanimous determination; but it was decided not to proceed without a fortnight's preparation. The Company's ships, which were to be joined to the men-of-war, had to be unloaded, the "Philippe" to be got out to sea again and put in trim, and Bienville needed time to get his Indians together again and prepare their provisions. It was agreed that Champmeslin should take command of the fleet, and that Bienville, at the head of a company of soldiers and volunteers, should go in sloops as far as the Perdido River, where one of his officers was to meet him with five hundred Indians,—all of which was carried into effect. On the 15th of September the start was made. By the evening of the 16th Bienville had invested the fort by land, so that no escape on that side was possible. The next morning Champmeslin led his fleet into the bay. The large fort made very little defence. The small one on Ste. Rosa Island and the ships fought gallantly for two hours, at the end of which all surrendered. The plundering of the large fort was given to the Indians, who acquitted themselves, says the "Journal Historique," as men who knew their trade; but there was no scalping, Bienville having given orders against it. The same authority also states that Bienville restrained the ardor of his troops and held them back until Champmeslin had terminated his action, that the latter might have the honors of the day, but that when the pillaging of the fort was completed, Champmeslin took possession of forts and ships, assigned the commands, decided upon the prisoners, and received the swords of the Spanish officers, trenching upon the rights of Bienville as commander of the province of Louisiana, and therefore as the sole appointer of landed commands — which Bienville bore without protestation, for fear of prejudicing the service of the king.

Thirty-five of the French deserters were found among the Spanish prisoners. They were tried before a council of war; twelve were condemned to be hanged (and were hanged from the mast of the recaptured "Comte de Toulouse"), and the rest sent to the galleys.

It had been hoped that large quantities of munitions of war and provisions would be found in the fort. To the disappointment of the conquerors, the stores contained only a fifteen days' supply. Champmeslin was obliged, to get rid of feeding his prisoners, to send them to Havana on one of the captured ships. He retained the superior officers as sureties, and demanded a return of French prisoners, whose fate, according to a letter received from Chateauguay, was hardly in accordance with the articles of war. The Governor of Havana had not wished to give food either to officers or sailors, and the latter were forced to carry stone and do other work to gain a subsistence.

Stores were replenished by several Spanish vessels of provisions, decoyed into the old port by the exhibition of their national flags, — one, a "pink," carried eighty soldiers, of whom it is chronicled with evident satisfaction that although well clothed in good uniforms, they were not despoiled of them.

One of the Company's vessels, loaded with merchandise for Dauphin Island, and with a present of wine and delicacies from the Company to the officers, was signalled into the new French port. The officers, not needing the wine and delicacies, disposed of them at very great profit.

The supineness of the Spaniard under dispossession was not to be counted on in the future. Before sailing away with his squadron, in October, Champmeslin burned the fort and all the buildings behind him, and left only an officer, with a file of men and some savages, in charge, and to give notice of a new Spanish attempt.

Bienville writes bitterly of the character and insufficiency of his forces, the cause of this unsatisfactory proceeding: —

"The Council will permit me to represent to it that it is very disagreeable for an officer in charge of a colony to have to defend it, only a band of deserters, convicts, and rascals who are always ready, not only to abandon you, but even to turn against you. What attachment to the country can these people have, who are sent here by force, and who have no hope of returning to their mother-country? Can one believe that they will not use all their efforts to deliver themselves from such a situation, particularly in a country as open as this is, by going either to the side of the English or the Spaniards? It seems to me that it is absolutely necessary, if it is desired to preserve this colony to the king, to send as much as possible only willing men, and to endeavor to procure for life here more comforts than have been enjoyed up to the present. . . . At any rate, what population we have in the colony is so scattered among the different establishments that our only forces are the savages, of whom we cannot make use at present, owing to the scarcity of provisions. If we had sufficient force we should be able to maintain ourselves against any efforts of the Spaniards, although they are, with the neighboring Havana and Vera Cruz, very powerful, — unless they should send large vessels to cruise on our coasts and capture the supplies sent from France, which is their idea, from what we have heard from the French deserters. In this manner it would be very easy for them to throw us in the last extremity, and put it out of our power to preserve the colony, if the Company does not send us means strong enough to make our coasts secure."

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.

Alexander William Kinglake, an English historian, born at Wilton House, near Taunton, Aug. 5, 1809; died Jan. 2, 1891. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1832, and was called to the bar in 1837. Soon after he made a tour in European Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. Letters which he wrote to his friends were, several years later, in 1844, published under the title of "Eöthen" (from the East), a delightful record of personal experiences and a brilliant book of travel, with a light touch yet often penetrating to the springs of Oriental feeling. On his return from the East he entered upon practice in London as a chancery lawyer. In 1857 he was returned to Parliament. Besides "Eöthen" his only notable work is the "History of the Invasion of the Crimea" (1863–1888). He was a prominent anti-Napoleonite.

Kinglake was a man of independent means and remarkable talents, and a brilliant and powerful writer, but intensely partisan.

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

(From "The Invasion of the Crimea.")

At first, as was natural, the enemy's gunners and riflemen were so far taken by surprise as to be hardly in readiness to seize the opportunity which Lord Cardigan was presenting to them; and indeed for some time the very extravagance of the operation masked its character from the intelligence of the enemy, preventing him from seeing at once that it must result from some stupendous mistake. But the Russians at length perceived that the distance between our Heavy Brigade and Lord Cardigan's squadrons was every moment increasing, and that, whatever might be the true meaning of the enterprise in which our Light Cavalry had engaged, the red squadrons were not under orders to give it that kind of support which the Englishman calls "thorough-going." This once understood, the enemy had fair means of inferring that the phenomenon of ten beautiful squadrons moving down the North Valley in well-ordered lines, was not the commencement of anything like a general advance on the part of the Allies, and might prove after all to be hardly the result of design. Accordingly, with more or less readiness, the forces on the Causeway Heights, the forces on the Fedioukine Hills, and the twelve-gun battery which crossed the lower end of the valley, became all prepared to inflict upon our Light Cavalry the consequences of the fault which propelled it. It is true that the main body of the Russian cavalry, drawn up in rear of the confronting battery, had been cowed by the result of its encounter with Scarlett's dragoons; but when that has been acknowledged as a qualification of what is coming, it may be said that the three sides of the quadrangle in which our cavalry moved were not only lined with Russians, but with Russians standing firm to their duty.

Soon the fated advance of the Light Brigade had proceeded so far as to begin to disclose its strange purpose: the purpose of making straight for the far distant battery which crossed the foot of the valley, by passing for a mile between two Russian forces; and this at such ugly distance from each as to allow of our squadrons going down under a doubly flanking fire of round shot, grape, and rifle-balls, without the opportunity of yet doing any manner of harm to their assailants. Then from the slopes of the Causeway Heights on the one side and the Fedioukine Hills on the other, the Russian artillery brought its power to bear right and left; with an efficiency every moment increasing; and large numbers of riflemen on the slopes of the Causeway Heights, who had been placed where they were in order to cover the retreat of the Russian battalions, found means to take their part in the work of destroying our horsemen. Whilst Lord Cardigan and his squadrons rode thus under heavy cross-fire, the visible object they had straight before them was the white bank of smoke, from time to time pierced by issues of flame, which marks the site of a battery in action: for in truth the very goal that had been chosen for our devoted squadrons — a goal rarely before assigned to cavalry — was the front of a battery; the front of that twelve-gun battery, with the main body of the Russian cavalry in rear of it, which crossed the lower end of the valley: and so faithful, so resolute, was Lord Cardigan in executing this part of what he understood to be his appointed task, that he chose out one of the guns which he judged to be about the center of the battery, rode straight

BALAKLAVA

Charge of the Light Brigade

at its fire, and made this from first to last his sole guiding star. . . .

Pressing always deeper and deeper into this pen of fire, the devoted brigade, with Lord Cardigan still at its head, continued to move down the valley. The fire the brigade was incurring had not yet come to be of that crushing sort which mows down half a troop in one instant, and for some time a steady pace was maintained. As often as a horse was killed or disabled or deprived of the rider, his fall or his plunge or his ungoverned pressure had commonly the effect of enforcing upon the neighboring chargers more or less of lateral movement, and in this way there was occasioned a slight distention of the rank in which the casualty had occurred; but in the next instant, when the troopers had ridden clear of the disturbing cause, they closed up, and rode on in a line as even as before, though reduced by the loss just sustained. The movement occasioned by each casualty was so constantly recurring, and so constantly followed by the same process, — the process of reclosing the ranks, — that to distant observers the alternate distention and contraction of the line seemed to have the precision and sameness which belong to mechanic contrivance. Of these distant observers there was one — and that too a soldier — who so felt to the heart the true import of what he saw, that in a paroxysm of admiration and grief he burst into tears. In well-maintained order, but growing less every instant, our squadrons still moved down the valley.

Their pace for some time was firmly governed. When horsemen, too valorous to be thinking of flight, are brought into straits of this kind, their tendency is to be galloping swiftly forward, each man at the greatest pace he can exact from his own charger, thus destroying of course the formation of the line: but Lord Cardigan's love of strict uniform order was a propensity having all the force of a passion; and as long as it seemed possible to exert authority by voice or by gesture, the leader of this singular onset was firm in repressing the fault.

Thus when Captain White, of the 17th Lancers (who commanded the squadron of direction), became "anxious," as he frankly expressed it, "to get out of such a murderous fire, and into the guns," as being "the best of the two evils," and, endeavoring with that view to "force the pace," pressed forward so much as to be almost alongside of the chief's bridle-arm, Lord Cardigan checked this impatience by laying his sword across the captain's breast, telling him at the same time not to try to force the pace, and not to be riding before the leader of the brigade. Otherwise than for this, Lord Cardigan, from the first to the last of the onset, did not speak nor make sign. Riding straight and erect, he never once turned in his saddle with the object of getting a glance at the state of the squadrons which followed him; and to this rigid abstinence — giving proof as such abstinence did of an unbending resolve — it was apparently owing that the brigade never fell into doubt concerning its true path of duty, never wavered (as the best squadrons will, if the leader, for even an instant, appears to be uncertain of purpose), and was guiltless of even inclining to any default except that of failing to keep down the pace.

So far as concerned the first line, this task was now becoming more and more difficult. When the 13th Light Dragoons and the 17th Lancers had passed so far down the valley as to be under effective fire from the guns in their front, as well as from the flanks right and left, their lines were so torn, so cruelly reduced in numbers, as to be hardly any longer capable of retaining the corporate life or entity of the regiment, the squadron, the troop; and these aggregates began to resolve themselves into their component elements — that is, into brave, eager horsemen, growing fiercely impatient of a trial which had thus long denied them their vengeance, and longing to close with all speed upon the guns which had shattered their ranks. The troopers here and there could no longer be restrained from darting forward in front of the officers; and the moment this license obtained, the ceremonious advance of the line was soon changed to an ungoverned onset. The racing spirit broke out; some striving to outride their comrades, some determining not to be passed.

In the course of the advance, Lieutenant Maxse, Lord Cardigan's second aide-de-camp, was wounded; and when the line had come down to within about a hundred yards of the guns, Sir George Wombwell, the extra aide-de-camp, had his horse killed under him. We shall afterwards see that this last casualty did not end the part which Wombwell was destined to take in the battle; but for the moment of course it disabled him, and there was no longer any staff officer in the immediate personal following of the general who led the brigade.

But although he rode singly, and although as we have seen he rigidly abstained from any retrograde glance, Lord Cardigan of course might infer from the tramp of the regiments close following, and from what (without turning in his saddle) he could easily see of their flanks, that the momentum now gathered and gathering was too strong to be moderated by a commander; and rightly perhaps avoiding the effort to govern it by voice or by gesture, he either became impatient himself, and drew the troops on more and more by first increasing his own speed, or else yielded (under necessity) to the impatience of the now shattered squadrons, and closely adjusted his pace to the flow of the torrent behind him. In one way or in the other, a right distance was always maintained between the leader and his first line. As before when advancing at a trot, so now whilst flinging themselves impetuously deep into the jaws of an army, these two regiments of the first line still had in their front the same rigid hussar for their guide, still kept their eyes fastened on the crimson-red overalls and the white near hind-leg of the chestnut which showed them the straight, honest way — the way down to the mouths of the guns. . . .

Lord Cardigan and his first line had come down to within about eighty yards of the mouths of the guns, when the battery delivered a fire from so many of its pieces at once as to constitute almost a salvo. Numbers and numbers of saddles were emptied: and along its whole length the line of the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers was subjected to the rending perturbance that must needs be created in a body of cavalry by every man who falls slain or wounded; by the sinking and the plunging of every horse that is killed or disabled; and again by the wild, piteous intrusion of the riderless charger, appalled by his sudden freedom coming thus in the midst of a battle, and knowing not whither to rush unless he can rejoin his old troop and wedge himself into its ranks. It is believed by Lord Cardigan that this was the time when, in the 13th Light Dragoons, Captain Oldham, the commander of the regiment, and Captain Goad and Cornet Montgomery, and in the 17th Lancers, Captain Winter and Lieutenant Thompson, were killed; when Captain Robert White and Captain Webb and Lieutenant Sir William Gordon were struck down. The survivors of the first line who remained undisabled were feeble by this time, in numbers scarce more than some fifty or sixty; and the object they rode at was a line of twelve guns close supported by the main body of the Russian cavalry, whilst on their right flank as well as on their left there stood a whole mile's length of hostile array, comprising horse, foot, and artillery. But by virtue of innate warlike passion — the gift, it would seem, of high Heaven to chosen races of men — the mere half of a hundred, carried straight by a resolute leader, were borne on against the strength of the thousands. The few in their pride claimed dominion. Rushing clear of the havoc just wrought, and with Cardigan still untouched at their head, they drove thundering into the smoke which infolded both the front of the battery and the masses of horsemen behind it. . . .

Lord Cardigan and his first line, still descending at speed on their goal, had rived their way dimly through the outer folds of the cloud, which lay piled up in front of the battery; but then there came the swift moment when, through what remained of the dimness, men at last saw the brass cannons gleaming with their muzzles toward the chests of our horses; and visibly the Russian artillerymen — unappalled by the tramp and the aspect of squadrons driving down through the smoke — were as yet standing fast to their guns.

By the material obstacle which they offer to the onset of horsemen, field-pieces in action, with their attendant limber-carriages and tumbrils behind them, add so sure a cause of frustration to the peril that there is in riding at the mouths of the guns, that upon the whole the expedient of attacking a battery in front has been forbidden to cavalry leaders by a recognized maxim of war. But the huge misconception of orders which had sent the brigade down this valley was yet to be fulfilled to its utmost conclusion; and the condition of things had now come to be such that whatever might be the madness (in general) of charging a battery in front, there by this time was no choice of measures. By far the greater part of the harm which the guns could inflict had already been suffered; and I believe that the idea of stopping short on the verge of the battery did not even present itself for a moment to the mind of the leader.

Lord Cardigan moved down at a pace which he has estimated at seventeen miles an hour, and already he had come to within some two or three horses'-lengths of the mouth of one of the guns, — a gun believed to have been a twelve-pounder; but then the piece was discharged, and its torrent of flame seemed to gush in the direction of his chestnut's off fore-arm. The horse was so governed by the impetus he had gathered, and by the hand and the heel of his rider, as to be able to shy only a little at the blaze and the roar of the gun; but Lord Cardigan being presently inwrapped in the new column of smoke now all at once piled up around him, some imagined him slain. He had not been struck. In the next moment, and being still some two horses'-lengths in advance of his squadrons, he attained to the long-sought battery, and shot in between two of its guns.

There was a portion of the 17th Lancers on our extreme left which outflanked the line of the guns, but with this exception the whole of Lord Cardigan's first line descended on the front of the battery: and as their leader had just done before them, so now our horsemen drove in between the guns; and some then at the instant tore on to assail the gray squadrons drawn up in rear of the tumbrils. Others stopped to fight in the battery, and sought to make prize of the guns. After a long and disastrous advance against clouds and invisible foes, they grasped, as it were, at reality. What before had been engines of havoc dimly seen, or only inferred from the jets of their fire and their smoke, were now burnished pieces of cannon with the brightness and the hue of red gold, — cannon still in battery, still hot with the slaughter of their comrades.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Charles Kingsley, an eminent English clergyman, philanthropist, poet, and novelist, born at Holne, Devonshire, June 12, 1819; died at Eversley, Hampshire, Jan. 23, 1875. He took his degree at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1842, and two years afterward was presented to the living of Eversley in Hampshire. His literary career began with the publication of "The Saint's Tragedy" (1848), a drama in verse on the story of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. This was followed by a series of novels that caught the attention of the best readers: the first being "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet," which led to the establishment of coöperative associations in England, and contained the author's views as a Christian socialist, as did also "Yeast." "Hypatia" described pagan and Christian life in Alexandria early in the fifth century. "Westward Ho!" narrated the adventures in the New World of Sir Amyas Leigh, with Sir Walter Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, etc., as fellow characters. "The Water Babies" was a fairy tale enjoyed by readers of all ages. Of his verse, "Poems," chiefly lyric, appeared in 1856, again in 1875, and "Andromeda and Other Poems" in 1858. "Lectures delivered in America" (1875) contained addresses given during his visit to the United States in 1874. His controversy with John Henry (afterward Cardinal) Newman, in 1864, led to the latter publishing his celebrated "Apologia pro Vita Sua." Mr. Kingsley became professor of modern history at Cambridge in 1859, chaplain to the Queen in 1860, canon of Westminster in 1873. His publications number about thirty-five. Besides several volumes of "Sermons," his principal works are "The Saint's Tragedy" (1848); "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet" (1849); "Yeast, a Problem" (1851); "Hypatia, or New Foes with an Old Face" (1853); "Alexandria and Her Schools" (1854); "Westward Ho!" (1855); "The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales" (1856); "Sir Walter Raleigh and His Times" (1859); "The Water Babies" (1863); "Hereward, the Last of the English" (1866); "How and Why" (1869); "A Christmas in the West Indies" (1871); "Prose Idyls" (1873); and "Health and Education" (1874).

Kingsley took a deep interest in the labor question and the welfare of workingmen, and assisted in forming coöperative associations for the betterment of the condition of the working class.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Death of Hypatia.

(From "Hypatia.")

And was the Amal's news true, then?

Philammon saw Raphael rush across the street into the Museum gardens. His last words had been a command to stay where he was, and the boy obeyed him. The black porter who let Raphael out told him, somewhat insolently, that his mistress would see no one and receive no messages: but he had made up his mind: complained of the sun, quietly ensconced himself behind a buttress, and sat coiled up on the pavement, ready for a desperate spring. The slave stared at him; but he was accustomed to the vagaries of philosophers; and thanking the gods that he was not born in that station of life, retired to his porter's cell, and forgot the whole matter.

There Philammon waited a full half hour. It seemed to him hours, days, years. And yet Raphael did not return; and yet no guards appeared. Was the strange Jew a traitor? Impossible! — his face had shown a desperate earnestness of terror as intense as Philammon's own. . . . Yet why did he not return?

Perhaps he had found that the streets were clear — their mutual fears groundless. . . . What meant that black knot of men some two hundred yards off, hanging about the mouth of the side street, just opposite the door which led to her lecture-room? He moved to watch them: they had vanished. He lay down again and waited. . . . There they were again. It was a suspicious post. That street ran along the back of the Cæsareum, a favorite haunt of monks, communicating by innumerable entries and back buildings with the great church itself. . . . And yet, why should there not be a knot of monks there? What more common in every street of Alexandria? He tried to laugh away his own fears. And yet they ripened, by the very intensity of thinking on them, into certainty. He knew that something terrible was at hand. More than once he looked out from his hiding-place — the knot of men was still there; . . . it seemed to have increased, to draw nearer. If they found him, what would they not suspect? What did he care? He would die for her if it came to that — not that it would come to that: but still he must speak to her — he must warn her. Passenger after passenger, carriage after carriage passed along the street:

student after student entered the lecture-room: but he never saw them, not though they passed him close. The sun rose higher and higher, and turned his whole blaze upon the corner where Philammon crouched, till the pavement scorched like hot iron, and his eyes were dazzled by the blinding glare; but he never heeded it. His whole heart, and sense, and sight were riveted upon that well-known door, expecting it to open. . . .

At last, a curricle, glittering with silver, rattled round the corner and stopped opposite him. She must be coming now. The crowd had vanished. Perhaps it was, after all, a fancy of his own. No; there they were, peeping round the corner, close to the lecture-room, — the hell-hounds! A slave brought out an embroidered cushion — and then Hypatia herself came forth, looking more glorious than ever, her lips set in a sad firm smile; her eyes uplifted, inquiring, eager, and yet gentle, dimmed by some great inward awe, as if her soul was far away aloft, and face to face with God.

In a moment he sprang up to her, caught her robe convulsively, threw himself on his knees before her, —

"Stop! Stay! You are going to destruction!"

Calmly she looked down upon him.

"Accomplice of witches! Would you make of Theon's daughter a traitor like yourself?"

He sprung up, stepped back, and stood stupefied with shame and despair. . . .

She believed him guilty, then! . . . It was the will of God!

The plumes of the horses were waving far down the street before he recovered himself, and rushed after her, shouting he knew not what.

It was too late! A dark wave of men rushed from the ambuscade, surged up round the car . . . swept forward . . . she had disappeared! and as Philammon followed breathless, the horses galloped past him madly homeward with the empty carriage.

Whither were they dragging her? To the Cæsareum, the Church of God himself? Impossible! Why thither of all places of the earth? Why did the mob, increasing momentarily by hundreds, pour down upon the beach, and return brandishing flints, shells, fragments of pottery?

She was upon the church steps before he caught them up, invisible among the crowd; but he could track her by the fragments of her dress.

Where were her gay pupils now? Alas! they had barricaded themselves shamefully in the Museum, at the first rush which swept her from the door of the lecture-room. Cowards! he would save her!

And he struggled in vain to pierce the dense mass of parabolani and monks, who, mingled with the fishwives and dock-workers, leaped and yelled around their victim. But what he could not do another and a weaker did — even the little porter. Furiously — no one knew how or whence — he burst up, as if from the ground in the thickest of the crowd, with knife, teeth, and nails, like a venomous wildcat, tearing his way towards his idol. Alas! he was torn down himself, rolled over the steps, and lay there half dead in an agony of weeping, as Philammon sprung up past him into the church.

Yes. On into the church itself! Into the cool dim shadow, with its fretted pillars, and lowering domes, and candles, and incense, and blazing altar, and great pictures looking from the walls athwart the gorgeous gloom. And right in front, above the altar, the colossal Christ watching unmoved from off the wall, his right hand raised to give a blessing — or a curse?

On, up the nave, fresh shreds of her dress strewing the holy pavement — up the chancel steps themselves — up to the altar — right underneath the great still Christ: and there even those hell-hounds paused. . . .

She shook herself free from her tormentors, and springing back, rose for one moment to her full height, naked, snow-white against the dusky mass around — shame and indignation in those wide clear eyes, but not a stain of fear. With one hand she clasped her golden locks around her, the other long white arm was stretched upward toward the great still Christ appealing — and who dare say, in vain? — from man to God. Her lips were opened to speak; but the words that should have come from them reached God's ear alone; for in an instant Peter struck her down, the dark mass closed over her again . . . and then wail on wail, long, wild, ear-piercing, rang along the vaulted roofs, and thrilled like the trumpet of avenging angels through Philammon's ears.

Crushed against a pillar, unable to move in the dense mass, he pressed his hand over his ears. He could not shut out those shrieks! When would they end? What in the name of the

God of mercy were they doing? Tearing her piecemeal? Yes, and worse than that. And still the shrieks rang on, and still the great Christ looked down on Philammon with that calm, intolerable eye, and would not turn away. And over his head was written in the rainbow, "I am the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever!" The same as he was in Judæa of old, Philammon? Then what are these, and in whose temple? And he covered his face with his hands, and longed to die.

It was over. The shrieks had died away into moans; the moans to silence. How long had he been there? An hour, or an eternity? Thank God it was over! For her sake — but for theirs? But they thought not of that as a new cry rose through the dome.

"To the Cinaron! Burn the bones to ashes! Scatter them into the sea!" . . . And the mob poured past him again. . . .

He turned to flee: but, once outside the church, he sank exhausted, and lay upon the steps, watching with stupid horror the glaring of the fire, and the mob who leaped and yelled like demons round their Moloch sacrifice.

A hand grasped his arm; he looked up; it was the porter.

"And this, young butcher, is the Catholic and Apostolic Church?"

"No! Eudæmon, it is the church of the devils of hell!" And gathering himself up, he sat upon the steps and buried his head within his hands. He would have given life itself for the power of weeping; but his eyes and brain were hot and dry as the desert.

Eudæmon looked at him awhile. The shock had sobered the poor fop for once.

"I did what I could to die with her," said he.

"I did what I could to save her," answered Philammon.

"I know it. Forgive the words which I just spoke. Did we not both love her?"

And the little wretch sat down by Philammon's side, and as the blood dripped from his wounds upon the pavement, broke out into a bitter agony of human tears.

There are times when the very intensity of our misery is a boon, and kindly stuns us till we are unable to torture ourselves by thought. And so it was with Philammon then. He sat there, he knew not how long.

"She is with the gods," said Eudæmon at last.

"She is with the God of gods," answered Philammon, and they both were silent again.

Suddenly a commanding voice aroused them. They looked up, and saw before them Raphael Aben-Ezra.

He was pale as death, but calm as death. One look into his face told them that he knew all.

"Young monk," he said, between his closed teeth, "you seem to have loved her?"

Philammon looked up, but could not speak.

"Then arise, and flee for your life into the farthest corner of the desert, ere the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah fall upon this accursed city. Have you father, mother, brother, sister, — ay, cat, dog, or bird, for which you care, within its walls?"

Philammon started; for he recollected Pelagia. . . . That evening, so Cyril had promised, twenty trusty monks were to have gone with him to seize her.

"You have? Then take them with you, and escape, and remember Lot's wife. Eudæmon, come with me. You must lead me to your house, to the lodging of Miriam, the Jewess. Do not deny! I know that she is there. For the sake of her who is gone I will hold you harmless, ay, reward you richly, if you prove faithful. Rise!"

Eudæmon, who knew Raphael's face well, rose and led the way trembling; and Philammon was left alone.

They never met again. But Philammon knew that he had been in the presence of a stronger man than himself, and of one who hated even more bitterly than he himself that deed at which the very sun, it seemed, ought to have veiled his face. And his words, "Arise, and flee for thy life," uttered as they were with the stern self-command and writhing lip of compressed agony, rang through his ears like the trump of doom. Yes, he would flee. He had gone forth to see the world, and he had seen it. Arsenius was in the right after all. Home to the desert! But first he would go himself, alone, to Pelagia, and implore her once more to flee with him. Beast, fool, that he had been, to try to win her by force — by the help of such as these! God's kingdom was not a kingdom of fanatics yelling for a doctrine, but of willing, loving obedient hearts. If he could not win her heart, her will, he would go alone, and die praying for her.

He sprang from the steps of the Cæsareum, and turned up the street of the Museum. Alas! it was one roaring sea of heads! They were sacking Theon's house — the house of so many memories! Perhaps the poor old man too had perished! Still — his sister! He must save her and flee. And he turned up a side street and tried to make his way onward.

Alas again! the whole of the dock-quarter was up and out. Every street poured its tide of furious fanatics into the main river: and ere he could reach Pelagia's house the sun was set, and close behind him, echoed by ten thousand voices, was the cry of "Down with all heathens! Root out all Arian Goths! Down with idolatrous wantons! Down with Pelagia Aphrodite!"

He hurried down the alley, to the tower door, where Wulf had promised to meet him. It was half open, and in the dusk he could see a figure standing in the doorway. He sprang up the steps, and found, not Wulf, but Miriam.

"Let me pass!"

"Wherefore?"

He made no answer, and tried to push past her.

"Fool, fool, fool!" whispered the hag, holding the door against him with all her strength. "Where are your fellow-kidnappers? Where are your band of monks?"

Philammon started back. How had she discovered his plan?

"Ay — where are they? Besotted boy! Have you not seen enough of mockery this afternoon, that you must try still to make that poor girl even such a one as yourselves? Ay, you may root out your own human natures if you will, and make yourselves devils in trying to become angels; but woman she is, and woman she shall live or die!"

"Let me pass!" cried Philammon, furiously.

"Raise your voice — and I raise mine: and then your life is not worth a moment's purchase. Fool, do you think I speak as a Jewess? I speak as a woman — as a nun! I was a nun once, madman — the iron entered into my soul! — God do so to me, and more also, if it ever enter into another soul while I can prevent it! You shall not have her! I will strangle her with my own hand first!" And turning from him she darted up the winding stair.

He followed! but the intense passion of the old hag hurled her onward with the strength and speed of a young Mænad. Once Philammon was near passing her. But he recollected that he did not know his way, and contented himself with keeping close behind, and making the fugitive his guide.

Stair after stair, he fled upward, till she turned suddenly into a chamber door. Philammon paused. A few feet above him the open sky showed at the stair-head. They were close, then, to the roof! One moment more, and the hag darted out of the room again, and turned to flee upward still. Philammon caught her by the arm, hurled her back into the empty chamber, shut the door upon her; and with a few bounds gained the roof, and met Pelagia face to face.

"Come!" gasped he breathlessly. "Now is the moment! Come, while they are all below!" and he seized her hand.

But Pelagia only recoiled.

"No, no," whispered she in answer, "I cannot, cannot — he has forgiven me all, all! and I am his forever! And now, just as he is in danger, when he may be wounded — ah, heaven! would you have me do anything so base as to desert him?"

"Pelagia, Pelagia, darling sister!" cried Philammon, in an agonized voice, "think of the doom of sin! Think of the pains of hell!"

"I have thought of them this day: and I do not believe you! No — I do not! God is not so cruel as you say. And if He were: — to lose my love, that is hell! Let me burn hereafter, if I do but keep him now!"

Philammon stood stupefied and shuddering. All his own early doubts flashed across him like a thunderbolt, when in the temple cave he had seen those painted ladies at their revels, and shuddered, and asked himself, were they burning forever and ever?

"Come!" gasped he once again; and throwing himself on his knees before her, covered her hands with kisses, wildly entreating: but in vain.

"What is this?" thundered a voice; not Miriam's but the Amal's. He was unarmed: but he rushed straight upon Philammon.

"Do not harm him!" shrieked Pelagia; "he is my brother — my brother of whom I told you!"

"What does he here?" cried the Amal, who instantly divined the truth.

Pelagia was silent.

"I wish to deliver my sister, a Christian, from the sinful embraces of an Arian heretic; and deliver her I will or die!"

"An Arian?" laughed the Amal. "Say a heathen at once, and tell the truth, young fool! Will you go with him, Pelagia, and turn nun in the sand-heaps?"

Pelagia sprang towards her lover; Philammon caught her by the arm for one last despairing appeal: and in a moment, neither knew how, the Goth and the Greek were locked in deadly struggle, while Pelagia stood in silent horror, knowing that a call for help would bring instant death to her brother.

It was over in a few seconds. The Goth lifted Philammon like a baby in his arms, and bearing him to the parapet attempted to hurl him into the canal below. But the active Greek had wound himself like a snake around him, and held him by the throat with the strength of despair. Twice they rolled and tottered on the parapet; and twice recoiled. A third fearful lunge — the earthen wall gave way; and down to the dark depths, locked in each other's arms, fell Goth and Greek.

Pelagia rushed to the brink, and gazed downward into the gloom, dumb and dry-eyed with horror. Twice they turned over together in mid-air. . . . The foot of the tower, as was usual in Egypt, sloped outwards towards the water. They must strike upon that — and then! . . . It seemed an eternity ere they touched the masonry. . . . The Amal was undermost. She saw his fair floating locks dash against the cruel stone. His grasp suddenly loosened. His limbs collapsed: two distinct plunges broke the dark sullen water; and then all was still but the awakened ripple, lapping angrily against the wall.

Pelagia gazed down one moment more, and then, with a shriek which rang along roof and river, she turned and fled down the stairs and out into the night.

Five minutes afterwards, Philammon, dripping, bruised, and bleeding, was crawling up the water-steps at the lower end of the lane. A woman rushed from the postern door, and stood on. the quay edge, gazing with clasped hands into the canal. The moon fell full on her face. It was Pelagia. She saw him, knew him, and recoiled.

"Sister! — my sister! Forgive me!"

"Murderer!" she shrieked, and dashing aside his outspread hands, fled wildly up the passage.

The way was blocked with bales of merchandise: but the dancer bounded over them like a deer; while Philammon, half stunned by his fall, and blinded by his dripping locks, stumbled, fell, and lay, unable to rise. She held on for a few yards towards the torch-lit mob, which was surging and roaring in the main street above, then turned suddenly into a side alley, and vanished; while Philammon lay groaning upon the pavement, without a purpose or a hope upon earth.

Five minutes more, and Wulf was gazing over the broken parapet, at the head of twenty terrified spectators, male and female, whom Pelagia's shriek had summoned.

He alone suspected that Philammon had been there; and shuddering at the thought of what might have happened, he kept his secret.

But all knew that Pelagia had been on the tower; all had seen Amal go up thither. Where were they now? And why was the little postern gate found open, and shut only just in time to prevent the entrance of the mob?

Wulf stood, revolving in a brain but too well practiced in such cases, all possible contingencies of death and horror. At last, —

"A rope and a light, Smid," he almost whispered.

They were brought, and Wulf, resisting all the entreaties of the younger men to allow them to go on the perilous search, lowered himself through the breach.

He was about two thirds down, when he shook the rope, and called in a stifled voice to those above —

"Haul up. I have seen enough."

Breathless with curiosity and fear, they hauled him up. He stood among them for a few moments, silent, as if stunned by the weight of some enormous woe.

"Is he dead?"

"Odin has taken his son home, wolves of the Goths!" And he held out his right hand to the awestruck ring, and burst into an agony of weeping. . . . A clotted tress of long fair hair lay on his palm.

It was snatched; handed from man to man. . . . One after another recognized the beloved golden locks. And then, to the utter astonishment of the girls who stood round, the great simple hearts, too brave to be ashamed of tears, broke out, and wailed like children. . . . Their Amal. Their heavenly man! Odin's own son, their joy, and pride, and glory! Their "Kingdom of heaven," as his name declared him, who was all that each wished to be, and more, and yet belonged to them, bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh! Ah, it is bitter to all true human hearts to be robbed of their ideal, even though that ideal be that of a mere wild bull, and soulless gladiator. . . .

At last Smid spoke, —

"Heroes, this is Odin's doom; and the All-father is just. Had we listened to Prince Wulf four months ago, this had never been. We have been cowards and sluggards, and Odin is angry with his children. Let us swear to be Prince Wulf's men, and follow him to-morrow where he will!"

Wulf grasped his outstretched hand lovingly, —

"No, Smid, son of Troll! These words are not yours to speak. Agilmund son of Cniva, Goderic son of Ermenric, you are Balts, and to you the succession appertains. Draw lots here, which of you shall be our chieftain."

"No! no! Wulf!" cried both the youths at once. "You are the hero! you are the Sagaman! We are not worthy: we have been cowards and sluggards, like the rest. Wolves of the Goths, follow the Wolf, even though he lead you to the land of the giants!"

A roar of applause followed.

"Lift him on the shield," cried Goderic, tearing off his buckler. "Lift him on the shield! Hail, Wulf king! Wulf, king of Egypt!"

And the rest of the Goths, attracted by the noise, rushed up the tower stairs in time to join in the mighty shout of "Wulf, king of Egypt!" — as careless of the vast multitude which yelled and surged without, as boys are of the snow against the window-pane.

"No," said Wulf, solemnly, as he stood on the uplifted shield. "If I be indeed your king, and ye my men, wolves of the Goths, to-morrow we will go forth of this place, hated of Odin, rank with the innocent blood of the Alruna maid. Back to Adolf; back to our own people! Will you go?"

"Back to Adolf!" shouted the men.

"You will not leave us to be murdered?" cried one of the girls. "The mob are breaking the gates already!"

"Silence, silly one! Men — we have one thing to do. The Amal must not go to the Valhalla without fair attendance."

"Not the poor girls?" said Agilmund, who took for granted that Wulf would wish to celebrate the Amal's funeral in true Gothic fashion by a slaughter of slaves.

"No. . . . One of them I saw behave this very afternoon worthy of a Vala. And they, too — they may make heroes' wives after all, yet. . . . Women are better than I fancied, even the worst of them. No. Go down, heroes, and throw the gates open; and call in the Greek hounds to the funeral supper of a son of Odin."

"Throw the gates open?"

"Yes. Goderic, take a dozen men, and be ready in the east hall. Agilmund, go with a dozen to the west side of the court — there in the kitchen, and wait till you hear my war-cry. Smid and the rest of you, come with me through the stables close to the gate — as silent as Hela."

And they went down — to meet, full on the stairs below old Miriam.

Breathless and exhausted by her exertion, she had fallen heavily before Philammon's strong arm; and lying half stunned for awhile, recovered just in time to meet her doom.

She knew that it was come, and faced it like herself.

"Take the witch!" said Wulf, slowly — "Take the corrupter of heroes — the cause of all our sorrows!"

Miriam looked at him with a quiet smile.

"The witch is accustomed long ago to hear fools lay on her the consequences of their own lust and laziness."

"Hew her down, Smid, son of Troll, that she may pass the Amal's soul and gladden it on her way to Niflheim."

Smid did it: but so terrible were the eyes which glared upon him from those sunken sockets, that his sight was dazzled. The ax turned aside, and struck her shoulder. She reeled, but did not fall.

"It is enough," she said quietly.

"The accursed Grendel's daughter numbed my arm!" said Smid. "Let her go! No man shall say that I struck a woman twice."

"Nidhogg waits for her, soon or late," answered Wulf.

And Miriam, coolly folding her shawl around her, turned and walked steadily down the stair; while all men breathed more freely, as if delivered from some accursed and supernatural spell.

"And now," said Wulf, "to your posts, and vengeance!"

The mob had weltered and howled ineffectually around the house for some half hour. But the lofty walls, opening on the street only by a few narrow windows in the higher stories, rendered it an impregnable fortress. Suddenly, the iron gates were drawn back, disclosing to the front rank the court, glaring empty and silent and ghastly in the moonlight. For an instant they recoiled, with a vague horror, and dread of treachery; but the mass behind pressed them onward, and in swept the murderers of Hypatia, till the court was full of choking wretches, surging against the walls and pillars in aimless fury. And then from under the archway on each side, rushed a body of tall armed men, driving back all incomers more; the gates slid together again upon their grooves; and the wild beasts of Alexandria were trapped at last.

And then began a murder grim and great. From three different doors issued a line of Goths, whose helmets and mail-shirts made them invulnerable to the clumsy weapons of the mob, and began hewing their way right through the living mass, helpless from their close-packed array. True, they were but as one to ten; but what are ten curs before one lion? . . . And the moon rose higher and higher, staring down ghastly and unmoved upon the doomed court of the furies, and still the bills and swords hewed on and on, and the Goths drew the corpses, as they found room, towards a dark pile in the midst, where old Wulf sat upon a heap of slain, singing the praises of the Amal and the glories of Valhalla, while the shrieks of his lute rose shrill over the shrieks of the flying and the wounded, and its wild waltz-time danced and rollicked on swifter and swifter as the old singer maddened, in awful mockery of the terror and agony around.

And so, by men and purposes which recked not of her, as is the wont of Providence, was the blood of Hypatia avenged in part that night.

In part only. For Peter the Reader, and his especial associates, were safe in sanctuary at the Cæsareum, clinging to the altar. Terrified at the storm which they had raised, and fearing the consequence of an attack upon the palace, they had left the mob to run riot at its will; and escaped the swords of the Goths, to be reserved for the more awful punishment of impunity.

It was near midnight. Raphael had been sitting some three hours in Miriam's inner chamber, waiting in vain for her return. To recover, if possible, his ancestral wealth; to convey it, without a day's delay, to Cyrene; and if possible, to persuade the poor old Jewess to accompany him, and there to soothe, to guide, perhaps to convert her, was his next purpose: — at all events, with or without his wealth, to flee from that accursed city. And he counted impatiently the slow hours and minutes which detained him in an atmosphere which seemed reeking with innocent blood, black with the lowering curse of an avenging God. More than once, unable to bear the thought, he rose to depart, and leave his wealth behind; but he was checked again by the thought of his own past life. How had he added his own sin to the great heap of Alexandrian wickedness! How had he tempted others, pampered others in evil! Good God! how had he not only done evil with all his might, but had pleasure in those who did the same! And now, now he was reaping the fruit of his own devices. For years past, merely to please his lust of power, his misanthropic scorn, he had been making that wicked Orestes wickeder than he was even by his own base will and nature; and his puppet had avenged itself upon him! He, he had prompted him to ask Hypatia's hand. . . . He had laid, half in sport, half in envy of her excellence, that foul plot against the only human being whom he loved . . . and he had destroyed her! He, and not Peter, was the murderer of Hypatia! True, he had never meant her death. . . . No; but had he not meant for her worse than death? He had never foreseen. . . . No; but only because he did not choose to foresee. He had chosen to be a god; to kill and to make alive by his own will and law: and behold, he had become a devil by that very act. Who can — and who dare, even if he could — withdraw the sacred veil from those bitter agonies of inward shame and self-reproach, made all the more intense by his clear and undoubting knowledge that he was forgiven? What dread of punishment, what blank despair, could have pierced that great heart so deeply as did the thought that the God whom he had hated and defied had returned him good for evil, and rewarded him not according to his iniquities? That discovery, as Ezekiel of old had warned his forefathers, filled up the cup of his self-loathing. . . . To have found at last the hated and dreaded name of God; and found that it was Love! . . . To possess Victoria, a living, human likeness, however imperfect, of that God; and to possess in her a home, a duty, a purpose, a fresh clear life of righteous labor, perhaps of final victory. . . . That was his punishment; that was the brand of Cain upon his forehead: and he felt it greater than he could bear.

But at least there was one thing to be done. Where he had sinned, there he must make amends; not as a propitiation, not even as a restitution: but simply as a confession of the truth which he had found. And as his purpose shaped itself, he longed and prayed that Miriam might return, and make it possible.

And Miriam did return. He heard her pass slowly through the outer room, learn from the girls who was within, order them out of the apartments, close the outer-door upon them: at last she entered, and said quietly, —

"Welcome! I have expected you. You could not surprise old Miriam. The teraph told me, last night, that you would be here." . . .

Did she see the smile of incredulity upon Raphael's face, or was it some sudden pang of conscience which made her cry out, —

". . . No! I did not! I never expected you! I am a liar, a miserable old liar, who cannot speak the truth, even if I try! Only look kind! Smile at me, Raphael! — Raphael come back at last to his poor, miserable, villainous old mother! Smile on me but once, my beautiful, my son! my son!"

And springing to him, she clasped him in her arms.

"Your son?"

"Yes, my son! Safe at last. Mine at last! I can prove it now! The son of my womb, though not the son of my vows!" and she laughed hysterically. "My child, my heir, for whom I have toiled and hoarded for three and thirty years! Quick! here are my keys. In that cabinet are all my papers — all I have is yours. Your jewels are safe — buried with mine. The negro-woman, Eudæmon's wife, knows where. I made her swear secrecy upon her little wooden idol, and, Christian as she is, she has been honest. Make her rich for life. She hid your poor old mother, and kept her safe to see her boy come home. But give nothing to her little husband: he is a bad fellow, and beats her. Go, quick! take your riches, and away! . . . No: stay one moment — just one little moment — that the poor old wretch may feast her eyes with the sight of her darling once more before she dies!"

"Before you die? Your son? God of my fathers, what is the meaning of all this, Miriam? This morning I was the son of Ezra, the merchant of Antioch!"

"His son and heir, his son and heir! He knew all at last. We told him on his death-bed! I swear that we told him, and he adopted you!"

"We! Who?"

"His wife and I. He craved for a child, the old miser, and we gave him one — a better one than ever came of his family. But he loved you, accepted you, though he did not know all. He was afraid of being laughed at after he was dead — afraid of having it known that he was childless, the old dotard! No — he was right — true Jew in that after all!"

"Who was my father, then?" interrupted Raphael, in utter bewilderment.

The old woman laughed a laugh so long and wild, that Raphael shuddered.

"Sit down at your mother's feet. Sit down . . . just to please the poor old thing! Even if you do not believe her, just play at being her child, her darling, for a minute before she dies; and she will tell you all . . . perhaps there is time yet!"

And he sat down. . . . "What if this incarnation of all wickedness were really my mother? . . . And yet — why should I shrink thus proudly from the notion? Am I so pure myself as to deserve a purer source?" . . . And the old woman laid her hand fondly on his head, and her skinny fingers played with his soft locks, and she spoke hurriedly and thick.

"Of the house of Jesse, of the seed of Solomon; not a rabbi from Babylon to Rome dare deny that! A king's daughter I am, and a king's heart I had, and have, like Solomon's own, my son! . . . A kingly heart. . . . It made me dread and scorn to be a slave, a plaything, a soulless doll, such as Jewish women are condemned to be by their tyrants, the men. I craved for wisdom, renown, power — power — power! and my nation refused them to me; because, forsooth, I was a woman! So I left them. I went to the Christian priests. . . . They gave me what I asked. . . . They gave me more. . . . They pampered my woman's vanity, my pride, my selfwill, my scorn of wedded bondage, and bade me be a saint, the judge of angels and archangels, the bride of God! Liars! liars! And so — if you laugh, you kill me, Raphael — and so Miriam, the daughter of Jonathan —Miriam, of the house of David — Miriam, the descendant of Ruth and Rachab, of Rachel and Sara, became a Christian nun, and shut herself up to see visions, and dream dreams, and fattened her own self-conceit upon the impious fancy that she was the spouse of the Nazarene, Joshua Bar Joseph, whom she called Jehovah Ishi — Silence! If you stop me a moment, it may be too late. I hear them calling me already, and I made them promise not to take me before I had told all to my son — the son of my shame!"

"Who calls you?" asked Raphael; but after one strong shudder she ran on, unheeding, —

"But they lied, lied, lied! I found them out that day. . . . Do not look up at me, and I will tell you all. There was a riot — a fight between the Christian devils and the Heathen devils — and the convent was sacked, Raphael, my son! — Sacked! . . . Then I found out their blasphemy. . . . Oh, God! I shrieked to Him, Raphael! I called on Him to rend His heavens and come down — to pour out His thunderbolts upon them — to cleave the earth and devour them — to save the wretched helpless girl who adored Him, who had given up father, mother, kinsfolk, wealth, the light of heaven, womanhood itself for Him — who worshiped, meditated over Him, dreamed of Him night and day. . . . And, Raphael, He did not hear me. . . . He did not hear me. . . . did not hear me! . . . And then I knew it all for a lie! a lie!"

"And you knew it for what it is!" cried Raphael through his sobs, as he thought of Victoria, and felt every vein burning with righteous wrath.

"There was no mistaking that test, was there? . . . For nine months I was mad. And then your voice, my baby, my joy, my pride — that brought me to myself once more! And I shook off the dust of my feet against those Galilean priests, and went back to my own nation, where God had set me from the beginning. I made them — the rabbis, my father, my kin — I made them all receive me. They could not stand before my eye. I can make people do what I will, Raphael! I could — I could make you emperor now, if I had but time left! I went back. I palmed you off on Ezra as his son, I and his wife, and made him believe that you had been born to him while he was in Byzantium. . . . And then, to live for you! And I did live for you. For you I traveled from India to Britain, seeking wealth. For you I toiled, hoarded, lied, intrigued, won money by every means, no matter how base — for was it not for you? And I have conquered! You are the richest Jew south of the Mediterranean, you, my son! And you deserve your wealth. You have your mother's soul in you, my boy! I watched you, gloried in you — in your cunning, your daring, your learning, your contempt for these Gentile hounds. You felt the royal blood of Solomon within you! You felt that you were a young lion of Judah, and they the jackals who followed to feed upon your leavings! And now, now! Your only dan-

HYPATIA

From a painting by A. Seejert

ger is past. The cunning woman is gone — the sorceress who tried to take my young lion in her pitfall, and has fallen into the midst of it herself; and he is safe, and returned to take the nations for a prey, and grind their bones to powder, as it is written, 'he couched like a lion, he lay down like a lioness's whelp, and who dare rouse him up?' "

"Stop!" said Raphael. "I must speak! Mother! I must! As you love me, as you expect me to love you, answer! Had you a hand in her death? Speak!"

"Did I not tell you that I was no more a Christian? Had I remained one — who can tell what I might not have done? All I, the Jewess, dare do was — Fool that I am — I have forgotten all this time the proof — the proof" —

"I need no proof, mother. Your words are enough," said Raphael, as he clasped her hand between his own, and pressed it to his burning forehead. But the old woman hurried on — "See, see the black agate which you gave her in your madness!"

"How did you obtain that?"

"I stole it, stole it, my son; as thieves steal, and are crucified for stealing. What was the chance of the cross to a mother yearning for her child? — to a mother who put round her baby's neck, three and thirty black years ago, that broken agate, and kept the other half next her own heart by day and night! See! See how they fit! Look, and believe your poor old sinful mother! Look, I say!" and she thrust the talisman into his hands.

"Now, let me die! I vowed never to tell this secret but to you: never to tell it to you, until the night I died. Farewell, my son. Kiss me but once — once, my child, my joy! Oh, this makes up for all! Makes up even for that day, the last on which I ever dreamed myself the bride of the Nazarene!"

Raphael felt that he must speak, now or never. Though it cost him the loss of all his wealth, and a mother's curse, he must speak. And not daring to look up, he said gently, —

"Men have lied to you about Him, mother: but has He ever lied to you about Himself? He did not lie to me when He sent me out into the world to find a man, and sent me back again to you with the good news that The Man is born into the world."

But to his astonishment, instead of the burst of bigoted indignation which he had expected, Miriam answered in a low, confused, abstracted voice, —

"And did He send you hither? Well — that was more like what I used to fancy Him. . . . A grand thought it is after all — a Jew the king of heaven and earth! . . . Well — I shall know soon. . . . I loved Him once, . . . and perhaps . . . perhaps" . . .

Why did her head drop heavily upon his shoulder? He turned — a dark stream of blood was flowing from her lips! He sprang to his feet. The girls rushed in. They tore open her shawl, and saw the ghastly wound, which she had hidden with such iron resolution to the last. But it was too late. Miriam the daughter of Solomon was gone to her own place.

. . . .

How Amyas Kept His Christmas Day.

(From "Westward Ho!")

It was the blessed Christmas afternoon. The light was fading down; the even-song was done; and the good folks of Bideford were trooping home in merry groups, the father with his children, the lover with his sweetheart, to cakes and ale, and flapdragons and mummer's plays, and all the happy sports of Christmas night. One lady only, wrapped close in her black muffler and followed by her maid, walked swiftly, yet sadly, toward the long causeway and bridge which led to Northam town. Sir Richard Grenvile and his wife caught her up and stopped her courteously.

"You will come home with us, Mrs. Leigh," said Lady Grenvile, "and spend a pleasant Christmas night?"

Mrs. Leigh smiled sweetly, and laying one hand on Lady Grenvile's arm, pointed with the other to the westward, and said —

"I cannot well spend a merry Christmas night while that sound is in my ears."

The whole party around looked in the direction in which she pointed. Above their heads the soft blue sky was fading into gray, and here and there a misty star peeped out: but to the westward, where the downs and woods of Raleigh closed in with those of Abbotsham, the blue was webbed and turfed with delicate white flakes; iridescent spots, marking the path by which the sun had sunk, showed all the colors of the dying dolphin; and low on the horizon lay a long band of grassy green. But what was the sound which troubled Mrs. Leigh! None of them, with their merry hearts and ears dulled with the din and bustle of the town, had heard it till that moment: and yet now — listen! It was dead calm. There was not a breath to stir a blade of grass. And yet the air was full of sound, a low deep roar which hovered over down and wood, salt-marsh and river, like the roll of a thousand wheels, the tramp of endless armies, or — what it was — the thunder of a mighty surge upon the bowlders of the pebble ridge.

"The ridge is noisy to-night," said Sir Richard. "There has been wind somewhere."

"There is wind now, where my boy is, God help him!" said Mrs. Leigh: and all knew that she spoke truly. The spirit of the Atlantic storm had sent forward the token of his coming, in the smooth ground-swell which was heard inland, two miles away. To-morrow the pebbles, which were now rattling down with each retreating wave, might be leaping to the ridge top, and hurled like round-shot far ashore upon the marsh by the force of the advancing wave, fleeing before the wrath of the western hurricane.

"God help my boy!" said Mrs. Leigh again.

"God is as near him by sea as by land," said good Sir Richard.

"True: but I am a lone mother; and one that has no heart just now but to go home and pray."

And so Mrs. Leigh went onward up the lane, and spent all that night in listening between her prayers to the thunder of the surge till it was drowned, long ere the sun rose, in the thunder of the storm.

And where is Amyas on this same Christmas afternoon?

Amyas is sitting bareheaded in a boat's stern in Smerwick bay, with the spray whistling through his curls, as he shouts cheerfully —

"Pull, and with a will, my merry men all, and never mind shipping a sea. Cannon balls are a cargo that don't spoil by taking salt-water."

His mother's presage has been true enough. Christmas eve has been the last of the still, dark, steaming nights of the early winter; and the western gale has been roaring for the last twelve hours upon the Irish coast.

The short light of the winter day is fading fast. Behind him is a leaping line of billows lashed into mist by the tempest. Beside him green foam-fringed columns are rushing up the black rocks, and falling again in a thousand cataracts of snow. Before him is the deep and sheltered bay: but it is not far up the bay that he and his can see; for some four miles out at sea begins a sloping roof of thick gray cloud, which stretches over their heads, and up and far away inland, cutting the cliffs off at mid-height, hiding all the Kerry mountains, and darkening the hollows of the distant firths into the blackness of night. And underneath that awful roof of whirling mist the storm is howling inland ever, sweeping before it the great foam-sponges, and the gray salt spray, till all the land is hazy, dim, and dun. Let it howl on! for there is more mist than ever salt spray made, flying before that gale; more thunder than ever sea-surge wakened echoing among the cliffs of Smerwick bay; along those sand-hills flash in the evening gloom red sparks which never came from heaven; for that fort, now christened by the invaders the Fort Del Oro, where flaunts the hated golden flag of Spain, holds San Josepho and eight hundred of the foe; and but three nights ago, Amyas and Yeo, and the rest of Winter's shrewdest hands, slung four culverins out of the Admiral's main deck, and floated them ashore, and dragged them up to the battery among the sand-hills; and now it shall be seen whether Spanish and Italian condottieri can hold their own on British ground against the men of Devon.

Small blame to Amyas if he was thinking, not of his lonely mother at Burrough Court, but of those quick bright flashes on sand-hill and on fort, where Salvation Yeo was hurling the eighteen-pound shot with deadly aim, and watching with a cool and bitter smile of triumph the flying of the sand, and the crashing of the gabions. Amyas and his party had been on board, at the risk of their lives, for a fresh supply of shot; for Winter's battery was out of ball, and had been firing stones for the last four hours, in default of better missiles. They ran the boat on shore through the surf, where a cove in the shore made landing possible, and almost careless whether she stove or not, scrambled over the sandhills with each man his brace of shot slung across his shoulder; and Amyas, leaping into the trenches, shouted cheerfully to Salvation Yeo —

"More food for the bull-dogs, Gunner, and plums for the Spaniard's Christmas pudding!"

"Don't speak to a man at his business, Master Amyas. Five mortal times have I missed; but I will have that accursed Popish rag down, as I'm a sinner."

"Down with it, then; nobody wants you to shoot crooked. Take good iron to it, and not footy paving-stones."

"I believe, sir, that the foul fiend is there, a turning of my shot aside, I do. I thought I saw him once; but, thank Heaven, here's ball again. Ah, sir, if one could but cast a silver one! Now, stand by, men!"

And once again Yeo's eighteen-pounder roared, and away. And, oh glory! the great yellow flag of Spain, which streamed in the gale, lifted clean into the air, flagstaff and all, and then pitched wildly down head-foremost, far to leeward.

A hurrah from the sailors, answered by the soldiers of the opposite camp, shook the very cloud above them: but ere its echoes had died away, a tall officer leapt upon the parapet of the fort, with the fallen flag in his hand, and rearing it as well as he could upon his lance point, held it firmly against the gale, while the fallen flagstaff was raised again within.

In a moment a dozen long bows were bent at the daring foeman; but Amyas behind shouted —

"Shame, lads! Stop and let the gallant gentleman have due courtesy!"

So they stopped, while Amyas, springing on the rampart of the battery, took off his hat, and bowed to the flag-holder, who, as soon as relieved of his charge, returned the bow courteously, and descended.

It was by this time all but dark, and the firing began to slacken on all sides; Salvation and his brother gunners, having covered up their slaughtering tackle with tarpaulings, retired for the night, leaving Amyas, who had volunteered to take the watch till midnight; and the rest of the force having got their scanty supper of biscuit (for provisions were running very short) lay down under arms among the sand-hills, and grumbled themselves to sleep.

He had paced up and down in the gusty darkness for some hour or more, exchanging a passing word now and then with the sentinel, when two men entered the battery, chatting busily together. One was in complete armor; the other wrapt in the plain short cloak of a man of pens and peace: but the talk of both was neither of sieges nor of sallies, catapult, bombard, nor culverin, but simply of English hexameters.

And fancy not, gentle reader, that the two were therein fiddling while Rome was burning; for the commonweal of poetry and letters, in that same critical year 1580, was in far greater danger from those same hexameters than the common woe of Ireland (as Raleigh called it) was from the Spaniards.

Imitating the classic meters, "versifying," as it was called in contradistinction to rhyming, was becoming fast the fashion among the more learned. Stonyhurst and others had tried their hands at hexameter translations from the Latin and Greek epics which seem to have been doggerel enough; and ever and anon some youthful wit broke out in iambics, sapphics, elegiacs, and what not, to the great detriment of the queen's English and her subjects' ears.

I know not whether Mr. William Webbe had yet given to the world any fragments of his precious hints for the "Reformation of English poetry," to the tune of his own "Tityrus, happily thou liest tumbling under a beech-tree": but the Cambridge Malvolio, Gabriel Harvey, had succeeded in arguing Spenser, Dyer, Sidney, and probably Sidney's sister, and the whole clique of beau-esprits round them, into following his model of

"What might I call this tree? A laurel? O bonny laurel!
Needes to thy bowes will I bowe this knee, and vail my bonetto;"

after snubbing the first book of "that Elvish Queene," which was then in manuscript, as a base declension from the classical to the romantic school.

And now Spenser (perhaps in mere melancholy willfulness and want of purpose, for he had just been jilted by a fair maid of Kent) was wasting his mighty genius upon doggerel which he fancied antique; and some piratical publisher (Bitter Tom Nash swears and with likelihood, that Harvey did it himself) had just given to the world, — "Three proper wittie and familiar Letters, lately past between two University men, touching the Earthquake in April last, and our English reformed Versifying," which had set all town wits a-buzzing like a swarm of flies, being none other than a correspondence between Spenser and Harvey, which was to prove to the world forever the correctness and melody of such lines as,

"For like magnificoes, not a beck but glorious in show.
In deede most frivolous, not a looke but Tuscanish always."

Let them pass — Alma Mater has seen as bad hexameters since. But then the matter was serious. There is a story (I know not how true), that Spenser was half bullied into re-writing the "Fairy Queen" in hexameters, had not Raleigh, a true romanticist, "whose vein for ditty or amorous ode was most lofty, insolent, and passionate," persuaded him to follow his better genius. The great dramatists had not yet arisen, to form completely that truly English school, of which Spenser, unconscious of his own vast powers, was laying the foundation. And, indeed, it was not till Daniel, twenty years after, in his admirable apology for rhyme, had smashed Mr. Campian and his "eight several kinds of classical numbers," that the matter was finally settled, and the English tongue left to go the road on which Heaven had started it. So that we may excuse Raleigh's answering somewhat waspish to some quotation of Spenser's from the three letters of "Immerito and G. H."

"Tut, tut, Colin Clout, much learning has made thee mad. A good old fishwives' ballad jingle is worth all your sapphics and trimeters, and 'riff-raff thurlery bouncing.' Hey? have I you there, old lad! Do you mind that precious verse!"

"But, dear Wat, Homer and Virgil" —

"But, dear Ned, Petrarch and Ovid" —

"But, Wat, what have we that we do not owe to the ancients!"

"Ancients, quotha? Why, the legend of King Arthur, and Chevy Chase too, of which even your fellow-sinner Sidney cannot deny that every time he hears it even from a blind fiddler it stirs his heart like a trumpet-blast. Speak well of the bridge that carries you over, man! Did you find your Redcross Knight in Virgil, or such a dame as Una in old Ovid? No more than you did your Pater and Credo, you renegado baptized heathen, you!"

"Yet, surely, our younger and more barbarous taste must bow before divine antiquity, and imitate afar" —

"As dottrels do fowlers. If Homer was blind, lad, why dost not poke out thine eye? Ay, this hexameter is of an ancient house, truly, Ned Spenser, and so is many a rogue: but he cannot make way on our rough English roads. He goes hopping and twitching in our language like a three-legged terrier over a pebble-bank, tumble and up again, rattle and crash."

"Nay, hear, now —

'See ye the blindfolded pretty god that feathered archer,
Of lovers' miseries which maketh his bloody game?'

True, the accent gapes in places, as I have often confessed to Harvey, but" —

"Harvey be hanged for a pedant, and the whole crew of versifiers, from Lord Dorset (but he, poor man, has been past hanging some time since) to yourself! Why delude you into playing Procrustes as he does with the queen's English, racking one word till its joints be pulled asunder, and squeezing the next all a-heap as the Inquisitors do heretics in their banca cava? Out upon him and you, and Sidney, and the whole kin. You have not made a verse among you, and never will, which is not as lame a gosling as Harvey's own —

"'Oh thou weathercocke, that stands on the top of Allhallows,
Come thy ways down, if thou dar'st for thy crown, and take the wall on us.'

Hark, now! There is our young giant comforting his soul with a ballad. You will hear rhyme and reason together here, now. He will not miscall 'blind-folded,' 'blind-fold-ed,' I warrant; or make an 'of' and a 'which' and a 'his' carry a whole verse on their wretched little backs."

And as he spoke, Amyas, who had been grumbling to himself some Christmas carol, broke out full-mouthed: —

"As Joseph was a-walking
He heard an angel sing —
'This night shall be the birth night
Of Christ, our heavenly King.

His birth bed shall be neither
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in the oxen's stall.

He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in the wooden manger
That lieth on the mold.

He neither shall be washen
With white wine nor with red,
But with the fair spring water
That on you shall be shed.

He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
That usen babies all.'

As Joseph was a-walking
Thus did the angel sing,
And Mary's Son at midnight
Was born to be our King.

Then be ye glad, good people,
At this time of the year;
And light you up your candles,
For His star it shineth clear."

"There, Edmunde Classicaster," said Raleigh, "does not that simple strain go nearer to the heart of him who wrote 'The Shepherd's Calendar,' than all artificial and outlandish

"'Wote ye why his mother with a veil hath covered his face?'

Why dost not answer, man?"

But Spenser was silent awhile, and then,—

"Because I was thinking rather of the rhymer than the rhyme. Good Heaven! how that brave lad shames me, singing here the hymns which his mother taught him, before the very muzzles of Spanish guns; instead of bewailing unmanly, as I have done, the love which he held, I doubt not, as dear as I did even my Rosalind. This is his welcome to the winter's storm; while I, who dream, forsooth, of heavenly inspiration, can but see therein an image of mine own cowardly despair.

"'Thou barren ground, whom Winter's wrath has wasted,
Art made a mirror to behold my plight.'

Pah! away with frosts, icicles, and tears, and sighs"—

"And with hexameters and trimeters too, I hope," interrupted Raleigh: "and all the trickeries of self-pleasing sorrow."

"—I will set my heart to higher work, than barking at the hand which chastens me."

"Wilt put the lad into the 'Fairy Queen,' then, by my side? He deserves as good a place there, believe me, as ever a Guyon, or even as Lord Gray your Arthegall. Let us hail him. Hallo! young chanticleer of Devon! Art not afraid of a chance shot, that thou crowest so lustily upon thine own mixen?"

"Cocks crow all night long at Christmas, Captain Raleigh, and so do I," said Amyas's cheerful voice; "but who's there with you?"

"A penitent pupil of yours — Mr. Secretary Spenser."

"Pupil of mine?" said Amyas. "I wish he'd teach me a little of his art; I could fill up my time here with making verses."

"And who would be your theme, fair sir?" said Spenser.

"No 'who' at all. I don't want to make sonnets to blue eyes, nor black either: but if I could put down some of the things I saw in the Spice Islands" —

"Ah," said Raleigh, "he would beat you out of Parnassus, Mr. Secretary. Remember, you may write about Fairyland, but he has seen it."

"And so have others," said Spenser; "it is not so far off from any one of us. Wherever is love and loyalty, great purposes, and lofty souls, even though in a hovel or a mine, there is Fairyland."

"Then Fairyland should be here, friend: for you represent love, and Leigh loyalty; while, as for great purposes and lofty souls, who so fit to stand for them as I, being (unless my enemies and my conscience are liars both) as ambitious and as proud as Lucifer's own self?"

"Ah, Walter, Walter, why wilt always slander thyself thus?"

"Slander? Tut. — I do but give the world a fair challenge, and tell it, 'There — you know the worst of me: come on and try a fall, for either you or I must down.' Slander? Ask Leigh here, who has but known me a fortnight, whether I am not as vain as a peacock, as selfish as a fox, as imperious as a bona roba, and ready to make a cat's paw of him or any man, if there be a chestnut in the fire: and yet the poor fool cannot help loving me, and running of my errands, and taking all my schemes and my dreams for gospel; and verily believes now, I think, that I shall be the man in the moon some day, and he my big dog."

"Well," said Amyas, half apologetically, "if you are the cleverest man in the world what harm in my thinking so?"

"Hearken to him, Edmund! He will know better when he has outgrown this same callow trick of honesty, and learnt of the great goddess Detraction how to show himself wiser than the wise, by pointing out to the world the fool's motley which peeps through the rents in the philosopher's cloak. Go to, lad! slander thy equals, envy thy betters, pray for an eye which sees spots in every sun, and for a vulture's nose to scent carrion in every rose-bed. If thy friend win a battle, show that he has needlessly thrown away his men; if he lose one, hint that he sold it; if he rise to a place, argue favor; if he fall from one, argue divine justice. Believe nothing, hope nothing, but endure all things, even to kicking, if aught may be got thereby; so shalt thou be clothed in purple and fine linen, and sit in kings' palaces, and fare sumptuously every day."

"And wake with Dives in the torment," said Amyas. "Thank you for nothing, Captain."

"Go to, Misanthropos," said Spenser. "Thou hast not yet tasted the sweets of this world's comfits, and thou railest at them?"

"The grapes are sour, lad."

"And will be to the end," said Amyas, "if they come off such a devil's tree as that. I really think you are out of your mind, Captain Raleigh, at times."

"I wish I were; for it is a troublesome, hungry, windy mind as man ever was cursed withal. But come in, lad. We were sent from the Lord Deputy to bid thee to supper. There is a dainty lump of dead horse waiting for thee."

"Send me some out, then," said matter-of-fact Amyas. "And tell his Lordship that, with his good leave, I don't stir from here till morning, if I can keep awake. There is a stir in the fort, and I expect them out on us."

"Tut, man! their hearts are broken. We know it by their deserters."

"Seeing's believing. I never trust runaway rogues. If they are false to their masters, they'll be false to us."

"Well, go thy ways, old honesty; and Mr. Secretary shall give you a book to yourself in the 'Fairy Queen'—'Sir Monoculus or the Legend of Common sense,' eh, Edmund?"

"Monoculus?"

"Ay, Single-eye, my prince of word-coiners — won't that fit? — And give him the Cyclop's head for a device. Heigho! They may laugh that win. I am sick of this Irish work; were it not for the chance of advancement I'd sooner be driving a team of red Devons on Dartside; and now I am angry with the dear lad because he is not sick of it too. What a plague business has he to be paddling up and down, contentedly doing his duty, like any city watchman? It is an insult to the mighty aspirations of our nobler hearts, — eh, my would-be Ariosto?"

"Ah, Raleigh! you can afford to confess yourself less than some, for you are greater than all. Go on and conquer, noble heart! But as for me, I sow the wind, and I suppose I shall reap the whirlwind."

"Your harvest seems come already; what a blast that was!

Hold on by me, Colin Clout, and I'll hold on by thee. So! Don't tread on that pikeman's stomach, lest he take thee for a marauding Don, and with sudden dagger slit Colin's pipe, and Colin's weasand too."

And the two stumbled away into the darkness, leaving Amyas to stride up and down as before, puzzling his brains over Raleigh's wild words and Spenser's melancholy, till he came to the conclusion that there was some mysterious connection between cleverness and unhappiness, and thanking his stars that he was neither scholar, courtier, nor poet, said grace over his lump of horseflesh when it arrived, devoured it as if it had been venison, and then returned to his pacing up and down; but this time in silence, for the night was drawing on, and there was no need to tell the Spaniards that any one was awake and watching.

So he began to think about his mother, and how she might be spending her Christmas; and then about Frank, and wondered at what grand Court festival he was assisting, amid bright lights and sweet music and gay ladies, and how he was dressed, and whether he thought of his brother there far away on the dark Atlantic shore; and then he said his prayers and his creed; and then he tried not to think of Rose Salterne, and of course thought about her all the more. So on passed the dull hours, till it might be past eleven o'clock, and all lights were out in the battery and the shipping, and there was no sound of living thing but the monotonous tramp of the two sentinels beside him, and now and then a grunt from the party who slept under arms some twenty yards to the rear.

So he paced to and fro, looking carefully out now and then over the strip of sand-hill which lay between him and the fort; but all was blank and black, and moreover it began to rain furiously.

Suddenly he seemed to hear a rustle among the harsh sand-grass. True, the wind was whistling through it loudly enough; but that sound was not altogether like the wind. Then a soft sliding noise; something had slipped down a bank, and brought the sand down after it. Amyas stopped, crouched down beside a gun, and laid his ear to the rampart, whereby he heard clearly, as he thought, the noise of approaching feet; whether rabbits or Christians, he knew not: but he shrewdly guessed the latter.

Now Amyas was of a sober and business-like turn, at least when he was not in a passion; and thinking within himself that if he made any noise, the enemy (whether four or two-legged) would retire, and all the sport be lost, he did not call to the two sentries, who were at the opposite ends of the battery; neither did he think it worth while to rouse the sleeping company, lest his ears should have deceived him, and the whole camp turn out to repulse the attack of a buck rabbit. So he crouched lower and lower beside the culverin, and was rewarded in a minute or two by hearing something gently deposited against the mouth of the embrasure, which, by the noise, should be a piece of timber.

"So far, so good," said he to himself; "when the scaling-ladder is up, the soldier follows, I suppose. I can only humbly thank them for giving my embrasure the preference. There he comes! I hear his feet scuffling."

He could hear plainly enough some one working himself into the mouth of the embrasure: but the plague was, that it was so dark that he could not see his hand before him and the sky, much less his foe at two yards off. However, he made a pretty fair guess as to the whereabouts, and, rising softly, discharged such a blow downwards as would have split a yule log. A volley of sparks flew up from the hapless Spaniard's armor, and a grunt issued from within it, which proved that, whether he was killed or not, the blow had not improved his respiration.

Amyas felt for his head, seized it, dragged him in over the gun, sprang into the embrasure on his knees, felt for the top of the ladder, found it, hove it clean off and out, with four or five men on it, and then of course tumbled after it ten feet into the sand, roaring like a town bull to her Majesty's liege subjects in general.

Sailor-fashion, he had no armor on but a light morion and a cuirass, so he was not too much encumbered to prevent his springing to his legs instantly, and setting to work, cutting and foining right and left at every sound, for sight there was none.

Battles (as soldiers know, and newspaper editors do not) are usually fought, not as they ought to be fought, but as they can be fought: and while the literary man is laying down the law at his desk as to how many troops should be moved here, and what river should be crossed there, and where the cavalry should have been brought up, and when the flank should have been turned, the wretched man who has to do the work finds the matter settled for him by pestilence, want of shoes, empty stomachs, bad roads, heavy rains, hot suns, and a thousand other stern warriors who never show on paper.

So with this skirmish; "according to Cocker," it ought to have been a very pretty one; for Hercules of Pisa, who planned the sortie, had arranged it all (being a very *sans-appel* in all military science) upon the best Italian precedents, and had brought against this very hapless battery a column of a hundred to attack directly in front, a company of fifty to turn the right flank, and a company of fifty to turn the left flank, with regulations, orders, passwords, countersigns, and what not; so that if every man had had his rights (as seldom happens), Don Guzman Maria Magdalena de Soto, who commanded the sortie, ought to have taken the work out of hand, and annihilated all therein. But alas! here stern fate interfered. They had chosen a dark night, as was politic; they had waited till the moon was up, lest it should be too dark, as was politic likewise: but, just as they had started, on came a heavy squall of rain, through which seven moons would have given no light, and which washed out the plans of Hercules of Pisa as if they had been written on a schoolboy's slate. The company who were to turn the left flank walked manfully down into the sea, and never found out where they were going till they were knee-deep in water. The company who were to turn the right flank, bewildered by the utter darkness, turned their own flank so often, that tired of falling into rabbit-burrows and filling their mouths with sand, they halted and prayed to all the saints for a compass and lantern; while the center body, who held straight on by a trackway to within fifty yards of the battery, so miscalculated that short distance, that while they thought the ditch two pikes' length off, they fell into it one over the other, and of six scaling-ladders, the only one which could be found was the very one which Amyas threw down again. After which the clouds broke, the wind shifted, and the moon shone out merrily. And so was the deep policy of Hercules of Pisa, on which hung the fate of Ireland and the Papacy, decided by a ten minutes' squall.

But where is Amyas?

In the ditch, aware that the enemy is tumbling into it, but unable to find them; while the company above, finding it much too dark to attempt a counter sortie, have opened a smart fire of musketry and arrows on things in general, whereat the Spaniards are swearing like Spaniards (I need say no more), and the

Italians spitting like venomous cats; while Amyas, not wishing to be riddled by friendly balls, has got his back against the foot of the rampart, and waits on Providence.

Suddenly the moon clears; and with one more fierce volley, the English sailors, seeing the confusion, leap down from the embrasures, and to it pell-mell. Whether this also was "according to Cocker," I know not: but the sailor, then as now, is not susceptible of highly finished drill.

Amyas is now in his element, and so are the brave fellows at his heels; and there are ten breathless, furious minutes among the sand hills; and then the trumpets blow a recall, and the sailors drop back again by twos and threes, and are helped up into the embrasures over many a dead and dying foe; while the guns of Fort del Oro open on them, and blaze away for half an hour without reply; and then all is still once more. And in the meanwhile, the sortie against the Deputy's camp has fared no better, and the victory of the night remains with the English.

Twenty minutes after, Winter and the captains who were on shore were drying themselves round a peat fire on the beach, and talking over the skirmish, when Will Cary asked —

"Where is Leigh? who has seen him? I am sadly afraid he has gone too far, and been slain."

"Slain? Never less, gentlemen!" replied the voice of the very person in question, as he stalked out of the darkness into the glare of the fire, and shot down from his shoulders into the midst of the ring, as he might a sack of corn, a huge dark body, which was gradually seen to be a man in rich armor; who being so shot down, lay quietly where he was dropped, with his feet (luckily for him mailed) in the fire.

"I say," quoth Amyas, "some of you had better take him up, if he is to be of any use. Unlace his helm, Will Cary."

"Pull his feet out of the embers; I dare say he would have been glad enough to put us to the scarpines; but that's no reason we should put him to them."

As has been hinted, there was no love lost between Admiral Winter and Amyas; and Amyas might certainly have reported himself in a more ceremonious manner. So Winter, whom Amyas either had not seen, or had not chosen to see, asked him pretty sharply, "What the plague he had to do with bringing dead men into camp?"

"If he's dead, it's not my fault. He was alive enough when

I started with him, and I kept him right end uppermost all the way; and what would you have more, sir?"

"Mr. Leigh!" said Winter, "it behooves you to speak with somewhat more courtesy, if not respect, to captains who are your elders and commanders."

"Ask your pardon, sir," said the giant, as he stood in front of the fire with the rain streaming and smoking off his armor; "but I was bred in a school where getting good service done was more esteemed than making fine speeches."

"Whatsoever school you were trained in, sir," said Winter, nettled at the hint about Drake, "it does not seem to have been one in which you learned to obey orders. Why did you not come in when the recall was sounded?"

"Because," said Amyas, very coolly, "in the first place I did not hear it; and in the next, in my school I was taught when I had once started not to come home empty-handed."

This was too pointed; and Winter sprang up with an oath — "Do you mean to insult me, sir?"

"I am sorry, sir, that you should take a compliment to Sir Francis Drake as an insult to yourself. I brought in this gentleman because I thought he might give you good information; if he dies meanwhile, the loss will be yours, or rather the queen's."

"Help me, then," said Cary, glad to create a diversion in Amyas's favor, "and we will bring him round;" while Raleigh rose, and catching Winter's arm, drew him aside, and began talking earnestly.

"What a murrain have you, Leigh, to quarrel with Winter?" asked two or three.

"I say, my reverend fathers and dear children, do get the Don's talking-tackle free again, and leave me and the Admiral to settle it our own way."

There was more than one captain sitting in the ring: but discipline and the degrees of rank were not so severely defined as now: and Amyas, as a "gentleman adventurer," was, on land, in a position very difficult to be settled, though at sea he was as liable to be hanged as any other person on board; and on the whole it was found expedient to patch the matter up. So Captain Raleigh returning, said that though Admiral Winter had doubtless taken umbrage at certain words of Mr. Leigh's yet that he had no doubt that Mr. Leigh meant nothing thereby but what was consistent with the profession of a soldier and a gentleman, and worthy both of himself and of the Admiral.

From which proposition Amyas found it impossible to dissent; whereon Raleigh went back, and informed Winter that Leigh had freely retracted his words, and fully wiped off any imputation which Mr. Winter might conceive to have been put upon him, and so forth. So Winter returned, and Amyas said frankly enough —

"Admiral Winter, I hope, as a loyal soldier, that you will understand thus far; that naught which has passed to-night shall in any way prevent you finding me a forward and obedient servant to all your commands, be they what they may, and a supporter of your authority among the men, and honor against the foe, even with my life. For I should be ashamed if private differences should ever prejudice by a grain the public weal."

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee:"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see:
The rolling mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —
A tress o' golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"
Was ne'er a salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!

Youth and Age.

When all the world is young, lad, and everything is green,
And every goose a swan, lad, and every lass a queen,
Then boot, lad, and horse, lad, and round the world away,
And go it while you're young, lad; — each dog must have his day.

When all the world gets old, lad, and all the trees turn brown,
And all the jests get stale, lad, and all the wheels run down,
Then hie back to thy hame, lad, — the maimed and sick among:
Thank God! if then you find one face you loved when you were young.

A Myth.

A-floating, a-floating
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmost tree.

"Oh, came you from the isles of Greece,
Or from the banks of Seine;
Or off some tree in forests free,
Which fringe the western main?"

"I came not off the Old World,
Nor yet from off the New;
But I am one of the birds of God
Which sing the whole night through."

"Oh, sing and wake the dawning —
Oh, whistle for the wind:
The night is long, the current strong,
My boat it lags behind."

"The current sweeps the Old World,
The current sweeps the New:
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow,
Ere thou hast sailed them through."

Longings.

(From "The Saint's Tragedy.")

Oh! that we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze;
Like children with violets playing
In the shade of the whispering trees.

Oh! that we two sat dreaming
  On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,
Watching the white mist steaming
  Over river and mead and town.

Oh! that we two lay sleeping
  In our nest in the church-yard sod;
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,
  And our souls at home with God.

The Three Fishers.

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
  Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
  And the children stood watching them out of the town;
  For men must work, and women must weep,
  And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
    Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
  And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
  And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
  But men must work, and women must weep,
  Though the storms be sudden, and waters deep,
    And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
  In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
  For those who will never come home to the town;
  For men must work, and women must weep,
  And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
    And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

HENRY KINGSLEY.

Henry Kingsley, an English novelist, brother of Charles, born at Barnack, Northamptonshire, Jan. 2, 1830; died at Cuckfield, Sussex, May 24, 1876. An unsuccessful experiment at gold-mining in Australia gave him the material for his first novel, "The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn" (3 vols., 1859), which was well received. He followed it with a long list of popular novels, among them "Ravenshoe" (1861), generally considered his best work; "Austin Elliot" (2 vols., 1863); "The Hillyars and the Burtons" (3 vols., 1865); "Leighton Court" (2 vols., 1866). A humorous strain in his writings contrasts forcibly with his brother's work. He was also a worker for reviews and newspapers, being a special correspondent in the Franco-Prussian War. The battle of Sedan, at which he was present, formed the subject of "Valentin: A French Boy's Story of Sedan" (1872).

Gerty in Society.

(From "The Hillyars and the Burtons.")

Those whom one has asked say that it is easy enough for anyone with either brains, or money, or manners, to see a great deal of society in London — to be, in fact, in the room with the very greatest people in the land, to be presented to them, and to speak to them — and yet not be in society at all, in one sense of the word. If this is so, as there is no disputing, we should say that, if ever people were in this predicament, those two people were George and Gerty. The season after his father's death, George went to London, refurnished the house in Grosvenor Place, filled the balconies with flowers, had new carriages, horses, and servants, made every preparation for spending double his income, and then sat down to wait for society to come and be hospitably entertained with the best of everything which money could buy.

Society had quite enough to eat and drink elsewhere. It wanted to know first who this Sir George Hillyar was — which was easily found out from the Tory whip, and from Burke.

Next it wanted to know who his wife was; and it discovered that she was a mulatto woman (alas, poor Gerty!) or something of that kind. And, lastly, there was a most general and persistent inquiry whether you did not remember some very queer story about this Sir George Hillyar; and the answer to this was, among the oldsters, that there *was* something deuced queer, and that no one seemed to remember the fact.

But, of course, they were by no means without acquaintances. Old Sir George had been too highly respected for that, though he had utterly withdrawn himself from the world. So by degrees they began to creep into society. The world found that George was a gentleman, with a scornful, silent, proud, and somewhat pirate-like air about him, which was decidedly attractive. As for Gerty, the world stood and gazed on her with speechless wonder. After Easter, to hear this wonderful Lady Hillyar talk was one of the things one must do. Her wonderful incomprehensible babble was so utterly puzzling that the very boldest wits were afraid to draw her out for the amusement of any company, however select. No one knew whether she was in earnest or not, and her slang was such a very strange one. Besides, what she would say next was a thing which no one dared to predict, and was too great a risk to be rashly ventured on, even by the very boldest. A few women made her out and began to like her; and her wonderful beauty could not have failed to win many in the long-run; still, during their first season in London, this was the sort of thing which used to be heard in doorways, and on the landings of stairs.

"That's a devilish pretty woman in white."

"What, Lady Georgina Rumbolt?"

"Lord, no. The little woman in white calico, next but one to her. The woman who is all over Cape jessamine. Is she going to dance with the sweeps? Who is she?"

"That? That is Lady Hillyar," says No. 2.

"What, the little woman who swears?"

"She don't swear," says No. 2. "I wish she would. There would be some chance of finding out what she was talking about."

"I heard that she was a mulatto woman," says No. 1, "and swore like a trooper."

"She is not a mulatto woman," says No. 3. "She is a French Creole heiress from New Orleans. Her husband is the original of Roland Cashel, in Lever's last novel. He married her out there, while he was in the slave trade; and now his governor's dead, and he has come into twenty thousand a year."

"You are not quite right, any of you," says No. 4, who has just come up. "In the first place, Sir George Hillyar's income is not, to my certain knowledge, more than three thousand — the bulk of the property having been left to his brother Erne, who is living at Susa with Polly Burton, the rope-dancer from Vauxhall. And, in the next place, when he had to fly the country, he went to Botany Bay, and there married the pretty little doll of a thing sitting there at this moment, the daughter of a convict, who had been transported for" —

"For ratting before his master, I suppose, my lord," said Sir George Hillyar, just looking over his shoulder at the unhappy Peelite, and then passing quietly on into the crowd.

But, in spite of George's almost insolent *insouciance*, and Gerty's amazing volubility in describing her equally amazing experiences, this couple, queer though they were pronounced, were getting on. Kind old Lady Ascot fell in love with Gerty, and asked her and her husband to Ranford. The Dowager Lady Hainault, seeing that her old enemy had taken up this little idiot, came across to see if she could get a "rise" out of Gerty. Gerty rewarded Lady Ascot's kindness by telling old Lady Hainault, before a select audience, that she didn't care a hang for a hand's going on the burst for a spell, provided he warn't saucy in his drink. Her hopeless silliness, now that she was removed from the influence of those two thoroughbred ladies, Mrs. Oxton and Mrs. Morton, was certainly very aggravating. It was foolish in Mrs. Oxton to trust her out of her sight.

Things went on thus for no less than two years. Gerty, having no idea but that she was as much sought after as any one else, and that she was so on account of her social qualities entirely, was perfectly contented and happy. She found out, of course, that certain houses were more difficult to get into than others; so, if she was asked to a party at Cheshire House, she would be ravished, and write a long account of it to James and Aggy, and would read this, with the greatest delight, in the *Palmerston Sentinel*, six months after when it was sent to her by her sister: — "We understand that our late reigning beauty, Lady Hillyar, who, as Miss Gertrude Neville, astonished our colony by showing us that there was one being in the world more beautiful than Mrs. Buckley of Garoopna, has fluttered the dovecotes of the British aristocracy most considerably, by her *début* at Cheshire House. It is possible that, if anything can bring the present Government to its senses about their hellish design of continuing transportation to these unhappy islands, that purpose may be accomplished by the contemplation of, etc. etc. etc." On the other hand, if she was not asked, she would console herself by telling Baby that the Duchess was a nasty odious old thing, and that her wig was the color of tussac grass in January. Sometimes she would have a yearning for her old Australian home, which would hold her for a day or two — during which time she would be very low and tearful, and would keep out of George's way. But, after having poured all her sorrows and vain regrets into Baby's ear, she would become cheerful once more, and the fit would pass off. What she would have done without this precious baby to talk to I dread to think. Her mind would have gone, I suspect. She is not the first woman who has been saved from madness by a baby.

By the time that Baby, just now called Kittlekins, short for its real name, George (George — Georgy-porgy, — Porgy, — Poggy — Pug — Pussy; Kitty Kittles — Kittlekins; by what process of derivation his later and more permanent name of Bumbles was evolved, I confess myself at a loss to explain), just when Bumbles was getting old enough to join in the conversation, and to advise and assist his mother from his large experience, something occurred which altered their mode of life entirely, and quite shipwrecked poor little Gerty's chance of happiness for a very long while.

Mr. Nalder accepted a rather important diplomatic appointment in the American Embassy in London. As the revenues of this office, with economy, would very nearly pay for Mrs. Nalder's bonnets, Nalder determined to devote a considerable proportion of his handsome private income to what he called "hanging out," and took a house in Grosvenor Place, two doors from the George Hillyars. They were, of course, received everywhere in virtue of their diplomatic rank, and people began to get very fond of them, as such worthy people deserved. Meanwhile their intimacy with the George Hillyars was renewed with tenfold warmth. Mrs. Nalder thought, from their parting two years or more ago, that all was forgotten, and forgiven between them, and so treated them both with affectionate *empressement*. Gerty, the silly little thing, began to get jealous of Mrs. Nalder once more, and to watch and spy about.

Of course, she would not believe that George had anything to do with it. He behaved *nobly*, according to Gerty; it was that dreadful and *most dangerous* woman who would not leave him alone. And so she made up the old old jealous woman's story over again, in a way which, considering it had not the slightest foundation in fact, did her infinite credit.

In the midst of it all, when her suspicions were at their highest, they went down for a few days to Stanlake, and the Nalders went with them. Gerty, to throw Mrs. Nalder off her guard, was excessively gay and cheerful; so the visit went off capitally. But, the morning that the Nalders were to leave, George, having opened one of his letters at the breakfast-table, asked to be excused, and hurriedly left the room. He just re-appeared to see the Nalders into their carriage, and then he looked so wan, and so wild, and so horribly guilty, that Gerty saw it all. That woman had proposed to him in that letter to go off with her!

Her silliness would have been hardly worth dwelling on, if it had not led to a certain course of action. She said to herself, "I will save him. I will get that letter from him and read it, and then tell him I know all and throw myself on his breast." We shall see how she succeeded.

George was very often very late up to bed; to-night he was later than usual. "Could he be *gone?*" thought Gerty. She hastily rose, and wrapping herself in her dressing gown, she went swiftly and silently downstairs. Though her beautiful little ivory feet were bare upon the cold polished oak staircase, she heeded not, but, passing on from patch to patch of bright moonlight, paused breathless at the library door, and listened.

The little woman wanted neither for cunning of a sort, nor for courage of a sort. A girl, whose first lesson was that her life and honor were in her own keeping, and that on occasions it might become necessary for her to shoot a man down with no more hesitation than would be felt in killing a beetle, might be supposed to have imbibed some small portion of these faculties. She therefore calculated her chances quite coolly.

George was there, talking to himself. If his back were towards her, the noise he made might enable her to open the door without being heard. If he saw her, why then she had merely come to coax him upstairs. She opened the door stealthily and passed in, quite unnoticed. George was sitting before the escritoire — the same one in which his father's will had been kept. He had a revolver beside him, and was reading a letter — a very long letter of many sheets — the letter of that morning — and every now and then uttering a fierce oath or exclamation.

She slid behind a curtain and watched. She wanted to know where he would put the letter. She was undetermined how to act, and was beginning to think whether it would not be better to open the door suddenly, and come laughing in, as if by accident, when her cunning little eye made a discovery. There was one drawer of the secretary open — one of the secret drawers, which she had seen open frequently, and knew the trick of perfectly, as did probably every one who had once looked at it for an instant. It seemed so evident to her that George had taken Mrs. Nalder's letter from that drawer, and so certain that he would put it back there again, that she was quite satisfied to wait no longer, and so stole silently and successfully out of the room once more; and, when George came up to bed soon after, she appeared to awake with a sweet smile. "Good heavens!" she said to herself, "he looks like death."

And he looked like death in the morning. He was so absolutely silent that he seemed to be possessed of a dumb devil, and he looked utterly scared and terrified. She heard him give orders to the pad groom, which showed that he was going out, but would be home to lunch. She asked him where he was going, and he simply answered, "To Croydon."

His horse's feet were barely silent in the yard, when she was at the old secretary. The drawer was opened, and the letter was in her hand before George was out of the park. At the first glance at it, she saw that it was not from Mrs. Nalder, or from any woman, but was written in a man's hand. When she saw this, her conscience pricked her for one moment. It was not a secret in her department. She had a right to open a woman's letter to her husband, but she had no right here. Curiosity prevailed, and she sat down and read the letter which is given below. It is hard to say how much she understood of it, but quite enough to make her hastily replace it in the drawer; to stand for an instant stupefied with horror, and then to rush wildly upstairs, seize baby to her bosom, and turn round, her eyes gleaming with the ferocity of sheer terror, at bay against the enemy.

The Letter Which Was Not From Mrs. Nalder.

"Sir — I am about to write to you the longest letter which I have ever written in my life, and, I make bold to say, one of the strangest letters ever written by one man to another.

"Sir George, you will find me, in this letter, assuming an indignant and injured tone; and at first you will laugh at such an idea — at the idea of a man so deeply steeped in crime as I am having any right to feel injury or injustice; but you will not laugh at the end, Sir George. If your better feelings don't prevent your doing that, what I have to tell you will put you into no laughing mood.

"Who ruined me, sir? Who brought me, a silly and impressible young man, into that hell of infamy, which was called a private tutor's? Was I ever a greater scoundrel than Mottesfont, who forged his own father's name; was I ever so great a blackguard as Parkins? No. I should have been cobbed in the hulks if I had been. Why, the only honest man in that miserable house when we first went there (save our two selves) was the poor old idiot of a tutor, who knew no more of the antecedents of his two pupils than your father did.

"And then did not I see you, the handsome merry young gentleman whom I followed for goodwill and admiration, laughing at them, seeming to admire them, and thinking them fast fellows, and teaching me to do the same? Was not I made minister of your vice? And, lastly, Sir George Hillyar — I am going to speak out — when I saw you, the young gentleman I admired and looked up to, when I saw you — I can say it to-day after what I know now — Forge: can you be the man to cast a robbery in my teeth? Am I worse than you?"

(Sir George had lit a cigar when he had read so far. "Is that the little game?" he said. "The man's brain is softening. Why old Morton, the keeper, knows all about that. But there is a lot more in reserve; three or four pages. Now I *do* wonder how he is going to try and raise the wind out of me. He is a fool for mentioning that old business, because it will only make me angry, and he can't appear, without being packed off to the colony in irons for life. Oh, here is more sentimentality, eh?")

"Knowing all I have known, Sir George, have I ever attempted to trade on it? Never. Haven't I, rogue, wretch, and dog, as I am, with hell begun in this world for me — haven't I been faithful and true to you? What did I ever have from you before that thirty pounds you gave me in Palmerston last year? You surely owed me as much as that; you surely owed Julia's husband as much as that. You received me then like a villain and a thief. I came to you humbly, and was glad to see your face again, for your face was dear to me till last night, Sir George. And you broke out on me, and bullied me, assuming that I was going to swindle you.

"If it hadn't been for the reception you gave me then, I would never have deceived you, and come to England. I would have stopped at Perth; for the tale I told you was true; but the wind was fair, and I was angry with you, and old England was before me, and so I did not go on shore. What have I done which warrants *you* in doing what you have done to me? Sir George Hillyar, sir, a master scoundrel like me knows as much or more than a leading detective. *You* know that. Last night, Sir George, it came to my knowledge that you had offered two hundred guineas for my apprehension."

("Confound the fellow, I wonder how he found that out," said Sir George. "How very singular it is his trying to take me in with these protestations of affection. I thought him shrewder. I must have him though. I am sorry to a certain extent for the poor devil, but he must stand in the dock. All that he chooses to say about the past there will go for nothing; he will be only rebuked by the court. But if he goes at large he may take to anonymous letter-writing or something of that kind. And he really does know too much. That's what Morton, the keeper, so sensibly said, when he advised me to do it. Yes, let him say what he has got to say in the dock, in the character of a returned convict.")

"That is to say, Sir George, in sheer unthinking cowardice, or else because you wished to stamp all I had to say as the insane charges of a desperate man, you deliberately condemned me, who had never harmed you, to a fate infinitely more horrible than death — to the iron gang for life; calculating, as I have very little doubt — for you as a police inspector know the convict world somewhat — on my suicide. Now, Sir George, who is the greatest villain of us two? Now, have I not got a case against you?"

(Sir George's face darkened, and he looked uneasy. "This fellow is getting dangerous. But I shall have him to-night.")

"Now, Sir George, please attend to me, and I will tell you a story — a story which will interest you very deeply. I wish first of all, my dear sir — in order to quicken your curiosity — to allude to the set of sapphires valued at some eight hundred pounds, and the set of cameos valued at nearly two thousand pounds, which, to Mr. Compton's great surprise, were NOT found among your late father's effects at his most lamented demise. Do you remember discovering, while Mr. Compton and you were arranging papers, in the very front of the old black secretary, a bundle of pink and highly-scented love-letters, written in an elegant lady's hand, addressed to your father, and signed 'Mary'? The one, unless I forget, which contained the tress of auburn hair, was the one in which Mary thanked her dearest old Georgy Porgy for the *beautiful*, *beautiful* set of blue stones; and the one in which was the sprig of Cape jessamine was full of warm expressions of gratitude for the noble, the princely present of the cameos. I admire the respect which you and Mr. Compton showed for the memory of your late father, in saying nothing about the love-letters, and in letting the sapphires and cameos go quietly to the devil. A scandalous *liaison* in a man of your late father's age is best kept quiet. It is not respectable."

("How the deuce did he find *this* out?" said George.)

"Now, my dear sir, I beg to inform you that your dear father was utterly innocent of this 'affair.' He always was a very clean liver, was Sir George. I'll speak up for him, because he seems bitterly to have felt that he hadn't done his duty by me, and was in some sort answerable for my misdemeanors, in sending me to that den of iniquity in your company. But about these love-letters; they were written, under my direction, by a young female of good education, but who, unhappily, knows pretty near as much of the inside of Newgate as she does of the outside; they were put in that escritoire by my own hand, ready for you to find them. And, as for the sapphires and cameos, why, I stole them, sold them, have got the money, and am going into business with it in Palmerston."

("The deuce you are," said George. "Is he mad? or is there something coming? I must have some brandy. I am frightened." He drank half a tumbler of brandy, and then went on with the letter.)

"If you ask me, I will tell you. Lay down this letter a moment, take a table knife, go outside of the pantry window (a latticed one, as you will remember), and raise the latch with the knife; that will explain a great deal to you. I resume.

"I came on to England, as you know, and we had to beat up for Rio, leaky. From thence I wrote by the *Tay* steamer to my son Reuben, telling him to look out for me. That noble lad, sir, was as true as steel. He was living at the top of my cousin's house at Chelsea, and he took me in at every risk, and was most faithful and dutiful. Use that boy well, Sir George, and it shall be well with you.

"You know what I got involved in there. I began to see there were some in that business far too clumsy for *me*, and I tried to get out of it. I thought of Stanlake. I had robbed the house once, and I meant to do it again. I knew what a terrible lot of property there was loose in that house. I began getting into that house through the pantry window; I got in, first and last, eight times.

"I knew enough to know that the black escritoire was my mark, and I worked at that. I found out your father's trick of sitting up, and dozing off uneasily, and it was the cause of much danger to me. I have been in the room with him several times when he was snoring and dozing in his chair, before I could get a chance at the lock, and then I failed the first time. The next night I came with other skeleton keys and got it open. That night I got the sapphires and the cameos, which I have seen your mother wear often, Sir George; and the next morning, Reuben being safe at Stanlake, I wrote to the police, and laid them on to the crib at Church Place, Chelsea."

("Are there two devils," said George, aghast, "or is this the true and only one?")

"Sir, you may have thought that near three thousand pounds was enough to content me, but it was not. I wanted the diamonds; the whole affair (I will not use thieves' Latin to you, sir,) was so safe, and there was such an absolute certainty of impunity about it, that I felt a kind of triumph, not unmixed with amusement. I came back after the diamonds; and the night I came back after the diamonds was the very night your poor dear pa died."

(George was so sick and faint now that the brandy had but little effect on him, but after a time he went on.)

"That night, sir, I got in as usual with my boots in my pocket. Old Simpson was fast asleep in a chair in the little drawing-room as usual. I waited a long while outside the library door, longer than usual, until I heard Sir George snore; and then, at the very first sound of it, I passed quickly and safely in.

"He was sleeping very uneasily that night, sometimes snoring, and sometimes talking. I heard him mention Mr. Erne's name very often, and once or twice Mr. Erne's mother's name. Then he mentioned your name, sir, and he said more than once, 'Poor George! Poor dear George!' to my great surprise, as you may suppose.

"Then I looked at the secretary, and it was open; and on the desk of it was lying a deed. I stepped up, and saw it was his will. I opened it, and read it, for it was very short. Eight thousand a year to Mr. Erne, and Stanlake to you. I had just heard him say, 'Poor dear George!' in his sleep; and I thought of you, sir — before God I did, unkind as you had been to me. I said, 'If I put this in my pocket, he must make a new one, and then it may be better for "Poor dear George."' And, as I thought that, I heard a noise and looked up, and saw that he had silently awaked, had caught up a sword from the rack over the fireplace, and was close on me.

"He was very unsteady, and looked very ghastly, but he recognized me in an instant, and called me by name. I easily eluded him, and made swiftly for the door — he catching up the candle and following me down the passage, calling out in the most awful voice for Reuben to come and help him.

"I made for the kitchen, and he after me, quicker than I reckoned on. The kitchen was so dark that I got confused among the furniture, and began to get frightened, and think that I had gone too far in my rashness. Before I could clear out of it, he came reeling in, and saw me again. He threw his sword at me, and fell heavily down, putting out the light.

"I was in the pantry, and at the window in one moment. As I got it open, I knocked down some glasses, and at the same moment heard Simpson in the kitchen shouting for help.

"I was deeply grieved on hearing next day that your poor pa was found dead. It is very dreadful to be took off like that in a moment of anger; called to your last account suddenly in an uncharitable frame of mind, without one moment given for repentance or prayer. I thank Heaven that I can lay my hand on my heart at this moment, and say that I am in peace and charity with all men, and can await my summons hence calmly and without anxiety. *My* spiritual affairs are in perfect order, Sir George. Oh, that you too would take warning before it is too late!

"And now, with regard to my worldly affairs, Sir George. I am sorry to trouble you, sir, but I must have those traps took off my trail immediate, if you please. You will, of course, lose no time about *that*, seeing that, should anything happen to me, of course Mr. Erne would immediately come into four-fifths of your income, with a claim for a year's rents. In short, Sir George, I have it in my power to ruin you utterly and irretrievably; and, when it came to my knowledge last night that you, having heard of my return from France, had set the traps upon me, I got in such a fury that *I was half-way to Compton's office with it* before I could think what I was about. If it had been half a mile nearer, you would have been lost. You know what my temper is at times, and you must be very careful.

"This is all I have to trouble you with at present. I am not in want of any pecuniary assistance. My affairs are, on the whole, prosperous. I shall, by retaining possession of your father's will, render our interests identical. Meanwhile, sir, I thank you for your kindness to my son Reuben. You will never have a hard bargain to drive with me as long as you are kind to him."

Sir George Hillyar Starts on His Adventure.

One scarcely likes to look too closely into the volcano of terror and fury which began to heave and gleam in Sir George Hillyar's mind when he read this. The biscuit-like walls of old craters stand up for centuries, heaving beautiful, scornful pinnacles aloft into the blue of heaven; and the grass grows on the old flame-eaten, vitrified rocks, in the holes of which the native cats and copper lizards live and squabble, and say things behind one another's backs; and people have picnics there; and lost sheep feed there, and waken strange startling echoes in the dead silence of the summer noon by their solitary bleat; and the eagle comes sometimes and throws his swift passing shadow across the short grass; and all goes on peacefully, until folks notice that a white, round-topped cloud hangs high aloft over the hill, and stays there; and then some one says that the cloud is red at night on the lower edge; and then some fine morning down slides the lip of the old crater, crash, in unutterable ruin, and away comes the great lava stream hissing through the vineyards, and hell is broken loose once more.

So now the bank of loose *scoriæ* — now, alas! a thing of the past — which had been built up by time, by want of temptation, by his love of his wife, by the company of such people as the Oxtons, by desire for the applause of society, round the seething fire which existed in George Hillyar, and which some say — and who is he bold enough to deny it? — is in all of us, had broken down utterly.

Suddenly, when at the height of prosperity, a prosperous gentleman, just winning his way into thorough recognition from the world, after all he had gone through; at this very moment he found his fortune and reputation in the hands of a thrice-convicted, self-accused, hypocritical villain. He knew that he was not safe for a moment; and he knew that, should this man use his power, he had only one remedy — suicide.

For, in the first place, he had thoroughly persuaded himself of the utter lowness of Erne's character — that he had no mercy to expect from him; and, should his father's will be produced, he would be awfully in Erne's debt even now. And next, he would sooner, far sooner, after what had passed, put a pistol to his head and draw the trigger, than ask for it. Sir George Hillyar was a great scoundrel, but physically he was not a coward. Barker's Gap showed that to the astonished Secretary Oxton. He would still prefer death to what he chose to consider disgrace.

He had been using the wealth which he considered his very freely, with a view to reinstate himself in society, and had to a certain extent succeeded. Tasteful extravagance, which he had taken to as a means to that end, had now become a necessity to him; and moreover, here, as in Australia, he had made many enemies by his manner. He could not and would not endure disgrace and ruin before these men. He placed the alternative of suicide most plainly before him.

The alternative! Then there was another? Yes, but one best not spoken about. A bird of the air would carry some matters.

At first he broke into most ungovernable, frantic rage, and broke his hand against the mantelpiece; but by degrees his passion grew more still and more intense, and his resolution, whatever it was, became fixed.

George Hillyar had not one friend in the world, unless you could call the old gamekeeper one. His love for his silly wife had long been on the wane, and was now utterly swept away and lost in this terrible deluge. Nay, Gerty had reason enough for jealousy, had she looked in the right direction. He would have been utterly alone, on a terrible Stylites column of selfishness, built up stone by stone, through a misspent life, had it not been for one single person. His heart was closed entirely towards every member of his species save one — his illegitimate son Reuben.

And so strangely had matters arranged themselves that this affection was shared by his bitterest enemy, the partner of his crimes. The one link between these two men, which did not seem of the devil's forging, was their kindly feeling towards this young man Reuben, whom each believed to be his son. And George's first resolution was to claim paternity in Reuben himself lest Reuben, believing Samuel Burton to be his father, should interfere in any way with his plans.

For George was right, as I dare say you have already guessed. Reuben *was* George's son. The poor woman, Samuel's wife, utterly deserted and alone in the world, lost her youngest child, and was left with Reuben only. And, when she saw Morton the keeper, she suspected that the family wanted to get him from her; and so she lied about it, and said it was the eldest who was dead. For this child was all she had left in the world; name, health, character, all were gone. Nothing was left but this pretty one; and, if she parted from that, there was nothing left but the river. She easily put simple old Morton off his quest, and was left in peace. A selfish woman — to stand willfully between her child and worldly advancement! And yet her conduct seems to shine out of the dreadful darkness of the whole transaction, on which I have so lightly touched, as a gleam from a higher and purer region.

Old Sir George Hillyar had seen the likeness in an instant, and had determined to *know nothing whatever*, but to do what he considered his duty by Reuben — which seems fully to account for his conduct to Reuben, and to George also; for, when the kind old man (he was in his way *very* kind) saw, or thought he saw, that George had recognized his unfortunate offspring, and that his heart was moved towards him, then the old man's heart was softened, towards both father and son. He probably felt the same repugnance as I do to handle or examine a very ugly business.

Reuben, as soon as he had accepted Sir George Hillyar's protection, had been made under keeper at Stanlake, and had been put under old Morton to learn his duties. Old Morton saw nothing strange in the attention that Sir George paid to this young man. Reuben was the favorite of the day, as he had been once. He admired Reuben, and rather flattered him. The old dog, if he is of a good breed, is quite contented with half the hearth-rug in his old age; particularly when the young dog is so affectionately deferential as was the young dog Reuben. Reuben would sometimes call him "old cock" — which was low; but then he submitted so gently to the old man's courtly reproofs; and, besides, his reckless and desperate gallantry in the matter of poachers more than outbalanced any slight lowness and slanginess of language of which Morton might have to complain. Morton took to Reuben, and Reuben took most heartily to his trade.

At this time also Reuben began to exhibit that fondness for decorating his person which afterwards caused him to develop into — what he is. So that the Reuben who stood before Sir George Hillyar in the library an hour or two after the arrival of that dreadful letter, was, so to speak, the very pink, tulip, or abstract ideal of all dandy gamekeepers, without being a bit overdressed or theatrical. A clean, dapper, good-humored, innocent young fellow, with a pleasant open face which won your good will at once. He was strangely in contrast with his dark-browed father, and seemed an odd figure to find in that sink of guilt into which he was getting drawn.

"Reuben," said Sir George, quietly, "come here."

Reuben came up, and Sir George took his hand. "Look at me," he said. "Do I look as if I was mad?"

He certainly did not. Those steady, resolute eyes shone out of no madman's head. Reuben, wondering, said emphatically, "No."

"Have I ever appeared mad in your eyes? Have I ever seemed to you to act on suddenly formed resolutions — to pursue a very important course of action without due reason?"

Reuben, getting more puzzled yet, answered, "Certainly not, sir."

"Then should you think me a madman if I told you that I was your father?"

Reuben started and turned pale. He was utterly unprepared for this. His facile face assumed a look of painful anxiety, and he stood with half-opened mouth, waiting for Sir George to go on, evidently only half understanding what he had said already.

"Such is the case," he went on. "Do not ask me for the proofs, my poor boy, but believe me. Does not nature, does not your heart, tell you that I am right, as they both do me?"

Reuben looked at him one moment, and then said wondering, "Father! My father!"

Sir George mistook the tone in which Reuben spoke. He thought that Reuben spoke in affectionate recognition of his claims, whereas it was simply an ejaculation of wonder. It was the first time that any one had called him by the sacred old name, and he felt a strange pleasure in it. Gerty's boy used to call him papa; how sickly and artificial it sounded after "father!" He paused an instant, and then went on —

"Yes; I am your father, Reuben. Remember that. Impress that on your mind. There is no possibility of a doubt of it. Keep that steadily before you through everything. I have been a bad father to you, but you must forgive and forget all that."

"I have never had anything but kindness from you, sir," said Reuben.

"You have had very little of it, my poor boy. Never mind; there is time enough to mend all that. Now I have had, as you may suppose, a very distinct object in making this startling announcement to you this day above all others, for my conduct to you must show you that I have known the secret a long time."

Reuben assented, and began to look on his new-found father with more interest as his mind took in the facts of the case.

"Now," continued Sir George, "that treble-dyed, unmitigated villain, who used to pretend that you were his son — that Samuel Burton and I are at deadly variance, and I have made this announcement to you, in order that you may know which side you ought to take, should you unhappily be called on to choose, which God forbid. I have nothing more to say to you. Come to me here at twelve o'clock to-morrow morning; for I am going a long and weary journey, and I want to say good-by to you before I go."

"May not I go with you, sir?" said Reuben, in a low and husky voice. "I would be very faithful" —

"No, no!" said Sir George, somewhat wildly. "On any other journey but this, my boy. Stay at home, and keep watch over Lady Hillyar. I will write secretly to you, and you must do the same to me. Now go."

So the next day at noon, on George's return from Croydon, he found Reuben waiting for him; and he gave him a few instructions in the library, and bade him wait in the courtyard to see the last of him.

Meanwhile Gerty had sat still in her dressing-room, with the child on her bosom, in the same state of stupid horror into which she had fallen on reading the terrible letter — utterly unable to realize her position, or decide on any line of action. But now she rose up, for she heard George's foot on the stair, and heard his voice, his kindest voice, crying "Gerty! Gerty!" But she did not answer; and George, opening the door of the room, was surprised to see her standing there pale and wan, with the terror which yesterday had been on his face reflected on hers.

"Gerty, are you ill?"

"Yes, George; I think I am ill. No, I am not ill. I am nervous. Nothing more."

"Gerty," said George, "I am going away."

"Yes, George."

"For a long time — a very long time."

"Yes, George. Am I to come?"

"No; you must stay where you are."

"Very well. Are you going to Australia?"

"No; to Paris first, and God only knows where afterwards."

"If you go to Vienna, I wish you would get me a set of buttons like Lady Brickbrack's. They are not very dear; but no one else has got them, and I should like to annoy her."

"Very well," said George. "Good-by."

She kissed him — a cold little kiss — and he was gone. "And she can part from me like *that*," said poor George, bitterly, little dreaming how much she knew.

But she went to the window, for she knew that she could see him ride across a certain piece of glade in the park a long distance off. She had often watched for him here. It reminded her of the first time she had ever seen him, at the Barkers'. They had made him out a long distance off by his careless, graceful seat, and had said, "That is Hillyar." So she had seen him the first time four years before, when he had come riding to woo; so she saw him now for the last time forever.

RUDYARD KIPLING

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Rudyard Kipling, an Anglo-Indian poet and story-writer, was born at Bombay, Dec. 30, 1864. His father, head-master of the Lahore School of Art, sent him to England to be educated; and in 1882 he returned to India as an editor and correspondent of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette* and the Allahabad *Pioneer*. With wonderful rapidity he issued volume after volume dealing with English life in India. In 1889 he left India and traveled in China, Japan, America, and England, and then settled in Brattleboro, Vt.; but in 1896 returned to England. Kipling's works include: "Departmental Ditties" (1888); "Plain Tales from the Hills" (1888); "Soldiers Three" (1889); "Phantom Rickshaw" (1889); "The Light That Failed" (1890); "Story of the Gadsbys" (1890); "The Naulahka" (1892); written in collaboration with his brother-in-law. Other books are: "Life's Handicaps" (1891); "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads" (1892); "Many Inventions" (1893); "The Jungle Book" (1893); "The Second Jungle Book" (1895); "The Seven Seas" (1896), verse; "Captains Courageous" (1897); "The Day's Work" (1898).

The Three Musketeers.

(From "Plain Tales from the Hills.")

Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd are Privates in B Company of a Line Regiment, and personal friends of mine. Collectively I *think*, but am not certain, they are the worst men in the regiment so far as genial blackguardism goes.

They told me this story, the other day, in the Umballa Refreshment Room while we were waiting for an up-train. I supplied the beer. The tale was cheap at a gallon and a half.

Of course you know Lord Benira Trig. He is a Duke, or an Earl, or something unofficial; also a Peer; also a Globe-trotter. On all three counts, as Ortheris says, "'e didn't deserve no consideration." He was out here for three months collecting materials for a book on "Our Eastern Impedimenta," and quartering himself upon everybody, like a Cossack in evening dress.

His particular vice — because he was a Radical, I suppose — was having garrisons turned out for his inspection. He would then dine with the Officer Commanding, and insult him, across the Mess table, about the appearance of the troops. That was Benira's way.

He turned out troops once too often. He came to Helanthami Cantonment on a Tuesday. He wished to go shopping in the bazaars on Wednesday, and he "desired" the troops to be turned out on a Thursday. *On — a — Thursday!* The Officer Commanding could not well refuse; for Benira was a Lord. There was an indignation-meeting of subalterns in the Mess Room, to call the Colonel pet names.

"But the rale dimonstrashin," said Mulvaney, "was in B Comp'ny barrick; we three headin' it."

Mulvaney climbed on to the refreshment-bar, settled himself comfortably by the beer, and went on: — "Whin the row was at ut's foinest an' B Comp'ny was fur goin' out to murther this man Thrigg on the p'rade-groun', Learoyd here takes up his helmut an' sez — fwhat was ut ye said?"

"Ah said," said Learoyd, "gie us t' brass. Tak oop a subscripshun, lads, for to put off t' p'rade, an' if t' p'rade's not put off, ah'll gie t' brass back agean. Thot's wot ah said. All B Coomp'ny knawed me. Ah took oop a big subscripshun — fower rupees eight annas 'twas — an' ah went oot to turn t' job over. Mulvaney an' Orth'ris coom with me."

"We three raises the Divil in couples gin'rally," exclaimed Mulvaney.

Here Ortheris interrupted. "'Ave you read the papers?" said he.

"Sometimes," I said.

"We 'ad read the papers, an' we put hup a faked decoity, a — a sedukshun."

"*Ab*dukshin, ye cockney," said Mulvaney.

"*Ab*dukshun or *se*dukshun — no great odds. Any 'ow, we arrange to taik an' put Mister Benhira out o' the way till Thursday was hover, or 'e too busy to rux 'isself about p'raids. *Hi* was the man wot said: — 'We'll make a few rupees off o' the business.'"

"We hild a Council av War," continued Mulvaney, "walkin' roun' by the Artill'ry Lines. I was Prisidint, Learoyd was Minister av Finance, an' little Orth'ris here was" —

"A bloomin' Bismarck! *Hi* made the 'ole show pay." "This interferin' bit av a Benira man," said Mulvaney, "did the thrick for us himself; for, on me sowl, we hadn't a notion av what was to come afther the next minut. He was shoppin' in the bazaar on fut. 'Twas dhrawin' dusk thin, an' we stud watchin' the little man hoppin' in an' out av the shops, thryin to injuce the naygurs to *mallum* his *bat*. Prisintly, he sthrols up, his arrums full av thruck, an' he sez in a consiquinshal way, shticking out his little belly: — 'Me good men,' sez he, 'have ye seen the Kernel's b'roosh?' 'B'roosh?' says Learoyd. 'There's no b'roosh here — nobbut a *hekka*.' 'Fwhat's that?' sez Thrigg. Learoyd shows him wan down the sthreet, an' he sez: — 'How thruly Orientil! I will ride on a *hekka*.' I saw thin that our Rigimintal Saint was for givin' Thrigg over to us neck an' brisket. I purshued a *hekka*, an' I sez to the dhriver-divil, I sez — 'Ye black limb, there's a *Sahib* comin' for this *hekka*. He wants to go *jildi* to the Padsahi Jhil' — 'twas about tu moiles away, — to shoot snipe — *chirria*. 'You dhrive *Jehannum ke marfik*, *mallum*? 'Tis no manner av *faider bukkin'* to the *Sahib*, bekase he doesn't *samjao* your *bat*. Av he *bolos* anything, just you *choop* and *chel*. *Dekker?* Go *arsty* for the first *arder*-mile from cantonmints. Then *chel*, *Shaitan ke marfik*, an' the *chooper* you *choops* an' the *jilder* you *chels* the better *kooshy* will that *Sahib* be; an' here's a rupee for ye.'

"The *hekka*-man knew there was somethin' out av the common in the air. He grinned and sez: — '*Bote achee!* I goin' damn fast.' I prayed that the Kernel's b'roosh wudn't arrive till me darlin' Benira by the grace av God was undher weigh. The little man puts his thruck into the *hekka* an' scuttles in like a fat guinea-pig; niver offerin' us the price of a dhrink for our services in helpin' him home. 'He's off to the Padsahi *jhil*,' sez I to the others."

Ortheris took up the tale: —

"Jist then, little Buldoo kim up, 'oo was the son of one of the Artillery *Saises* — 'e would 'av made a 'evinly newspaper-boy in London, bein' sharp and fly to all manner o' games. 'E 'ad bin watchin' us puttin' Mister Benhira into 's temporary baroush, an' 'e sez: — 'What '*ave* you been a doin' of, *Sahibs?*' sez 'e. Learoyd 'e caught 'im by the ear an' 'e sez" —

"Ah says," went on Learoyd: "'Young mon, that mon's gooin' to have't goons out o' Thursday — *kul* — an' thot's more work for you, young mon. Now, sitha, tak a *tat* an' a *lookri*, an' ride tha domdest to t' Padsahi Jhil. Cotch thot there *hekka*, and tell t' driver iv your lingo thot you've coom to tak' his place. T' *Sahib* doesn't speak t' *bat*, an' he's a little mon. Drive t' *hekka* into t' Padsahi Jhil into t' watter. Leave t' *Sahib* theer an' roon hoam; an here's a rupee for tha.'"

Then Mulvaney and Ortheris spoke together in alternate fragments: Mulvaney leading [You must pick out the two speakers as best you can.]: — "He was a knowin' little divil was Bhuldoo, — 'e sez *bote achee* an' cuts — wid a wink in his oi — but *Hi* sez there's money to be made — an' I want to see the end av the campaign — so *Hi* says we'll double hout to the Padsahi Jhil — and save the little man from bein' dacoited by the murtherin' Bhuldoo — an' turn hup like reskoors in a Ryle Victoria Theayter Melodrama — so we doubled for the *jhil*, an' prisintly there was the divil of a hurroosh behind us an' three bhoys on grasscuts' *tats* come by, pounding along for the dear life — s'elp me Bob, hif Buldoo 'adn't raised a regular *harmy* of decoits — to do the job in shtile. An' we ran, an' they ran, shplittin' with laughin', till we gets near the *jhil* — and 'ears sounds of distress floatin' molloncally on the heavenin' hair." [Ortheris was growing poetical under the influence of the beer. The duet recommenced; Mulvaney leading again.]

"Thin we heard Bhuldoo, the dacoit, shoutin' to the *hekka* man, an' wan of the young divils brought his *lakri* down on the top av the *hekka*-cover, an' Benira Thrigg inside howled 'Murther an' Death.' Bhuldoo takes the reins and dhrives like mad for the *jhil*, havin' dishpersed the *hekka*-dhriver — 'oo cum up to us an' 'e sez, sezie: — 'That *Sahib*'s nigh *gawbry* with funk! Wot devil's work 'ave you led me into?' 'Hall right,' sez we, 'you *puckrow* that there pony an' come along. This *Sahib*'s been decoited, an' we're going to risky 'im!' Says the driver: 'Decoits! Wot decoits? That's Buldoo the *budmash*' — 'Bhuldoo be shot!' sez we. ''Tis a woild dissolute Pathan frum the hills. There's about eight av 'im coercin' the *Sahib*. You remimber that an' you'll get another rupee'! Then we heard the *whop-whop-whop* av the *hekka* turnin' over, an' a splash av water an' the voice av Benira Thrigg callin' upon God to forgive his sins — an' Buldoo an' 'is friends squotterin' in the water like boys in the Serpentine."

Here the three Musketeers retired simultaneously into the beer.

"Well? What came next?" said I.

"Fwhat nex'?" answered Mulvaney, wiping his mouth. "Wud you let three bould sodger-bhoys lave the ornamint av the House av Lords to be dhrowned an' dacoited in a *jhil?* We formed line av quarther-column an' we desinded upon the inimy. For the better part av tin minutes you could not hear yerself spake. The *tattoo* was screamin' in chune wid Benira Thrigg an' Bhuldoo's army, an' the shticks was whistlin' roun' the *hekka*, an' Orth'ris was beatin' the *hekka*-cover wid his fistes, an' Learoyd yellin': — 'Look out for their knives!' an' me cuttin' into the dark, right an' lef', dishpersin' arrmy corps av Pathans. Holy Mother av Moses! 'twas more disp'rit than Ahmid Kheyl wid Maiwund thrown in. Afther a while Bhuldoo in' his bhoys flecs. Have ye iver seen a rale live Lord thryin' to hide his nobility undher a fut an' a haf av brown *jhil* wather. 'Tis the livin' image av a *bhisti's mussick* wid the shivers. It tuk toime to pershuade me frind Benira he was not disimbowiled: an' more toime to get out the *hekka.* The dhriver came up afther the battle, swearin' he tuk a hand in repulsin' the inimy. Benira was sick wid the fear. We escorted him back, very slow, to cantonmints, for that an' the chill to soak into him. *It suk!* Glory be to the Rigimintil Saint, but it suk to the marrow av Lord Benira Thrigg!"

Here Ortheris, slowly, with immense pride: — "'E sez: — 'You har my noble preservers,' sez 'e. 'You har a *h*onor to the British Harmy,' sez 'e. With that 'e describes the hawful band of decoits wot set on 'im. There was about forty of 'em an' 'e was hoverpowered by numbers, so 'e was; but 'e never lost 'is presence of mind, so 'e didn't. 'E guv the *hekka*-driver five rupees for 'is noble hassistance, an' 'e said 'e would see to us after 'e 'ad spoken to the Kernul. For we was a *h*onor to the Regiment, we was."

"An' we three," said Mulvaney, with a seraphic smile, "have dhrawn the par-ti-cu-lar attinshin av Bobs Bahandur more than wanst. But he's a rale good little man is Bobs. Go on, Orth'ris, me son."

"Then we leaves 'im at the Kernul's 'ouse, werry sick, an' we cuts over to B Comp'ny barrack an' we sez we 'ave saved Benira from a bloody doom, an' the chances was agin there bein' p'raid on Thursday. About ten minutes later come three envelicks, one for each of us. S'elp me Bob, if the old bloke 'adn't guv us a fiver apiece — sixty-four dibs in the bazaar! On Thursday 'e was in 'orspital recoverin' from 'is sanguinary encounter with a gang of Pathans, an' B Comp'ny was drinkin' 'emselves inter clink by squads. So there never was no Thursday p'raid. But the Kernul, when 'e 'eard of our galliant conduct, 'e sez: — 'Hi know there's been some devilry somewheres,' sez 'e, 'but hi can't bring it 'ome to you three.'"

"An' my privit imprisshin is," said Mulvaney, getting off the bar and turning his glass upside down, "that av they had known they wudn't have brought ut home. 'Tis flyin' in the face, firstly av Nature, second, av the Rig'lations, an' third, the will av Terence Mulvaney, to hold p'rades av Thursdays."

"Good, ma son!" said Learoyd; "but, young mon, what's t' notebook for?"

"Let be," said Mulvaney; "this time next month we're in the *Sherapis*. 'Tis immortial fame the gentleman's goin' to give us. But kape it dhark till we're out av the range av me little frind Bobs Bahadur."

And I have obeyed Mulvaney's order.

His Wedded Wife.

Shakspeare says something about worms, or it may be giants or beetles, turning if you tread on them too severely. The safest plan is never to tread on a worm — not even on the last new subaltern from Home, with his buttons hardly out of their tissue paper, and the red of sappy English beef in his cheeks. This is the story of the worm that turned. For the sake of brevity, we will call Henry Augustus Ramsay Faizanne, "The Worm," although he really was an exceedingly pretty boy, without a hair on his face, and with a waist like a girl's, when he came out to the second "Shikarris" and was made unhappy in several ways. "The Shikarris" are a high-caste regiment, and you must be able to do things well — play a banjo, or ride more than little, or sing, or act — to get on with them.

The Worm did nothing except fall off his pony, and knock chips out of gate-posts with his trap. Even that became monotonous after a time. He objected to whist, cut the cloth at billiards, sang out of tune, kept very much to himself, and wrote to his Mamma and sisters at Home. Four of these five things were vices which the "Shikarris" objected to and set themselves to eradicate. Everyone knows how subalterns are, by brother subalterns, softened and not permitted to be ferocious. It is good and wholesome, and does no one any harm, unless tempers are lost; and then there is trouble. There was a man once — but that is another story.

The "Shikarris" *shikarred* The Worm very much, and he bore everything without winking. He was so good and so anxious to learn, and flushed so pink, that his education was cut short, and he was left to his own devices by everyone except the Senior Subaltern who continued to make life a burden to The Worm. The Senior Subaltern meant no harm; but his chaff was coarse, and he didn't quite understand where to stop. He had been waiting too long for his Company; and that al-always sours a man. Also he was in love, which made him worse.

One day, after he had borrowed The Worm's trap for a lady who never existed, had used it himself all the afternoon, had sent a note to The Worm, purporting to come from the lady, and was telling the Mess all about it, The Worm rose in his place and said, in his quiet lady-like voice: — "That was a very pretty sell; but I'll lay you a month's pay to a month's pay when you get your step, that I work a sell on you that you'll remember for the rest of your days, and the Regiment after you when you're dead or broke." The Worm wasn't angry in the least, and the rest of the Mess shouted. Then the Senior Subaltern looked at The Worm from the boots upwards, and down again, and said: "Done, Baby." The Worm took the rest of the Mess to witness that the bet had been taken, and retired into a book with a sweet smile.

Two months passed, and the Senior Subaltern still educated The Worm, who began to move about a little more as the hot weather came on. I have said that the Senior Subaltern was in love. The curious thing is that a girl was in love with the Senior Subaltern. Though the Colonel said awful things, and the Majors snorted, and married Captains looked unutterable wisdom, and the juniors scoffed, those two were engaged.

The Senior Subaltern was so pleased with getting his Company and his acceptance at the same time that he forgot to bother The Worm. The girl was a pretty girl, and had money of her own. She does not come into this story at all.

One night, at beginning of the hot weather, all the Mess, except The Worm who had gone to his own room to write Home letters, were sitting on the platform outside the Mess House. The Band had finished playing, but no one wanted to go in. And the Captains' wives were there also. The folly of a man in love is unlimited. The Senior Subaltern had been holding forth on the merits of the girl he was engaged to, and the ladies were purring approval, while the men yawned, when there was a rustle of skirts in the dark, and a tired, faint voice lifted itself.

"Where's my husband?"

I do not wish in the least to reflect on the morality of the "Shikarris;" but it is on record that four men jumped up as if they had been shot. Three of them were married men. Perhaps they were afraid that their wives had come from Home unbeknownst. The fourth said that he had acted on the impulse of the moment. He explained this afterwards.

Then the voice cried: — "Oh Lionel!" Lionel was the Senior Subaltern's name. A woman came into the little circle of light by the candles on the peg-tables, stretching out her hands to the dark where the Senior Subaltern was, and sobbing. We rose to our feet, feeling that things were going to happen and ready to believe the worst. In this bad, small world of ours, one knows so little of the life of the next man — which, after all, is entirely his own concern — that one is not surprised when a crash comes. Anything might turn up any day for anyone. Perhaps the Senior Subaltern had been trapped in his youth. Men are crippled that way occasionally. We didn't know; we wanted to hear; and the Captains' wives were as anxious as we. If he *had* been trapped, he was to be excused; for the woman from nowhere, in the dusty shoes and gray traveling dress, was very lovely, with black hair and great eyes full of tears. She was tall, with a fine figure, and her voice had a running sob in it pitiful to hear. As soon as the Senior Subaltern stood up, she threw her arms round his neck, and called him "my darling" and said she could not bear waiting alone in England, and his letters were so short and cold, and she was his to the end of the world, and would he forgive her? This did not sound quite like a lady's way of speaking. It was too demonstrative.

Things seemed black indeed, and the Captains' wives peered under their eyebrows at the Senior Subaltern, and the Colonel's face set like the Day of Judgment framed in gray bristles, and no one spoke for a while.

Next the Colonel said, very shortly: — "Well, Sir?" and the woman sobbed afresh. The Senior Subaltern was half choked with the arms round his neck, but he gasped out: — "It's a d — d lie! I never had a wife in my life!" "Don't swear," said the Colonel. "Come into the Mess. We must sift this clear somehow," and he sighed to himself, for he believed in his "Shikarris," did the Colonel.

We trooped into the anteroom, under the full lights, and there we saw how beautiful the woman was. She stood up in the middle of us all, sometimes choking with crying, then hard and proud, and then holding out her arms to the Senior Subaltern. It was like the fourth act of a tragedy. She told us how the Senior Subaltern had married her when he was Home on leave eighteen months before; and she seemed to know all that we knew, and more too, of his people and his past life. He was white and ashy gray, trying now and again to break into the torrent of her words; and we, noting how lovely she was and what a criminal he looked, esteemed him a beast of the worst kind. We felt sorry for him, though.

I shall never forget the indictment of the Senior Subaltern by his wife. Nor will he. It was so sudden, rushing out of the dark, unannounced, into our dull lives. The Captains' wives stood back; but their eyes were alight, and you could see that they had already convicted and sentenced the Senior Subaltern. The Colonel seemed five years older. One Major was shading his eyes with his hand and watching the woman from underneath it. Another was chewing his mustache and smiling quietly as if he were witnessing a play. Full in the open space in the center, by the whist-tables, the Senior Subaltern's terrier was hunting for fleas. I remember all this as clearly as though a photograph were in my hand. I remember the look of horror on the Senior Subaltern's face. It was rather like seeing a man hanged; but much more interesting. Finally, the woman wound up by saying that the Senior Subaltern carried a double F. M. in tattoo on his left shoulder. We all knew that, and to our innocent minds it seemed to clinch the matter. But one of the Bachelor Majors said very politely: — "I presume that your marriage-certificate would be more to the purpose?"

That roused the woman. She stood up and sneered at the Senior Subaltern for a cur, and abused the Major and the Colonel and all the rest. Then she wept, and then she pulled a paper from her breast, saying imperially: — "Take that! And let my husband — my lawfully wedded husband — read it aloud — if he dare!"

There was a hush, and the men looked into each other's eyes as the Senior Subaltern came forward in a dazed and dizzy way, and took the paper. We were wondering, as we stared, whether there was anything against any one of us that might turn up later on. The Senior Subaltern's throat was dry; but, as he ran his eye over the paper, he broke out into a hoarse cackle of relief, and said to the woman: — "You young blackguard!"

But the woman had fled through a door, and on the paper was written: — "This is to certify that I, The Worm, have paid in full my debts to the Senior Subaltern, and, further, that the Senior Subaltern is my debtor, by agreement on the 23d of February, as by the Mess attested, to the extent of one month's Captain's pay, in the lawful currency of the India Empire."

Then a deputation set off for The Worm's quarters and found him, betwixt and between, unlacing his stays, with the hat, wig, serge dress, etc., on the bed. He came over as he was, and the "Shikarris" shouted till the Gunners' Mess sent over to know if they might have a share of the fun. I think we were all, except the Colonel and the Senior Subaltern, a little disappointed that the scandal had come to nothing. But that is human nature. There could be no two words about The Worm's acting. It leaned as near to a nasty tragedy as anything this side of a joke can. When most of the Subalterns sat upon him with sofa-cushions to find out why he had not said that acting was his strong point, he answered very quietly: — "I don't think you ever asked me. I used to act at Home with my sisters." But no acting with girls could account for The Worm's display that night. Personally, I think it was in bad taste. Besides being dangerous. There is no sort of use in playing with fire, even for fun.

The "Shikarris" made him President of the Regimental Dramatic Club; and, when the Senior Subaltern paid up his debt, which he did at once, The Worm sank the money in scenery and dresses. He was a good Worm; and the "Shikarris" are proud of him. The only drawback is that he has been christened "Mrs. Senior Subaltern;" and, as there are now two Mrs. Senior Subalterns in the Station, this is sometimes confusing to strangers.

Later on, I will tell you of a case something like this, but with all the jest left out and nothing in it but real trouble.

WITH THE MAIN GUARD.

(From "Soldiers Three.")

Der jungere Uhlanen
Sit round mit open mouth
While Breitmann tell dem stdories
Of fightin' in the South;
Und gif dem moral lessons;
How before der battle pops,
Take a little prayer to Himmel
Und a goot long drink of Schnapps.

Hans Breitmann's Ballads.

"Mary, Mother av Mercy, fwhat the divil possist us to take an' kape this melancolious counthry? Answer me that, Sorr."

It was Mulvaney who was speaking. The hour was one o'clock of a stifling hot June night, and the place was the main gate of Fort Amara, most desolate and least desirable of all fortresses in India. What I was doing there at that hour is a question which only concerns McGrath the Sergeant of the Guard, and the men on the gate.

"Slape," said Mulvaney, "is a shuparfluous necessity. This gyard'll shtay lively till relieved." He himself was stripped to the waist; Learoyd on the next bedstead was dripping from the skinful of water which Ortheris, arrayed only in white trousers, had just sluiced over his shoulders; and a fourth private was muttering uneasily as he dozed open-mouthed in the glare of the great guard-lantern. The heat under the bricked archway was terrifying.

"The worrst night that iver I remimber. Eyah! Is all Hell loose this tide?" said Mulvaney. A puff of burning wind lashed through the wicket gate like a wave of the sea, and Ortheris swore.

"Are ye more heasy, Jock?" he said to Learoyd. "Put yer 'ead between your legs. It'll go orf in a minute."

"Ah don't care. Ah would not care, but ma heart is playin' tivvy-tivvy on ma ribs. Let me die! Oh! leave me die!" groaned the huge Yorkshireman, who was feeling the heat acutely, being of fleshly build.

The sleeper under the lantern roused for a moment and raised himself on his elbow. — "Die and be damned then!" he said. "*I'm* damned and I can't die!"

"Who's that?" I whispered, for the voice was new to me.

"Gentleman born," said Mulvaney; "Cor'p'ril wan year, Sargint nex'. Red-hot on his C'mission, but dhrinks like a fish. He'll be gone before the cowld weather's here. So!"

He slipped his boot, and with the naked toe just touched the trigger of his Martini. Ortheris misunderstood the movement, and the next instant the Irishman's rifle was dashed aside, while Ortheris stood before him, his eyes blazing with reproof.

"You!" said Ortheris. "My Gawd, *you!* If it was you, wot would *we* do?"

"Kape quiet, little man," said Mulvaney, putting him aside, but very gently; "'tis not me, nor will ut be me whoile Dinah Shadd's here. I was but showin' something."

Learoyd, bowed on his bedstead, groaned, and the gentleman ranker sighed in his sleep. Ortheris took Mulvaney's tendered pouch, and we three smoked gravely for a space while the dust-devil danced on the glacis and scoured the red-hot plain without.

"Pop?" said Ortheris, wiping his forehead.

"Don't tantalize wid talkin' av dhrink, or I'll shtuff you into your own breech-block an' — fire you off!" grunted Mulvaney.

Ortheris chuckled, and from a niche in the veranda produced six bottles of gingerade.

"Where did ye get ut, ye Machiavel?" said Mulvaney. "'Tis no bazaar pop."

"'Ow do *Hi* know wot the Orf 'cers drink?" answered Ortheris. "Arst the mess-man."

"Ye'll have a Disthrict Coort-martial settin' on ye yet, me son," said Mulvaney, "but" — he opened a bottle — "I will not report ye this time. Fwhat's in the mess-kid is mint for the belly, as they say, specially whin that mate is dhrink. Here's luck! A bloody war or a — no, we've got the sickly season. War, thin!" — he waved the innocent "pop" to the four quarters of Heaven. "Bloody war! North, East, South, an' West! Jock, ye quakin' hayrick, come an' dhrink."

But Learoyd, half mad with the fear of death presaged in the swelling veins of his neck, was imploring his Maker to strike him dead, and fighting for more air between his prayers. A second time Ortheris drenched the quivering body with water, and the giant revived.

"An' Ah divn't see thot a mon is i' fettle for gooin' on to live; an' Ah divn't see thot there is owt for t' livin' for. Hear now, lads! Ah'm tired — tired. There's nobbut watter i' ma bones. Let me die!"

The hollow of the arch gave back Learoyd's broken whisper in a bass boom. Mulvaney looked at me hopelessly, but I remembered how the madness of despair had once fallen upon Ortheris, that weary, weary afternoon on the banks of the Khemi River, and how it had been exorcised by the skillful magician Mulvaney.

"Talk, Terence!" I said, "or we shall have Learoyd slinging loose, and he'll be worse than Ortheris was. Talk! He'll answer to your voice."

Almost before Ortheris had deftly thrown all the rifles of the Guard on Mulvaney's bedstead, the Irishman's voice was uplifted as that of one in the middle of a story, and turning to me, he said, —

"In barricks or out of it as *you* say, Sorr, an Oirish rig'mint is the divil an' more. 'Tis only fit for a young man wid eddicated fisteses. Oh the crame av disruption is an Oirish rig'mint, an' rippin', tearin', ragin' scattherers in the field av war! My first rig'mint was Oirish — Faynians an' rebils to the heart av their marrow was they, and *so* they fought for the Widdy betther than most, bein' contrairy — Oirish. They was the Black Tyrone. You've heard av thim, Sorr?"

Heard of them! I knew the Black Tyrone for the choicest collection of unmitigated blackguards, dog-stealers, robbers of hen-roosts, assaulters of innocent citizens, and recklessly daring heroes in the Army List. Half Europe and half Asia has had cause to know the Black Tyrone — good luck be with their tattered Colors as Glory has ever been!

"They *was* hot pickils an' ginger! I cut a man's head tu deep wid my belt in the days av my youth, an', afther some circumstances which I will oblitherate, I came to the Ould Rig'mint, bearin' the character av a man wid hands an' feet. But, as I was goin' to tell you, I fell acrost the Black Tyrone agin wan day whin we wanted thim powerful bad. Orth'ris, me son, fwhat was the name av that place where they sint wan comp'ny av us an' wan av the Tyrone roun' a' hill an' down again, all for to tache the Paythans something they'd niver learned before? Afther Ghuzni 'twas."

"Don't know what the bloomin' Paythans called it. We called it Silver's Theayter. You know that, sure!"

"Silver's Theater — so 'twas. A gut betune two hills as black as a bucket, an' as thin as a gurl's waist. There was overmany Paythans for our convaynience in the gut, an' begad they called themselves a Reserve — bein' impident by natur'! Our Scotchies an' lashins of Gurkys was poundin' into some Paythan rig'ments, I think 'twas. Scotchies and Gurkys are twins bekaze they're so onlike, an' they get dhrunk together whin God plases. Well, as I was sayin', they sint wan comp'ny av the Ould an' wan av the Tyrone to double up the hill an' clane out the Paythan Reserve. Orf'cers was scar in thim days, fwhat wid dysintry and not takin' care av thimselves, an' we was sint out wid only wan orf'cer for the comp'ny; but he was a Man that had his feet beneath him, an' all his teeth in their sockuts."

"Who was he?" I asked.

"Captain O'Neil — Old Crook — Cruik-na-bulleen — him that I tould ye that tale av whin he was in Burma. Ha! He was a Man. The Tyrone tuk a little orf'cer bhoy, but divil a bit was he in command, as I'll dimonstrate presintly. We an' they came over the brow av the hill, wan on each side av the gut, an' there was that ondacint Reserve waitin' down below like rats in a pit.

"'Howld on, men,' says Crook, who tuk a mother's care av us always. 'Rowl some rocks on them by way av visitin'-kyards.' We hadn't rowled more than twinty bowlders, an' the Paythans was beginnin' to swear tremenjus, whin the little orf'cer bhoy av the Tyrone shqueaks out across the valley: —'Fwhat the devil an' all are you doin', shpoilin' the fun for my men? Do ye not see they'll stand?'

"'Faith that's a rare pluckt wan!' sez Crook. 'Niver mind the rocks, men. Come along down an' take tay wid thim!'

"'There's damned little sugar in ut!' sez my rear-rank man; but Crook heard.

"'Have ye not all got spoons?' he sez, laughin', an' down we wint as fast as we cud. Learoyd bein' sick at the Base, he, av coorse, was not there."

"Thot's a lie!" said Learoyd, dragging his bedstead nearer. "Ah gotten *thot* theer, an' you knaw it, Mulvaney." He threw up his arms, and from the right arm-pit ran, diagonally through the fell of his chest, a thin white line terminating near the fourth left rib.

"My mind's goin'," said Mulvaney, the unabashed. "Ye were there. Fwhat I was thinkin' of! 'Twas another man, av coorse. Well, you'll remimber thin, Jock, how we an' the Tyrone met wid a bang at the bottom an' got jammed past all movin' among the Paythans."

"Ow! It *wos* a tight 'ole. Hi was squeeged till I thought I'd bloomin' well bust," said Ortheris, rubbing his stomach meditatively.

"'Twas no place for a little man, but *wan* little man"—Mulvaney put his hand on Ortheris's shoulder—"saved the life av me. There we shtuck, for divil a bit did the Paythans flinch, an' divil a bit dare we; our business bein' to clear 'em out. An' the most exthryordinar' thing av all was that we an' they just rushed into each other's arrums, an' there was no firing for a long time. Nothin' but knife an' bay'nit when we cud get our hands free: that was not often. We was breast on to thim, an' the Tyrone was yelpin' behind av us in a way I didn't see the lean av at first. But I knew later, an' so did the Paythans.

"'Knee to knee!' sings out Crook, wid a laugh, whin the rush av our comin' into the gut shtopped, an' he was huggin' a hairy great Paythan, neither bein' able to do anything to the other, tho' both was wishful.

"'Breast to breast!' he says, as the Tyrone was pushin' us forward closer an' closer.

"'An' hand over back!' sez a Sargint that was behin'. I saw a sword lick out past Crook's ear, like a snake's tongue, an' the Paythan was tuk in the apple av his throat like a pig at Dromeen fair.

"'Thank ye, Brother Inner Guard,' sez Crook, cool as a cucumber widout salt. 'I wanted that room.' An' he wint forward by the thickness av a man's body, havin' turned the Paythan undher him. The man bit the heel off Crook's boot in his death-bite.

"'Push, men!' sez Crook. 'Push, ye paper-backed beggars!' he sez. 'Am I to pull ye through?' So we pushed, an' we kicked, an' we swung, an' we swore, an' the grass bein' slippery, our heels wouldn't bite, an' God help the front-rank man that wint down that day!"

"'Ave you ever bin in the Pit hentrance o' the Vic. on a thick night?" interrupted Ortheris. "It was worse nor that, for they was goin' one way, an' we wouldn't 'ave it. Leastaways, Hi 'adn't much to say."

"Faith, me son, ye said ut, thin. I kep' the little man betune my knees as long as I cud, but he was pokin' roun' wid his bay'nit, blindin' an' stiffin' feroshus. The devil of man is Orth'ris in a ruction — aren't ye?" said Mulvaney.

"Don't make game!" said the Cockney. "I knowed I wasn't no good then, but I guv 'em compot from the lef' flank when we opened out.

"No!" he said, bringing down his hand with a thump on the bedstead, "a bay'nit ain't no good to a little man — might as well 'ave a bloomin' fishin' rod! I 'ate a clawin', maulin' mess, but gimme a breech that's wore out a bit, an' hamminition one year in store, to let the powder kiss the bullet, an' put me somewheres where I ain't trod on by 'ulkin swine like you, an' s'elp me Gawd, I could bowl you over five times outer seven at height 'undred. Would yer try, you lumberin' Hirishman?"

"No, ye wasp. I've seen ye do ut. I say there's nothin' better than the bay'nit wid a long reach, a double twist av ye can, an' a slow recover."

"Dom the bay'nit," said Learoyd, who had been listening intently. "Look a-here!" He picked up a rifle an inch below the foresight, with an underhanded action, and used it exactly as a man would use a dagger.

"Sitha," said he softly, "thot's better than owt, for a mon can bash t' faace wi' thot, an', if he divn't he can breek t' forearm o' t' gaard. 'Tis not i' t' books, though. Gie me t' butt."

"Each does ut his own way, like makin' love," said Mulvaney quietly; "the butt or the bay'nit or the bullet accordin' to the natur' av the man. Well, as I was sayin', we shtuck there breathin' in each other's faces an' swearin' powerful; Orth'ris cursin' the mother that bore him bekaze he was not three inches taller.

"Prisintly he sez: — 'Duck, ye lump, an' I can get at a man over your shouldher!'

"'You'll blow me head off,' I sez, throwin' my arm clear; 'go through under my armpit, ye bloodthirsty little scutt,' sez I, 'but don't shtick me or I'll wring your ears round.'

"Fwhat was ut ye gave the Paythan man forninst me, him that cut at me whin I cudn't move hand or foot? Hot or cowld was ut?"

"Cold," said Ortheris, "up an' under the ribjint. 'E come down flat. Best for you 'e did."

"Thrue, my son! This jam thing that I'm talkin' about lasted for five minutes good, an' thin we got our arms clear an' wint in. I misremimber exactly fwhat I did, but I didn't want Dinah to be a widdy at the Depot. Thin, after some promishkuous hackin' we shtuck again, an' the Tyrone behin' was callin' us dogs an' cowards an' all manner av names; we barrin' their way.

"'Fwhat ails the Tyrone?' thinks I; 'they've the makin's av a most convanient fight here.'

"A man behind me sez beseechful an' in a whisper: — 'Let me get at thim! For the Love av Mary give me room beside ye, ye tall man!'

"'An' who are you that's so anxious to be kilt?' sez I, widout turnin' my head, for the long knives was dancin' in front like the sun on Donegal Bay whin ut's rough.

"'We've seen our dead,' he sez, squeezin' into me; 'our dead that was men two days gone! An' me that was his cousin by blood could not bring Tim Coulan off! Let me get on,' he sez, 'let me get to thim or I'll run ye through the back!'

"'My troth,' thinks I, 'if the Tyrone have seen their dead, God help the Paythans this day!' An' thin I knew why the Oirish was ragin' behind us as they was.

"I gave room to the man, an' he ran forward wid the Haymakers' Lift on his bay'nit an' swung a Paythan clear off his feet by the belly-band av the brute, an' the iron bruk at the lockin' ring.

"'Tim Coulan 'll slape easy to-night,' sez he wid a grin; an' the next minut his head was in two halves and he wint down grinnin' by sections.

"The Tyrone was pushin' an' pushin' in, an' our men was swearin' at thim, an' Crook was workin' away in front av us all, his sword-arm swingin' like a pump-handle an' his revolver spittin' like a cat. But the strange thing av ut was the quiet that lay upon. 'Twas like a fight in a drame — except for thim that was dead.

"Whin I gave room to the Oirishman I was expinded an' forlorn in my inside. 'Tis a way I have, savin' your presince, Sorr, in action. 'Let me out, bhoys,' sez I, backin' in among thim. 'I'm goin' to be onwell!' Faith they gave me room at the wurrud, though they would not ha' given room for all Hell wid the chill off. When I got clear, I was, savin' your presince, Sorr, outragis sick bekaze I had dhrunk heavy that day.

"Well an' far out av harm was a Sargint av the Tyrone sittin' on the little orf'cer bhoy who had stopped Crook from rowlin' the rocks. Oh, he was a beautiful bhoy, an' the long black curses was sliding out av his innocent mouth like mornin'-jew from a rose!

"'Fwhat have you got there?' sez I to the Sargint.

"'Wan av Her Majesty's bantams wid his spurs up,' sez he. 'He's goin' to Coort-martial me.'

"'Let me go!' sez the little orf'cer bhoy. 'Let me go and command my men!' manin' thereby the Black Tyrone which was beyond any command — ay, even av they had made the Divil a Field-orf'cer.

"'His father howlds my mother's cow-feed in Clonmel,' sez the man that was sittin' on him. 'Will I go back to *his* mother an' tell her that I've let him throw himself away? Lie still, ye little pinch av dynamite, an' Coort-martial me afther-wards.'

"'Good,' sez I; ''tis the likes av him makes the likes av the Commandher-in-Chief, but we must presarve thim. Fwhat d' you want to do, Sorr?' sez I, very politeful.

"'Kill the beggars — kill the beggars!' he shqueaks; his big blue eyes fairly brimmin' wid tears.

"'An' how'll ye do that?' sez I. 'You've shquibbed off your revolver like a child wid a cracker; you can make no play wid that fine large sword av yours; an' your hand's shakin' like an asp on a leaf. Lie still and grow,' sez I.

"'Get back to your comp'ny,' sez he; 'you're insolint!'

"'All in good time,' sez I, 'but I'll have a dhrink first.'

"Just thin Crook comes up, blue an' white all over where he wasn't red.

"'Wather!' sez he; 'I'm dead wid drouth! Oh, but it's a gran' day!'

"He dhrank half a skinful, and the rest he tilts into his chest, an' it fair hissed on the hairy hide av him. He sees the little orf'cer bhoy undher the Sargint.

"'Fwat's yonder?' sez he.

"'Mutiny, Sorr,' sez the Sargint, an' the orf'cer bhoy begins pleadin' pitiful to Crook to be let go: but divil a bit wud Crook budge.

"'Kape him there,' he sez, ''tis no child's work this day. By the same token,' sez he, 'I'll confishcate that iligant nickel-plated scent-sprinkler av yours, for my own has been vomitin' dishgraceful!'

"The fork av his hand was black wid the back-spit av the machine. So he tuk the orf'cer bhoy's revolver. Ye may look, Sorr, but, by my faith *there's a dale more done in the field than iver gets into Field Ordhers!*

"'Come on, Mulvaney,' sez Crook; 'is this a Coort-martial?' The two av us wint back together into the mess an' the Paythans were still standin' up. They was not *too* impart'nint though, for the Tyrone was callin' wan to another to remember Tim Coulan.

"Crook stepped outside of the strife an' looked anxious, his eyes rowlin' roun'.

"'Fwhat is ut, Sorr?' sez I; 'can I get ye anything?'

"'Where's a bugler?' sez he.

"I wint into the crowd — our men was dhrawin' breath behin' the Tyrone who was fightin' like sowls in tormint — an' prisintly I came acrost little Frehan, our bugler bhoy, pokin' roun' among the best wid a rifle an' bay'nit.

"'Is amusin' yoursilf fwhat you're paid for, ye limb?' sez I, catchin' him by the scruff. 'Come out av that an' attind to your duty,' I sez; but the bhoy was not pleased.

"'I've got one,' sez he, grinnin', 'big as you, Mulvaney, an' fair half as ugly. Let me go get another.'

"I was dishpleased at the personability av that remark, so I tucks him under my arm an' carries him to Crook, who was watchin' how the fight wint. Crook cuffs him till the bhoy cries, an' thin sez nothin' for a whoile.

"The Paythans began to flicker onaisy, an' our men roared. 'Opin ordher! Double!' sez Crook. 'Blow, child, blow for the honor av the British Arrmy!'

"That bhoy blew like a typhoon, an' the Tyrone an' we opined out as the Paythans broke, an' I saw that fwhat had gone before wud be kissin' an' huggin' to fwhat was to come. We'd dhruv thim into a broad part av the gut whin they gave, an' thin we opined out an' fair danced down the valley, dhrivin' thim before us. Oh, 'twas lovely, an' stiddy, too! There was the Sargints on the flanks av what was left av us, kapin' touch, an' the fire was runnin' from flank to flank, an' the Paythans was dhroppin'. We opined out wid the widenin' av the valley, an' whin the valley narrowed we closed again like the shticks on a lady's fan, an' at the far ind av the gut where they thried to stand, we fair blew them off their feet, for we had expinded very little ammunition by reason av the knife work."

"Hi used thirty rounds goin' down that valley," said Ortheris, "an' it was gentleman's work. Might 'a' done it in a white 'andkerchief an' pink silk stockin's, that part. Hi was on in that piece."

"You could ha' heard the Tyrone yellin' a mile away," said Mulvaney, "an' 'twas all their Sargints cud do to get thim off. They was mad — mad — mad! Crook sits down in the quiet that fell whin he had gone down the valley, an' covers his face wid his hands. Prisintly we all came back again accordin' to our natures and disposishins, for they, mark you, show through the hide av a man in that hour.

"'Bhoys! bhoys!' sez Crook to himself. 'I misdoubt we could ha' engaged at long range an' saved betther men than me.' He looked at our dead an' said no more.

"'Captain dear,' sez a man av the Tyrone, comin' up wid his mouth bigger than iver his mother kissed ut, spittin' blood like a whale; 'Captain dear,' sez he, 'if wan or two in the shtalls have been discommoded, the gallery have enjoyed the performances av a Roshus.'

"Thin I knew that man for the Dublin dockrat he was — wan av the bhoys that made the lessee av Silver's Theater gray before his time wid tearin' out the bowils av the benches an' t'rowin' thim into the pit. So I passed the wurrud that I knew when I was in the Tyrone an' we lay in Dublin. 'I don't know who 'twas,' I whispers, 'an' I don't care, but anyways I'll knock the face av you, Tim Kelly.'

"'Eyah!' sez the man, 'was you there too? We'll call ut Silver's Theater.' Half the Tyrone, knowin' the ould place, tuk ut up: so we called ut Silver's Theater.

"The little orf'cer bhoy av the Tyrone was thrimblin' an' cryin'. He had no heart for the Coort Martials that he talked so big upon. 'Ye'll do well later,' sez Crook, very quiet, 'for not bein' allowed to kill yourself for amusement.'

"'I'm a dishgraced man!' sez the little orf'cer bhoy.

"'Put me undher arrest, Sorr, if you will, but, by my sowl, I'd do it again sooner than face your mother wid you dead,' sez the Sargint that had sat on his head, standin' to attention an' salutin'. But the young wan only cried as tho' his little heart was breakin'.

"Thin another man av the Tyrone came up, wid the fog av fightin' on him."

"The what, Mulvaney?"

"Fog av fightin'. You know, Sorr, that, like makin' love, ut takes each man diff'rint. Now I can't help bein' powerful sick whin I'm in action. Orth'ris, here, niver stops swearin' from ind to ind, an' the only time that Learoyd opins his mouth to sing is whin he is messin' wid other people's heads; for he's a dhirty fighter is Jock Learoyd. Recruities sometimes cry, an' sometimes they don't know fwhat they do, an' sometime they are all for cuttin' throats an' such like dirtiness; but some men get heavy-dead-dhrunk on the fightin'. This man was. He was staggerin', an' his eyes were half shut, an' we cud hear him dhraw breath twinty yards away. He sees the little orf'cer bhoy, an' comes up, talkin' thick an' drowsy to himsilf. 'Blood the young whelp!' he sez; 'blood the young whelp;' an' wid that he threw up his arms, shpun roun', an' dropped at our feet, dead as a Paythan, an' there was never sign or scratch on him. They said 'twas his heart was rotten, but oh, 'twas a quare thing to see!

"Thin we wint to bury our dead, for we wud not lave thim to the Paythans, an' in movin' among the haythen we nearly lost that little orf'cer bhoy. He was for givin' wan divil wather and layin' him aisy against a rock. 'Be careful, Sorr,' sez I; 'a wounded Paythan's worse than a live wan.' My troth, before the words was out of my mouth, the man on the ground fires at the orf'cer bhoy lanin' over him, an' I saw the helmit fly. I dropped the butt on the face av the man an' tuk his pistol. The little orf'cer bhoy turned very white, for the hair av half his head was singed away.

"'I tould you so, Sorr!' sez I; an', afther that, whin he wanted to help a Paythan I stud wid the muzzle contagious to the ear. They dare not do anythin' but curse. The Tyrone was growlin' like dogs over a bone that has been taken away too soon, for they had seen their dead, an' they wanted to kill ivry sowl on the ground. Crook tould thim that he'd blow the hide off any man that misconducted himself; but, seeing that ut was the first time the Tyrone had iver seen their dead, I do not wondher they were on the sharp. 'Tis a shameful sight! Whin I first saw ut I wud niver ha' given quarter to any man north of the Khaibar — no, nor woman either, for the women used to come out afther dhark — Auggrh!

"Well, evenshually we buried our dead an' tuk away our wounded, an' come over the brow av the hills to see the Scotchies an' the Gurkys taking tay with the Paythans in bucketsfuls.

We were a gang av dissolute ruffians, for the blood had caked the dust, an' the sweat had cut the cake, an' our bay'nits was hangin' like butchers' steel betune our legs, an' most av us were marked one way or another.

"A Staff Orf'cer man, clean as a new rifle, rides up an' sez: —'What damned scarecrows are you?'

"'A comp'ny av Her Majesty's Black Tyrone an' wan av the Ould Rig'mint,' sez Crook, very quiet, givin' our visitors the flure as 'twas.

"'Oh!' sez the Staff Orf'cer; 'did you dislodge that Reserve?'

"'No!' sez Crook, an' the Tyrone laughed.

"'Thin fwhat the divil have ye done?'

"'Distroyed ut,' sez Crook, an' he took us on, but not before Toomey that was in the Tyrone sez aloud, his voice somewhere in his stummick: —'Fwhat in the name av misfortune does this parrit widout a tail mane by shtoppin' the road av his betthers?'

"The Staff Orf'cer wint blue, an' Toomey makes him pink by changin' to the voice av a minowderin' woman an' sayin': — 'Come an' kiss me, Major dear, for me husband's at the wars, an' I'm all alone at the Depot.'

"The Staff Orf'cer wint away, an' I cud see Crook's shoulthers shakin'.

"His Corp'ril checks Toomey. 'Lave me alone,' sez Toomey, widout a wink. 'I was his bâtman before he was married an' he knows fwhat I mane, av you don't. There's nothin' like livin' in the hoight of society.' D'you remimber that, Orth'ris?"

"Hi do. Toomey, 'e died in 'orspital, next week it was, 'cause I bought 'arf his kit; an' I remember after that" —

"GUARRD, TURN OUT!"

The Relief had come; it was four o'clock. "I'll catch a kyart for you, Sorr," said Mulvaney, diving hastily into his accouterments. "Come up to the top av the Fort an' we'll pershue our invistigations into McGrath's shtable." The relieved Guard strolled round the main bastion on its way to the swimming-bath, and Learoyd grew almost talkative. Ortheris looked into the Fort ditch and across the plain. "Ho! it's weary waitin' for Ma-ary!" he hummed; "but I'd like to kill some more bloomin' Paythans before my time's up. War! Bloody war! North, East, South, and West."

"Amen," said Learoyd slowly.

"Fwhat's here?" said Mulvaney, checking at a blur of white by the foot of the old sentry-box. He stooped and touched it. "It's Norah — Norah McTaggart! Why, Nonie darlin', fwhat are ye doin' out av your mother's bed at this time?"

The two-year-old child of Sergeant McTaggart must have wandered for a breath of cool air to the very verge of the parapet of the Fort ditch. Her tiny night-shift was gathered into a wisp round her neck and she moaned in her sleep. "See there!" said Mulvaney; "poor lamb! Look at the heat-rash on the innocint skin av her. 'Tis hard — crool hard even for us. Fwhat must it be for these? Wake up, Nonie, your mother will be woild about you. Begad, the child might ha' fallen into the ditch!"

He picked her up in the growing light and set her on his shoulder, and her fair curls touched the grizzled stubble of his temples. Ortheris and Learoyd followed snapping their fingers, while Norah smiled at them a sleepy smile. Then caroled Mulvaney, clear as a lark, dancing the baby on his arm, —

"If any young man should marry you,
Say nothin' about the joke;
That iver ye slep' in a sinthry-box,
Wrapped up in a soldier's cloak."

"Though, on my sowl, Nonie," he said gravely, "there was not much cloak about you. Niver mind, you won't dhress like this ten years to come. Kiss your friends an' run along to your mother."

Nonie, set down close to the Married Quarters, nodded with the quiet obedience of the soldier's child, but, ere she pattered off over the flagged path, held up her lips to be kissed by the Three Musketeers. Ortheris wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and swore sentimentally; Learoyd turned pink; and the two walked away together. The Yorkshireman lifted up his voice and gave in thunder the chorus of *The Sentry Box*, while Ortheris piped at his side.

"'Bin to a bloomin' sing-song, you two?" said the Artilleryman, who was taking his cartridge down to the Morning Gun. "You're over merry for these dashed days."

"I bid ye take care o' the brat, said he,
For it comes of a noble race,"

bellowed Learoyd. The voices died out in the swimming-bath.

"Oh, Terence!" I said, dropping into Mulvaney's speech, when we were alone, "it's you that have the Tongue!"

He looked at me wearily; his eyes were sunk in his head, and his face was drawn and white. "Eyah!" said he; "I've blandandhered thim through the night somehow, but can thim that helps others help thimselves? Answer me that, Sorr!"

And over the bastions of Fort Amara broke the pitiless day.

PRELUDE.

(From "Departmental Ditties.")

I HAVE eaten your bread and salt,
  I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
  And the lives that ye led were mine.

Was there aught that I did not share
  In vigil or toil or ease,
One joy or woe that I did not know,
  Dear hearts across the seas?

I have written the tale of our life
  For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise — but ye are wise,
  And ye know what the jest is worth.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

WE are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
  India's prehistoric clay;
Whoso drew the longest bow,
Ran his brother down, you know,
  As we run men down to-day.
"Dowb," the first of all his race,
Met the Mammoth face to face
  On the lake or in the cave,
Stole the steadiest canoe,
Ate the quarry others slew,
  Died — and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer-bone,
Someone made the sketch his own,
  Filched it from the artist — then,

Even in those early days,
Won a simple Viceroy's praise
  Through the toil of other men.

Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage
Favoritism governed kissage,
Even as it does in this age.

Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
  Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
  On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians?

Thus, the artless songs I sing
Do not deal with anything
  New or never said before.
As it was in the beginning,
Is to-day official sinning,
  And shall be for evermore.

DANNY DEEVER.

(From "Barrack-Room Ballads.")

"WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Color-Sergeant said.
  For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can 'ear the Dead March play,
  The regiment's in 'ollow square — they're hangin' him to-day;
  They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,
  An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" said Files-on-Parade.
"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the Color-Sergeant said.
  They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,
  They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;
  An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin', shootin' hound —
  O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.
"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Color-Sergeant said.
"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.
"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color-Sergeant said.
They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin' — you must look 'im in the face;
Nine 'undred of 'is country an' the regiment's disgrace,
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Color-Sergeant said.
"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color-Sergeant said.
For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quick-step play,
The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"TOMMY."

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no redcoats here."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I:
O it's Tommy this, and Tommy that, an' "Tommy go away";
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play,
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.

I went into a theater as sober as could be,
They give a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls.
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy wait outside";
But it's "Special train for Atkins," when the trooper's on the tide,
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, etc.

O makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;

An' hustlin' drunken sodgers when they're goin' large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.
Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes," when the drums begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll, my boys, etc.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints.
While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy fall be'ind";
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the wind,
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, etc.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face
The Widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Savior of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
An' Tommy aint a bloomin' fool — you bet that Tommy sees!

"FUZZY WUZZY."

(SOUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.)

WE'VE fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at Sua*kim*,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Sowdan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
We gives you your certifikit, an' if you want it signed,
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
  The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman guv us Irriwaddy chills,
  An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:
But all we ever got from such as they
  Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
  But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
    Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis and the kid;
    Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.
    We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;
    But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you bruk the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
  'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
  In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:
When 'e's 'oppin in an' out among the bush
  With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel spear,
A 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
  Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.
    So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which is no more,
    If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore;
    But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair,
    For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
  An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
  An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
  'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't care a damn
  For the Regiment o' British Infantree.
    So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Sowdan;
    You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
    An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air —
    You big black boundin' beggar — for you bruk a British square.

SOLDIER, SOLDIER.

"SOLDIER, soldier come from the wars,
  Why don't you march with my true love?"

"We're fresh from off the ship, an' 'e's maybe give the slip,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."
New love! True love!
Best go look for a new love,
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better dry your eyes,
An' you'd best go look for a new love.

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
What did you see o' my true love?"
"I see 'im serve the Queen in a suit o' rifle green,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Did ye see no more o' my true love?"
"I see 'im runnin' by when the shots begun to fly —
But you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Did aught take 'arm to my true love?"
"I couldn't see the fight, for the smoke it lay so white —
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
I'll up an' tend to my true love!"
"'E's lying on the dead with a bullet through 'is 'ead,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
I'll lie down an' die with my true love!"
"The pit we dug 'll 'ide 'im an' twenty men beside 'im —
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Do you bring no sign from my true love?"
"I bring a lock of 'air that 'e allus used to wear,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
O then I know it's true I've lost my true love!"
"An' I tell you truth again — when you've lost the feel o' pain
You'd best take me for your true love."
True love! New love!
Best take 'im for a new love.
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better dry your eyes,
An' you'd best take 'im for your true love.

The Sons of the Widow.

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?
She 'as ships on the foam — she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red.
(Ow, poor beggars in red!)
There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses,
There's 'er mark on the medical stores —
An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind
That takes us to various wars.
(Poor beggars! — barbarious wars!)
Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,
An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns,
The men an' the 'orses what makes up the forces
O' Misses Victorier's sons.
(Poor beggars! — Victorier's sons!)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' creation she owns:
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars! — it's blue with our bones!)
Hands off o' the sons of the Widow,
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,
For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors frown
When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop!"
(Poor beggars! — we're sent to say "Stop!")
Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,
From the Pole to the Tropics it runs —
To the Lodge that we tile with the rank an' the file,
An' open in forms with the guns.
(Poor beggars! — it's always them guns!)

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor,
It's safest to let 'er alone;
For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land
Wherever the bugles are blown.
(Poor beggars! — an' don't we get blown!)
Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead,
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.
(Poor beggars! — it's 'ot over'ead!)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,
Wherever, 'owever they roam.
'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require,
A speedy return to their 'ome.
(Poor beggars! — they'll never see 'ome!)

Troopin'.

(Our Army in the East.)

Troopin', troopin', troopin' to the sea:
'Ere's September come again — the six-year men are free.
O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come away
To where the ship's a-coalin' up that takes us 'ome to-day.
We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,
Our ship is *at* the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.
Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary-Anne,
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit
As a time-expired man.

The *Malabar* in 'arbor with the *Jumner* at 'er tail,
An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders for to sail.
O the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we lay,
But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders 'ome to-day.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold an' wet an' rain,
All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not complain;
They'll kill us of pneumonia — for that's their little way —
But damn the chills and fever, men, we're goin' 'ome to-day!

Troopin', troopin' — winter's round again!
See the new draf's pourin' in for the old campaign;
Ho, you poor recruities, but you've got to earn your pay —
What's the last from Lunnon, lads? We're goin' there to-day.

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer —
'Ere's to English women an' a quart of English beer;
The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who've got to stay,
Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle — Whoop! we're goin' 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,
Our ship is *at* the shore,
An' you must pack your 'aversack,
For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,
My lovely Mary-Anne,
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit
As a time-expired man.

Recessional.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe, —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law, —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard, —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not thee to guard, —
For frantic boasts and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
Amen.

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock, a German poet, born at Quedlinburg, Prussia, July 2, 1724; died at Hamburg, March 14, 1803. At an early age, he conceived the idea of writing an epic poem on the story of Henry the Fowler. He entered the University of Jena, where he studied until 1745, and his enthusiasm took a religious turn, and he chose "The Messiah" as the theme of his proposed epic. In 1746 he went to Leipsic, where a literary association had been gathered together, the aim of which was an entire renovation of the form and spirit of German poetry. The first three cantos of Klopstock's "Messiah" were published in the *Literarische Zeitung* in 1748, the last part as late as 1773. In 1750 the Danish Prime-Minister invited him to Copenhagen, offering him a pension of $300, so that he might be able to devote himself wholly to the composition of his epic. He was received at Copenhagen with marked distinction; became a favorite of the King, by whom he was employed in honorable official posts, ending in 1771 with that of Councilor of the Danish Legation at Hamburg. His funeral was celebrated with a pomp almost regal.

Of Klopstock's works the more important are "The Messiah," "The Death of Adam," "Solomon," and "David."

Ode to God.

Thou Jehovah
Art named, but I am dust of dust.
Dust, yet eternal: for the immortal Soul
Thou gaved'st me, gaved'st Thou for eternity;
Breathed'st into her, to form thy maze,
Sublime desires for peace and bliss,
A thronging host! but one more beautiful
Than all the rest, is as the Queen of all,
Of Thee the last, divinest image,
The fairest, most attractive — Love!
Thou feelest it, though, as the Eternal One,
It feel, rejoicing, the high angels whom
Thou mad'st celestial — Thy last image,
The fairest and divinest Love!
Deep within Adam's heart Thou planted'st it,

In his idea of perfection made,
  For him to create, to him thou broughtest
  The Mother of the Human Race.
Deep also in my heart thou planted'st:
In my idea of perfection made,
  For me create, from me Thou leadest
  Her whom my soul entirely loves.
Toward her my soul is all outshed in tears —
My full soul weeps, to stream itself away
  Wholly in tears! From me Thou leadest
  Her whom I love, O God! from me —
For so Thy destiny, invisibly,
Ever in darkness works — far, far away
  From my fond arms in vain extended —
  But not away from my sad heart!
And yet Thou knowest why Thou didst conceive,
And to reality creating, call
  Souls so susceptible of feeling,
  And for each other fitted so.
Thou knowest, Creator! But Thy destiny
Those souls — thus born for each other — parts:
  High destiny impenetrable —
  How dark, yet how adorable!
But Life, when with Eternity compared,
Is like the swift breath by the dying breathed,
  The last breath, wherewith flees the spirit
  That aye to endless life aspired.
What once was labyrinth in glory melts
Away — and destiny is then no more.
  Ah, then, with rapturous rebeholding,
  Thou givest soul to soul again!
Thought of the Soul and of Eternity,
Worthy and meet to sooth the saddest pain:
  My soul conceives it in its greatness;
  But, Oh, I feel too much the life
That here I live! Like immortality,
What seemed a breath fearfully wide extends!
  I see, I see my bosom's anguish
  In boundless darkness magnified.
God! let this life pass like a fleeting breath!
Ah, no! But her, who seems designed for me,
  Give — easy for Thee to accord me —
  Give to my trembling, tearful heart!
The pleasing awe that thrills me, meeting her!
The suppressed stammer of the dying soul,

That has no words to say its feelings
And save by tears is wholly mute!
Give her unto my arms, which, innocent
In childhood, oft to Thee in heaven,
When with the fervor of devotion
I prayed of Thee eternal peace!
With the same effort dost Thou grant and take
From the poor worm, whose hours are centuries,
This brief felicity — the worm, man,
Who blooms his season, droops and dies
By her beloved, I beautiful and blest
Will Virtue call, and on her heavenly form
With fixèd eye will gaze, and only
Own that for peace and happiness
Which she prescribes for me. But, Holier One,
Thee, too, who dwell'st afar in higher state
Than human virtue — Thee I'll honor,
Only by God observed, more pure.
By her beloved, will I more zealously,
Rejoicing, meet before Thee, and pour forth
My fuller heart, Eternal Father,
In hallelujas ferventer.
Then, when she with me, she Thine exalted praise
Weeps up to heaven in prayer, with eyes that swim
In ecstasy, shall I already
With her that higher life enjoy.
The song of the Messiah, in her arms
Quaffing enjoyment pure, I nobler may
Sing to the Good, who love as deeply
And, being Christians, feel as we!

From "The Messiah."

Seven times the thunder's stroke had rent the veil
When now the voice of God in gentle tone
Was heard descending: "God is Love," it spoke
"Love, ere the worlds or their inhabitants
To life were called. In the accomplishment
Of this, my most mysterious, highest act,
Love am I still. Angels, ye shall behold
The death of earth's great Judge, the eternal Son;
And ye shall learn to know the Deity,
With adoration new to invoke his name.
Should not his arm uphold ye, at the sight

Of that dread day in terror ye would fade;
For finite are your forms!" The voice now ceased.
Their holy hands the admiring angels clasped
In silent awe. A sign the Almighty made,
And in the face divine, Eloa read
The mandate given. To the celestial host
He cried, "Lift up your eyes to the Most High,
Ye chosen, favored children! Ye have longed
(God is your witness) to behold this day
Of his Messiah, this atoning day!
Shout, then, ye cherubim! behold your God;
The First and Last, the great Jehovah, deigns
To meet your wish. Yon seraph, messenger
From the eternal Son on your behalf,
Is to the altar sent. Had ye not been
Permitted thus to view the wondrous work
Of man's redemption, secret it had passed
In solitary, silent mystery.
But now, while sons of earth shall joyful sing
This day throughout eternity, our voice
In shouts shall join their chorus. With glad eye
Of piercing vision shall we contemplate
This mystery of atonement; clearer far
Shall we perceive it than the weeping band,
Who, though in error clouded, faithful still
Surround their Savior. Ah, what shall befall
His hardened persecutors! From life's book
Their names have long been blotted. Light divine
Jehovah grants alone to his redeemed;
No more with tears shall they behold the blood
For their atonement shed, but see its stream
Merge in the ocean of immortal life.
Oh, then in the soft lap of peace consoled,
The festival of light, and endless rest,
Triumphant shall they celebrate! Ye hosts
Of seraphim, and ye blest ransomed souls
Of righteous patriarchs, the jubilee,
The Sabbath of eternity, draws near!
Race after race of man shall thronging join
Your happy numbers, till, the reckoning filled,
The final doom pronounced, with glorious forms
All shall anew be clothed, and jointly taste
One universal bliss! Now, angels, haste!
Bid the seraphic guardians, who by God
To rule the spheres are stationed, straight prepare

CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM
("The Messiah")

From a Painting by Gustave Doré

To solemnize the great mysterious day!
Ye patriarchs, from whom the Savior draws
His mortal lineage, to that sun repair
Which lights redemption's theater! From thence
Ye may your great Redeemer view! A day
Jehovah sanctifies; a holy day
Greater than that which by your festal songs,
Ye mighty seraphim, was solemnized,
When, from creation pausing, God proclaimed
His primal Sabbath. Then, full well ye know,
Angelic powers, how bright young Nature smiled,
How fresh and lovely; how the morning stars,
With you, to their Creator homage paid.
Behold, a greater work the eternal Son
Will soon accomplish! Haste then, angels, haste!
Proclaim it through creation! Lo, the day
Of the Messiah's free obedience comes,
The Sabbath of the eternal covenant!"
  Eloa ceased. All Heaven in silence heard, —
Their eyes uplifted toward the sanctuary.
To Gabriel then a sign the Almighty made,
And swift the seraph to the throne advanced,
And secret charge received to bear behest
To Uriel, the sun's regent, and to those
Who o'er the earth bear rule, of high import,
Touching the Savior's death. Their golden seats
Meantime the high seraphic powers now left,
By Gabriel followed. Ere he yet approached
The mystic altar of the earth, his ear
Caught the deep murmured sighs, which low were breathed,
In fervent wishes for the expected hour
Of man's salvation. There distinct arose
The voice of Adam, who through ages wept
His hapless fall. This was the altar seen
By him in Patmos, the high-favored seer
Of the new covenant: thence he heard the voice
Of martyred saints descend, whose plaintive cries
Mourned the delay of vengeance. Toward this spot
Gabriel advanced; when swift the first of men,
Eager to meet the coming seraph, flew.
A form impalpable of luster clear
Enveloped Adam's spirit, beautiful
As that fair thought which the creative mind
In model imaged for the form of Man,
When, from the sacred earth of Paradise,

Fresh from his Maker's hand, youthful he sprung.
  With radiant smile, which o'er his beaming brow
Celestial light diffused, Adam drew near,
And earnest spoke. "Hail, gracious messenger!
While I thy lofty mission heard, my soul
In joy was rapt. May I then view the form
Of manhood by the Savior worn, that form
Of mercy, in whose meek disguise he deigns
My fallen race to save! Show me the trace,
O seraph, of my Savior's earthly path:
My eye with awe shall view the distant track.
But may the first of sinners tread the spot
Whence the Messiah raised his face to heaven
And swore to ransom man? Maternal earth,
How do I sigh once more to visit thee!
I, thy first habitant! Thy barren fields
By God's dread curse defaced, where now in garb
Of frail mortality, such earthly frame
As in the dust I left, the Savior walks,
Would lovelier meet mine eyes than thy bright plains,
Thou long-lost Paradise!" Adam here paused.
To whom the seraph: "I will speak thy wish
To the Redeemer: should his will divine
Grant thy petition, he will summon thee
His lowliest humiliation to behold."
  Now had the angelic host all quitted heaven,
Spreading to distant spheres their separate flight.
Gabriel alone descended to the earth,
Which by the neighboring stars, as each rolled by
Its splendid orb, was hailed with joyful shouts.
The salutations glad reached Gabriel's ear
In silver tones: — "Queen of the scattered worlds
Object of universal gaze! Bright spot,
Again selected for the theater
Of God's high presence! Blest spectatress thou
Of his Messiah's work of mystery!"
Thus sung the spheres; and through the concave vast
Angelic voices echoed back the sounds.
Gabriel exulting heard, and swift in flight
Reached earth's dim surface. O'er her silent vales
Refreshing coolness and deep slumber hung
Yet undisturbed; dark clouds of mist still lay
Heaped heavily upon her mountain-tops.
Through the surrounding gloom Gabriel advanced
In search of the Redeemer. Deep within

A narrow cleft which rent the forked height
Of sacred Olivet, oppressed by thought
The Savior sleeping lay; a jutting rock
His resting-place. With reverence Gabriel viewed
His tranquil slumber, and in wonder gazed
On that hid majesty which man's frail form,
By union with the Godhead, had acquired.
Still on the Savior's face the traces beamed
Of grace and love; the smile of mercy there
Still lingered visible; still in his eye
A tear of pity hung. But faintly showed
Those outward tokens of his soul, now sunk
In sleep profound. So lies the blooming earth
In eve's soft twilight veiled; her beauteous face,
Scarce recognized, so meets the inquiring eye
Of some close-hovering seraph, while aloft
In the yet lonely sky, the evening star
Shoots her pale radiance, calling from his bower
The contemplative sage. After long pause,
Gabriel thus softly cried: — "O Thou, whose eye
Omniscient searches heaven! who hear'st my words,
Though wrapped in sleep thy mortal body lies!
I have fulfilled thy mission. While my course
Returning I pursued, a fervent prayer
Adam implored me to convey. Thy face,
O gracious Savior, he on earth would see!
Now must I hasten, by Jehovah sent
On glorious ministration. Be ye hushed,
All living creatures! Every moment's space
Of this swift-flying time, while here yet lies
The world's Creator, dearer must ye deem
Than ages passed in duteous zeal for man.
Be still, ye whispering winds, as o'er this hill
Of lonely graves ye sweep, or sighing breathe
Your gentlest melodies! Descend, ye clouds,
And o'er these shades drop coolness and repose,
Deep and refreshing! Wave not your dark heads,
Ye tufted cedars! Cease, ye rustling groves,
While your Creator sleeps!" The seraph's voice
In whispers low now sunk; and swift he flew
To join th' assembled watchers, who, with him
(The faithful ministers of God's high will)
Governed with delegated rule the earth.
Thither he hastened to proclaim the approach
Of man's atonement by his Savior paid.

THE KORAN.

Koran, the well-known sacred book of the Mohammedans. The word is variously written Coran, Kur'an, Qur'ân, or with the article, Alcoran, Al-Koran, El-Qur'ân. It is derived from a word meaning to chant, to recite, or to read aloud, especially as an act of Divine service.

The Koran is perhaps the most widely read book in the world. It is the text-book in all Mohammedan schools. All Moslems know large parts of it by heart. Devout Moslems read it through once a month. Portions of it are recited in the five daily prayers, and the recitation of the whole book is a meritorious work frequently performed at solemn or festival anniversaries. What Arabic science there is, has the Koran as its object; and the ambition of every devout Moslem student is to apprehend the divine philosophy which it is supposed to contain.

Selections from the Koran.

(From "The Sacred Books of the East.")

THE OPENING CHAPTER.

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

Praise belongs to God, the Lord of the worlds, the merciful, the compassionate, the ruler of the Day of Judgment! Thee we serve, and thee we ask for aid. Guide us in the right path, the path of those thou art gracious to; not of those thou art wroth with, nor of those who err.

THE CHAPTER OF THE NIGHT.

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.
By the night when it veils!
And the day when it is displayed!
And by what created male and female!
Verily, your efforts are diverse!
But as for him who gives alms and fears God,
And believes in the best,

We will send him easily to ease!
But as for him who is niggardly,
And longs for wealth,
And calls the good a lie,
We will send him easily to difficulty!
And his wealth shall not avail him
When he falls down [into hell]!
Verily it is for us to guide;
And verily, ours are the hereafter and the former life!
And I have warned you of a fire that flames!

None shall broil thereon but the most wretched, who says it is a lie and turns his back.

But the pious shall be kept away from it — he who gives his wealth in alms, and who gives no favor to any one for the sake of reward, but only craving the face of his Lord the most High; in the end he shall be well pleased!

THE CHAPTER OF THE DAWN.

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.
By the dawn and ten nights!
And the single and the double!
And the night when it travels on!
Is there in that an oath for a man of common-sense?

Hast thou not seen how thy Lord did with Ad? — with Iram of the columns? the like of which has not been created in the land?

And Tharmud when they hewed the stones in the valley?

And Pharaoh of the stakes?

Who were outrageous in the land, and did multiply wickedness therein, and thy Lord poured out upon them the scourge of torment.

Verily, thy Lord is on a watch-tower! and as for man, whenever his Lord tries him and honors him and grants him favor, then he says, "My Lord has honored me;" but whenever he tries him and doles out to him his subsistence, then he says, "My Lord despises me!"

Nay, but ye do not honor the orphan, nor do ye urge each other to feed the poor, and ye devour the inheritance [of the weak] with a general devouring, and ye love wealth with a complete love!

Nay, when the earth is crushed to pieces, and thy Lord comes with the angels, rank on rank, and hell is brought on that day, — on that day shall man be reminded! but how shall he have a reminder?

He will say, "Would that I had something forward for my life!"

But on that day no one shall be tormented with a torment like his, and no one shall be bound with bonds like his!

O thou comforted soul! return unto thy Lord well pleased and well pleased with!

And enter amongst my servants and enter my Paradise!

THE CHAPTER OF THE MOST HIGH.

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

Celebrate the name of thy Lord most High, who created and fashioned, and who decreed and guided, and who brings forth the pasture, and then makes it dusky stubble!

We shall make thee recite, and thou shalt not forget, save what God pleases. Verily, he knows the open and what is concealed; and we will send thee easily to ease: wherefore remind, for verily the reminder is useful.

But he who fears will be mindful: but the wretch will avoid it; he will broil on the great fire, and then therein shall neither die nor live!

Prosperous is he who purifies himself and remembers the name of his Lord and prays!

Nay, but yet prefer the life of this world, while the hereafter is better and more lasting.

Verily, this was in the books of yore, — the books of Abraham and Moses.

THE CHAPTER OF THE ZODIACAL SIGNS.

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

By the heaven with its zodiacal signs!

And the promised day!

And the witness and the witnessed!

The fellows of the pit were slain;

And the fire with its kindling,

When they sat over it

And witnessed, that while, what they were doing with those who believed.

And they took not vengeance on them save for their belief in God, the mighty, the praiseworthy,

Who is the kingdoms of the heavens and the earth;
For God is witness over all!

Verily, those who make trial of the believers, men and women, and do not repent, for them is the torment of hell, and for them is the torment of the burning!

Verily, those who believe and act aright, for them are gardens beneath which rivers flow, — that is the great bliss!

Verily, the violence of thy Lord is keen!

Verily, he produces and returns, and he is the forgiving, the loving, the Lord of the glorious throne; the doer of what he will!

Has there come to thee the story of the hosts of Pharaoh and Tharmud?

Nay, those who misbelieve do say it is a lie; but God is behind them — encompassing!

Nay, it is a glorious Qur'an in a preserved tablet.

THE CHAPTER OF THE CLEAVING ASUNDER.

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.
When the heaven is cleft asunder,
And when the stars are scattered,
And when the seas gush together,
And when the tombs are turned upside down,
The soul shall know what it has sent on or kept back!

O man! what has seduced thee concerning thy generous Lord, who created thee and fashioned thee, and gave thee symmetry, and in what form he pleased composed thee?

Nay, but ye call the judgment a lie! but over you are guardians set, — noble, writing down! they know what ye do!

Verily, the righteous are in pleasure, and verily, the wicked are in hell: they shall broil therein upon the Judgment Day; nor shall they be absent therefrom!

And what shall make thee know what is Judgment Day? Again, what shall make thee know what is the Judgment Day? a day when no soul shall control aught for another; and the bidding on that day belongs to God!

THE CHAPTER OF THOSE SENT.

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.
By those sent in a series!
And by those who speed swiftly!

And by the dispensers abroad!

And by the separators apart!

And by those who instill the reminder, as an excuse or warning!

Verily, what ye are threatened with will surely happen!

And when the stars shall be erased!

And when the heaven shall be cleft!

And when the mountains be winnowed!

And when the Apostles shall have a time appointed for them!

For what day is the appointment made?

For the day of decision! and what shall make thee know what the decision is?

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

Have we not destroyed those of yore, and then followed them up with those of the latter day? Thus do we with sinners!

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

Did we not create you from contemptible water, and place it in a sure depository unto a certain decreed term? for we are able, and well able too!

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

Have we not made for them the earth to hold the living and the dead? and set thereon firm mountains reared aloft? and given you to drink water in streams?

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

Go off to that which ye did call a lie! Go off to the shadow of three columns, that shall not shade or avail against the flame!

Verily, it throws off sparks like towers, — as though they were yellow camels!

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

This is the day when they may not speak, — when they are not permitted to excuse themselves!

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

This is the day of decision! We have assembled you with those of yore: if ye have any stratagem, employ it now!

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

Verily, the pious are amid shades and springs and fruit such as they love. — "Eat and drink with good digestion, for that which ye have done!"

Verily, thus we do reward those who do well!

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

"Eat and enjoy yourselves for a little: verily, ye are sinners!"

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

And when it is said to them, Bow down, they bow not down.

Woe on that day for those who say it is a lie!

And in what new discourse after it will they believe?

THE CHAPTER OF THE GINN.

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

Say, "I have been inspired that there listened a company of the ginn, and they said, 'We have heard a marvelous Qur'an that guides to the right direction; and we believe therein, and we join no one with our Lord, for verily, he — may the majesty of our Lord be exalted! — has taken to himself no consort nor son.

"'And verily, a fool amongst us spake against God wide of the mark!

"'And we thought that men and ginn would never speak a lie against God.

"'And there are persons amongst men who seek for refuge with persons amongst the ginn; but they increase them in their perverseness. And they thought, as ye thought, that God would not raise up any one from the dead.

"'But we touched the heavens and found them filled with a mighty guard and shooting stars; and we did sit in certain seats thereof to listen; but whoso of us listens now finds a shooting star for him on guard.

"'And verily, we know not whether evil be meant for those who are in the earth, or if their Lord means right by them.

"'And of us are some who are pious, and of us are some who are otherwise: we are in separate bands.

"'And we thought that we could not frustrate God in the earth, and could not frustrate him by flight.

"'But verily, when we heard the guidance we believed therein, and he who believes in his Lord shall fear neither diminution nor loss.

"'And verily, of us are some who are Muslims, and of us some are trespassers: but those of us who are Muslims, they strive after right direction; and as for the trespassers, they are fuel for hell.

"'And if they will go right upon the way, we will irrigate them with copious water to try them thereby; and whoso turns from the remembrance of his Lord, He will drive him to severe torment.'"

And [say] that the mosques are God's, and that ye should not call anyone with God, and that when God's servant stood up to pray, they called out to him and well-nigh crowded upon him. Say, "I only call upon my Lord, and I join no one with him."

Say, "Verily, I cannot control for you either harm or right direction."

Say, "Verily, as for me none can protect me against God, nor do I find any refuge beside him, — except delivering the message from God and his errands; and whoso rebels against God and his Apostle, verily for him is the fire of hell for them to dwell therein for ever and for aye!"

Until when they see what they are threatened with, then shall they surely know who is most weak at helping and fewest in numbers!

Say, "I know not if what ye are threatened with be nigh, or if my Lord will set it for a term. He knows the unseen, and he lets no one know his unseen save such people as he is well pleased with; for verily, he sends marching before him and behind him a guard!" That he may know that they have delivered the errands of the Lord; for he compasses what they have, and reckons everything by number.

THE CHAPTER OF THE KINGDOM.

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

Blessed be he in whose hand is the kingdom, for he is mighty over all!

Who created death and life, to try you, which of you does best; for he is the mighty, the forgiving!

Who created seven heavens in stories: thou canst not see any discordance in the creation of the Merciful!

Why, look again! canst thou see a flaw? Then look twice! — thy look shall return to thee driven back and dulled!

And we have adorned the lower heaven with lamps, and set them to pelt the devils with; and we have prepared for them the torment of the blaze!

And for those who disbelieve in their Lord is the torment of hell, and an evil journey shall it be!

When they shall be cast therein they shall hear its braying as it boils — it will well-nigh burst for rage!

Whenever a troop of them is thrown in, its treasurers shall ask them, "Did not a warner come to you?"

They shall say, "Yea! a warner came to us, and we called him a liar, and said, 'God has not sent down aught: ye are but in great error.'"

And they shall say, "Had we but listened or had sense, we had not been amongst the fellows of the blaze!"

And they will confess their sins; but "Avaunt to the fellows of the blaze!"

Verily, those who fear their Lord in secret, for them is forgiveness and great hire!

Speak ye secretly or openly, verily, he knows the nature of men's breasts!

Ay! He knows who created! for he is the subtle, the well-aware!

He it is who made the earth flat for you: so walk in the spacious sides thereof and eat of his provision; for unto him the resurrection is!

Are ye sure that he who is in heaven will not cleave the earth with you, and that it then shall quake?

Or are ye sure that he who is in heaven will not send against you a heavy sand-storm, and that ye shall know how the warning was?

But those before them did call the Apostles liars, and what a change it was!

Or have they not looked at the birds above them expanding their wings or closing them? — none holds them in except the Merciful One; for he on everything doth look.

Or who is this who will be a host for you, to help you against the Merciful? — the misbelievers are only a delusion!

Or who is this who will provide you if he hold back his provision?

Nay, but they persist in perverseness and aversion!

Is he who walks upon his face more guided than he who walks upright upon a straight path?

Say, "It is he who produced you and made for you hearing and sight and hearts," — little it is that ye give thanks.

Say, "It is he who sowed you in the earth, and unto him ye shall be gathered!"

They say, "When shall this treat be, if ye do speak the truth?"

Say, "The knowledge is only with God; and I am but a plain warner!"

And when they see it nigh, sorry shall be the faces of those who misbelieve; and it shall be said, "This is that for which you used to call!"

Say, "Have ye considered whether God destroy me and those with me, or whether we obtain mercy; yet who will protect the misbelievers from grievous torment?"

Say, "He is the Merciful; we believe in him, and upon him do we rely: and ye shall shortly know who it is that is in obvious error!"

Say, "Have ye considered if your waters on the morrow should have sunk, who is to bring you flowing water?"

THE CHAPTER OF THE ANT.

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.

T. S. Those are the signs of the Qur'an and the perspicuous Book; a guidance and glad tidings to the believers, who are steadfast at prayer, and give alms, and of the hereafter are sure: verily, those who believe not in the hereafter we have made seemly for them in works, and they shall wander blindly on! These are they who shall have an evil torment, and they in the hereafter shall be those who must lose. Verily, thou dost meet with this Qur'an from the wise, the knowing One!

When Moses said to his people, "Verily, I perceive a fire, I will bring you therefrom news; or I will bring you a burning brand: haply ye may be warned." But when he came to it, he was called to, "Blessed be he who is in the fire, and he who is about it! and celebrated be the praises of God, the Lord of the worlds! O Moses! verily I am God, the mighty wise: throw down thy staff!" and when he saw it quivering, as though it were a snake, he turned back fleeing and did not return. "O Moses! fear not: verily, as for me — apostles fear not with me; save only those who have done wrong and then substitute good for evil: for verily, I am forgiving, merciful! but put thy hand in thy bosom, it shall come forth white without hurt; — one of nine signs of Pharaoh and his people: verily, they are a people who act abominably."

And when our signs come to them visibly, they said, "This is obvious sorcery!" and they gainsaid them, though their souls made sure of them, unjustly, haughtily; but behold what was the end of the evil-doers!

And we gave David and Solomon knowledge; and they both said, "Praise belongs to God, who hath preferred us over many of his servants who believe!"

And Solomon was David's heir; and said, "O ye folk! we have been taught the speech of birds, and we have been given everything: verily, this is an obvious grace!"

And assembled for Solomon were his hosts of the ginns and men and birds, and they were marshaled; until they came upon the valley of the ants. Said an ant, "O ye ants! go into your dwellings, that Solomon and his hosts crush you not while they do not perceive."

And he smiled, laughing at her speech, and said, "O Lord! excite me to be thankful for thy favor, wherewith thou hast favored me and my parents, and to do righteousness which may please thee; and make me enter into thy mercy amongst thy righteous servants!"

And he reviewed the birds, and said, "How is it I see not the hoopoe? is he then amongst the absent? I will surely torment him with a severe torment; or I will surely slaughter him; or he shall bring me obvious authority."

And he tarried not long, and said, "I have compassed what ye compassed not; for I bring you from Seba a sure information: verily, I found a woman ruling over them, and she was given all things, and she had a mighty throne; and I found her and her people adoring the sun instead of God, for Satan had made seemly to them their works, and turned them from the path, so that they are not guided. Will they not adore God, who brings forth the secrets of the heavens, and knows what they hide and what they manifest? God, there is no god but he, the Lord of the mighty throne."

Said he, "We will see whether thou hast told the truth, or whether thou art of those who lie. Go with this my letter and throw it before them; then turn back away from them, and see what they return."

Said she, "O ye chiefs! verily, a noble letter has been thrown before me. It is from Solomon, and verily it is, 'In the name of the merciful and compassionate God. Do not rise up against me, but come to me resigned!'" She said, "O ye chiefs! pronounce sentence for me in my affair. I never decide an affair until ye testify for me."

They said, "We are endowed with strength, and endowed with keen violence: but the bidding is thine; see then what it is that thou wilt bid."

She said, "Verily, kings when they enter a city despoil it, and make mighty ones of its people the meanest; thus it is they do! So verily I am going to send them a gift, and will wait to see with what the messenger will return."

And when he came to Solomon, he said, "Do ye proffer me wealth, when what God has given me is better than what he has given you? nay, ye in your gifts rejoice! return to them, for we will surely come to them with hosts which they cannot confront; and we will surely drive them out therefrom mean and made small!"

Said he, "O chiefs! which of you will bring me her throne before they come to me resigned?"

Said a demon of the ginns, "I will bring thee it before thou canst rise up from thy place, for I therein am strong and faithful."

He who had the knowledge of the book said, "I will bring it to thee before thy glance can turn." And when he saw it settled down beside him, he said, "This is of my Lord's grace, and he may try me whether I am grateful or ungrateful; and he who is grateful is only grateful for his own soul, and he who is ungrateful — verily, my Lord is rich and generous."

Said he, "Disguise for her the throne; let us see whether she is guided, or whether she is of those who are not guided." And when she came it was said, "Was thy throne like this?" She said. "It might be it"; and we were given knowledge before her, but we were resigned.

But that which she served beside God turned her away: verily, she was of the unbelieving people. And it was said to her, "Enter the court"; and when she saw it, she reckoned it to be an abyss of water, and she uncovered her legs. Said he, "Verily, it is a court paved with glass!" Said she, "My Lord! verily, I have wronged myself, but I am resigned with Solomon to God and the Lord of the worlds!"

And we sent unto Thamud their brother Zali'h, "Serve God"; but behold, they were two parties who contended!

Said he, "O my people! why do ye hasten on evil acts before good deeds? why do ye not ask forgiveness of God? haply ye may obtain mercy." They said, "We have taken an augury concerning thee and those who are with thee." Said he, "Your augury is in God's hands; nay, but ye are a people who are tried!"

And where there were in the city nine persons who despoiled land and did not right: Said they, "Swear to each other by God, we will surely fall upon him by night and on his people; then we will surely say unto his next of kin, 'We witnessed not the destruction of his people, and we do surely tell the truth.'" And they plotted a plot, and we plotted a plot, that we destroyed them and their people altogether!

Thus are their homes overturned, for they were unjust; verily, in that is a sign to people who do know!

But we saved thus who believed and did fear.

And Lot when he said to his people, "Do ye approach an abominable sin while ye can see? do ye indeed approach men lustfully rather than women? nay, ye are a people who are ignorant." But the answer of his people was only to say, "Drive out Lot's family from your city! verily, they are a folk who would keep pure."

But we saved him and his family except his wife; her we destined to be of those who lingered; and we rained down upon them rain, and evil was the rain to those who were warned.

Say, "Praise belongs to God; and peace be upon his servants whom he has chosen! Is God best, or what they associate with him?" He who created the heavens and the earth; and sends down upon you from the heaven water: and we cause to grow therewith gardens fraught with beauty; ye could not cause the trees thereof to grow! Is there a god with God? Nay, but they are people who make peers with him! He who made the earth, settled and placed amongst it rivers; and placed upon it firm mountains; and placed between the two seas a barrier: is there a god with God? nay, but most of them know not! He who answers the distressed when he calls upon him and removes the evil; and makes you successors in the earth: is there a god with God? little is it that ye are mindful. He who guides you in the darkness of the land and of the sea; and who sends winds as glad tidings before his mercy: is there a god with God? exalted be God above what they associate with him. He who began the creation and then will make it return again; and who provides you from the heaven and the earth: is there a god with God? so bring your proofs if you do speak the truth!

Say, "None in the heavens or the earth know the unseen save only God; but they perceived not when they shall be raised!" — nay, but their knowledge attains to somewhat of the hereafter; nay, but they are in doubt concerning it! nay, but they are blind!

And those who disbelieved said, "What! when we have become dust and our fathers too, shall we indeed be brought forward? We were promised this, we and our fathers before us: this is nothing but old folks' tales!"

Say, "Journey on through the land and see how was the end of the sinners! and grieve not for them, and be not straitened at what they plot."

They say, "When shall this treat be if ye do tell the truth?" Say, "It may be that there is pressing close behind you a part of what ye would hasten on!" But verily, thy Lord is full of grace to men, but most of them will not be thankful; and verily, thy Lord knows what their breasts conceal and what they manifest; and there is no secret thing in the heaven or earth, save that it is in the perspicuous book!

Verily, this Qur'an relates to the people of Israel most of that whereon they do dispute; and verily, it is a guidance and a mercy to the believers. Verily, thy Lord decides between them by his judgment, for he is mighty, knowing. Rely thou then upon God: verily, thou art standing upon obvious truth. Verily, thou canst not make the dead hear, and thou canst not make the deaf to hear the call when they turn their back on thee; nor art thou a guide to the blind, out of their error; thou canst only make to hear such as believe in our signs, and such as are resigned.

And when the sentence falls upon them, we will bring forth a beast out of the earth that shall speak to them [and say] that "Men of our signs would not be sure."

And the day when we will gather from every nation a troop who said our signs were lies; and they shall be marshaled until they come, and he will say, "Did ye say my signs were lies, when ye had compassed no knowledge thereof? or what is it that ye were doing?" and the sentence shall fall upon them for what they did wrong, and they shall not have speech.

Did they not see that we have made the night for them to rest in, and the day to see by? Verily, in that are signs to believe who believe.

And the day when the trumpet shall be blown and all who are in the heavens and earth shall be startled, save whom God pleases! and all shall come abjectly to him. And thou shalt see the mountains which thou dost deem solid, pass away like the passing of the clouds; — the work of God who orders all things: verily, he is well aware of what ye do!

He who brings a good deed shall have better than it; and from the alarm of that day they shall be safe: but those who bring an evil deed shall be thrown down upon their faces in the fire. Shall ye be rewarded save for what ye have done?

I am bidden to serve the Lord of this country who has made it sacred, and whose are all things; and I am bidden to be of those who are resigned, and to recite the Qur'an: and he who is guided, he is only guided for himself; and he who errs, say, "I am only one of those who warn!"

And say, "Praise be to God, he will show you his signs, and ye shall recognize them; for thy Lord is not heedless of what ye do!"

Concerning Almsgiving.

If ye make your alms to appear, it is well; but if ye conceal them, and give to the poor, this will be better for you, and will atone for your sins; and God is well informed of that which ye do. The direction of them belongeth not unto thee; but God directeth whom He pleaseth. The good that ye shall give in alms shall redound unto yourselves; and ye shall not give unless out of desire of seeing the face of God. And what good things ye shall give in alms, it shall be repaid you. They who distribute alms of their substance night and day, in private and in public, shall have their reward with their Lord; on them shall no fear come, neither shall they be grieved.

Concerning Usury.

They who devour usury shall not arise from the dead, but as he ariseth whom Satan hath infected by a touch. This shall happen to them because they say, "Truly selling is but as usury"; and yet God hath permitted selling and forbidden usury. He therefore who, when there cometh unto him an admonition from his Lord, abstaineth from usury for the future, shall have what is past forgiven him; and his affair belongeth unto God. But whoever returneth to usury, they shall be the companions of hell-fire; they shall continue therein forever.

COUNT DE LABORDE.

Count Joseph Louis Alexandre de Laborde, a French writer of travels, born in Paris, Sept. 17, 1773; died there, Oct. 24, 1842. He was a soldier, accompanying Napoleon to Spain and Austria, and a politician.

The Departure for Syria.

(Le Départ 1809, pour la Syrie.)

[The music of this song, which was composed by Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III., became the national air of the French Empire.]

To Syria young Dunois will go,
  That gallant, handsome knight,
And prays the Virgin to bestow
  Her blessing on the fight.
"O Thou who reign'st in heaven above,"
  He prayed, "grant this to me:
The fairest maiden let me love,
  The bravest warrior be."

He pledges then his knightly word,
  His vow writes on the stone,
And following the count, his lord,
  To battle he has gone.
To keep his oath he ever strove,
  And sang aloud with glee,
"The fairest maid shall have my love,
  And honor mine shall be."

They kneel at Mary's altar both, —
  The maid and gallant knight, —
And there with happy hearts their troth
  Right solemnly they plight.
It was a sight all souls to move;
  And all cried joyously,
"Give honor to the brave, and love
  Shall beauty's guerdon be."

QUEEN HORTENSE AND SON

(Napoleon III.)

From a painting by Gérard

ÉDOUARD RENÉ LEFEBVRE DE LABOULAYE.

Édouard René Lefebvre de Laboulaye, a distinguished French publicist, historian, and story-writer, born in Paris, Jan. 18, 1811; died there, May 25, 1883. He began life as a type-founder, then studied law, and in 1839 published a "History of Landed Property in Europe." This was followed by an "Essay on the Life and Doctrines of De Savigny" (1840), "Researches into the Civil and Political Condition of Women" (1843), and an "Essay on the Criminal Laws of the Romans, Concerning the Responsibility of Magistrates" (1845). In 1849 he was appointed to the Chair of Comparative Legislation in the College of France. During the Second Empire he took an active part in the efforts of the Liberal party. He was an admirer of American institutions, and both before and during the War of Secession threw his influence on the side of the Union, to which he rendered good service by his work, entitled "The United States and France" (1862). Among his works not already mentioned are: "Studies upon Literary Property in France and England" (1858); "Abdallah, an Arabian Romance" (1859); "Moral and Political Studies" (1862); "The State and Its Limits" (1863); "Paris in America" (1863); "Prince Caniche" (1868). But by far his best-known works of fiction are the three series of "Blue Stories," — tales of fairies, elves, enchanters, etc., original and retold. Some of his essays on contemporary, political, and social questions have been collected and published under the titles "Contemporary Studies of Germany and the Slavic States" (1856), "Religious Liberty" (1858).

The Twelve Months.

A Bohemian Tale.

(From the "Fairy Book." Translated by Mary L. Booth.)

There was once a woman who was left a widow with two children. The elder, who was only her stepdaughter, was named Dobrunka; the younger, who was as wicked as her mother, was called Katinka. The mother worshiped her daughter, but she hated Dobrunka simply because she was as beautiful as her

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sister was ugly. Dobrunka did not even know that she was pretty, and she could not understand why her stepmother flew into a rage at the mere sight of her. The poor child was obliged to do all the work of the house; she had to sweep, cook, wash, sew, spin, weave, cut the grass, and take care of the cow, while Katinka lived like a princess, — that is to say, did nothing.

Dobrunka worked with a good will, and took reproaches and blows with the gentleness of a lamb; but nothing soothed her stepmother, for every day added to the beauty of the elder sister and the ugliness of the younger. "They are growing up," thought the mother, "and suitors will soon appear, who will refuse my daughter when they see this hateful Dobrunka, who grows beautiful on purpose to spite me. I must get rid of her, cost what it may."

One day in the middle of January, Katinka took a fancy for some violets. She called Dobrunka, and said, "Go to the forest and bring me a bunch of violets, that I may put them in my bosom and enjoy their fragrance."

"Oh, sister, what an idea!" answered Dobrunka: "as if there were any violets under the snow!"

"Hold your tongue, stupid fool," returned her sister, "and do as I bid you. If you do not go to the forest and bring me back a bunch of violets, I will beat you to a jelly." Upon this the mother took Dobrunka by the arm, put her out of the door, and drew the bolt on her.

The poor girl went to the forest weeping bitterly. Everything was covered with snow; there was not even a footpath. She lost her way and wandered about, till, famishing with hunger and perishing with cold, she entreated God to take her from this wretched life.

All at once she saw a light in the distance. She went on, climbing higher and higher, until at last she reached the top of a huge rock, upon which a great fire was built. Around the fire were twelve stones; and on each stone sat a motionless figure, wrapped in a large mantle, his head covered with a hood which fell over his eyes. Three of these mantles were white like the snow, three were green like the grass of the meadows, three were golden like the sheaves of ripe wheat, and three were purple like the grapes of the vine. These twelve figures, gazing at the fire in silence, were the Twelve Months of the year.

Dobrunka knew January by his long white beard. He was the only one that had a staff in his hand. The poor girl was terribly frightened. She drew near, saying in a timid voice, "My good sirs, please to let me warm myself by your fire: I am freezing with cold."

January nodded his head. "Why have you come here, my child?" he asked. "What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for violets," replied Dobrunka.

"This is not the season for them: there are no violets in the time of snow," said January in his gruff voice.

"I know it," replied Dobrunka sadly; "but my sister and mother will beat me to a jelly if I do not bring them some. My good sirs, please to tell me where I can find them."

Old January rose, and turning to a young man in a green mantle, put his staff in his hand, and said to him, "Brother March, this is your business."

March rose in turn, and stirred the fire with the staff, when behold! the flames rose, the snow melted, the buds put forth on the trees, the grass turned green under the bushes, the flowers peeped through the verdure, and the violets opened — it was spring.

"Make haste, my child, and gather your violets," said March.

Dobrunka gathered a large bouquet, thanked the Twelve Months, and joyfully ran home. You can imagine the astonishment of Katinka and the stepmother. The fragrance of the violets filled the whole house.

"Where did you get these fine things?" asked Katinka in a disdainful voice.

"Up yonder, on the mountain," answered her sister. "It looked like a great blue carpet under the bushes."

Katinka put the bouquet in her bosom, and did not even thank the poor child.

The next morning the wicked sister, as she sat idling by the stove, took a fancy for some strawberries. "Go to the forest and bring me some strawberries," said she to Dobrunka.

"O sister, what an idea! as if there were any strawberries under the snow!"

"Hold your tongue, stupid fool, and do as I bid you. If you don't go to the forest and bring me back a basket of strawberries, I will beat you to a jelly."

The mother took Dobrunka by the arm, put her out of the door, and drew the bolt on her.

The poor girl returned to the forest, looking with all her eyes for the light that she had seen the day before. She was fortunate enough to spy it, and she reached the fire trembling and almost frozen. The Twelve Months were in their places, motionless and silent.

"My good sirs," said Dobrunka, "please to let me warm myself by your fire: I am almost frozen with cold."

"Why have you returned?" asked January. "What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for strawberries," answered she.

"This is not the season for them," returned January in his gruff voice: "there are no strawberries under the snow."

"I know it," replied Dobrunka sadly; "but my mother and sister will beat me to a jelly if I do not bring them some. My good sirs, please to tell me where I can find them."

Old January rose, and turning to a man in a golden mantle, he put his staff in his hand, saying, "Brother June, this is your business."

June rose in turn, and stirred the fire with the staff, when behold! the flames rose, the snow melted, the earth grew green, the trees were covered with leaves, the birds sang, and the flowers opened — it was summer. Thousands of little white stars enameled the turf, then turned to red strawberries; looking, in their green cups, like rubies set in emeralds.

"Make haste, my child, and gather your strawberries," said June.

Dobrunka filled her apron, thanked the Twelve Months, and joyfully ran home. You may imagine the astonishment of Katinka and the stepmother. The fragrance of the strawberries filled the whole house.

"Where did you find these fine things?" asked Katinka in a disdainful voice.

"Up yonder on the mountain," answered her sister; "there were so many of them that they looked like blood poured on the ground."

Katinka and her mother devoured the strawberries without even thanking the poor child.

The third day the wicked sister took a fancy for some red apples. The same threats, the same insults, and the same violence followed. Dobrunka ran to the mountain, and was fortunate enough to find the Twelve Months warming themselves, motionless and silent.

"You here again, my child?" said old January, making room for her by the fire. Dobrunka told him with tears how, if she did not bring home some red apples, her mother and sister would beat her to death.

Old January repeated the ceremonies of the day before.

"Brother September," said he to a gray-bearded man in a purple mantle, "this is your business."

September rose and stirred the fire with the staff, when behold! the flames ascended, the snow melted, and the trees put forth a few yellow leaves, which fell one by one before the wind; — it was autumn. The only flowers were a few late pinks, daisies, and immortelles. Dobrunka saw but one thing, an apple-tree with its rosy fruit.

"Make haste, my child: shake the tree," said September.

She shook it, and an apple fell; she shook it again, and a second apple followed.

"Make haste, Dobrunka, make haste home!" cried September in an imperious voice.

The good child thanked the Twelve Months, and joyfully ran home. You may imagine the astonishment of Katinka and the stepmother.

"Fresh apples in January! Where did you get these apples?" asked Katinka.

"Up yonder on the mountain: there is a tree there that is as red with them as a cherry-tree in July."

"Why did you bring only two? You ate the rest on the way."

"O sister, I did not touch them; I was only permitted to shake the tree twice, and but two apples fell."

"Begone, you fool!" cried Katinka, striking her sister, who ran away crying.

The wicked girl tasted one of the apples; she had never eaten anything so delicious in her life, neither had her mother. How they regretted not having any more!

"Mother," said Katinka, "give me my fur cloak. I will go to the forest and find the tree; and whether I am permitted or not, I will shake it so hard that all the apples will be ours."

The mother tried to stop her. A spoiled child listens to nothing. Katinka wrapped herself in her fur cloak, drew the hood over her head, and hastened to the forest.

Everything was covered with snow; there was not even a footpath. Katinka lost her way, but she pushed on, spurred by pride and covetousness. She spied a light in the distance.

She climbed and climbed till she reached the place, and found the Twelve Months each seated on his stone, motionless and silent. Without asking their permission, she approached the fire.

"Why have you come here? What do you want? Where are you going?" asked old January gruffly.

"What matters it to you, old fool?" answered Katinka. "It is none of your business where I came from or whither I am going." She plunged into the forest. January frowned, and raised his staff above his head. In the twinkling of an eye the sky was overcast, the fire went out, the snow fell, and the wind blew. Katinka could not see the way before her. She lost herself, and vainly tried to retrace her steps. The snow fell and the wind blew. She called her mother, she cursed her sister, she cursed God. The snow fell and the wind blew. Katinka froze, her limbs stiffened, and she fell motionless. The snow still fell and the wind still blew.

The mother went without ceasing from the window to the door, and from the door to the window. The hours passed and Katinka did not return.

"I must go and look for my daughter," said she. "The child has forgotten herself with those hateful apples." She took her fur cloak and hood and hastened to the mountain. Everything was covered with snow; there was not even a footpath. She plunged into the forest, calling her daughter. The snow fell and the wind blew. She walked on with feverish anxiety, shouting at the top of her voice. The snow still fell and the wind still blew.

Dobrunka waited through the evening and the night, but no one returned. In the morning she took her wheel and spun a whole distaff full; there was still no news. "What can have happened?" said the good girl, weeping. The sun was shining through an icy mist, and the ground was covered with snow. Dobrunka prayed for her mother and sister. They did not return; and it was not till spring that a shepherd found the two corpses in the forest.

Dobrunka remained the sole mistress of the house, the cow, and the garden, to say nothing of a piece of meadow adjoining the house. . . . Dobrunka lived to a good old age, always virtuous and happy, having, according to the proverb, winter at the door, summer in the barn, autumn in the cellar, and spring in the heart.

MARIE R. LACOSTE.

Marie R. Lacoste, an American poet, of whose life we know nothing beyond a brief sketch in Epes Sargent's "Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry." This biographical sketch reads thus: "Miss Lacoste was born about the year 1842, was a resident of Savannah, Georgia, at the time (1863) she wrote the poem, 'Somebody's Darling.' Without her consent it was published, with her name attached, in the *Southern Churchman.* Her residence in 1886 was Baltimore, and her occupation that of a teacher. In a letter of that year she writes: 'I am thoroughly French, and desire always to be identified with France; to be known and considered ever as a Frenchwoman. I cannot be considered an authoress at all, and resign all claim to the title.' The marvel is that the vein from which came the felicitous little poem has not been more productively worked."

Somebody's Darling.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
  Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
  Somebody's Darling was borne one day: —
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
  Wearing yet, on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
  The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
  Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mold: —
  Somebody's Darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow
  Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now: —
  Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once more for somebody's sake;
  Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take —
  They were somebody's pride, you know;

Somebody's hand has rested there: —
  Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
  Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;
  Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above
  Night and morn on the wings of prayer;
Somebody wept when he marched away,
  Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
  Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
  Yearning to hold him again to the heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
  And the smiling childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
  Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
  "Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE.

Jean de la Fontaine, a noted French fabulist and poet, was born in Champagne, July 8, 1621; died in Paris, April 13, 1695. In his early youth he learned almost nothing, and at the age of twenty was sent by his father to the Oratory at Rheims, in a state of extreme ignorance. Here, however, he began to exhibit a decided taste for the classics and for poetry. Though selfish and vicious to the last degree, he possessed withal a certain childlike *bonhommie;* it was not grace, or vivacity, or wit, but a certain soft and pleasant amiability of manner, so that he never wanted friends. He successively found protectors in the Duchess de Bouillon, who drew him to Paris; in Madame de Sablière, and in M. and Madame Hervert. He enjoyed the friendship of Molière, Boileau, Racine, and other contemporary celebrities; and even the saintly Fénelon lamented his death in extravagant strains. In 1693, after a dangerous illness, he carried into execution what a French critic characteristically terms his *projet de conversion,* and spent the brief remainder of his life in a kind of artificial penitence, common enough among licentious men and women in those sensual days. His best, which, however, are also his most immoral, productions are "Contes et Nouvelles en Vers" (1665; 2d part, 1666; 3d part, 1671). His "Fables Choisies mises en Vers" (1668–1693), in this respect are without blemish, while as works of literary art they stand in the foremost rank. He wrote some dramas, of little worth; also a version in prose and verse of "The Loves of Psyche" (1669).

The Wolf and the Dog.

A prowling wolf, whose shaggy skin
(So strict the watch of dogs had been)
Hid little but his bones,
Once met a mastiff dog astray.
A prouder, fatter, sleeker Tray
No human mortal owns.
Sir Wolf, in famished plight,
Would fain have made a ration
Upon his fat relation:
But then he first must fight;

And well the dog seemed able
To save from wolfish table
His carcass snug and tight.
So then in civil conversation
The wolf expressed his admiration
Of Tray's fine case. Said Tray politely,
"Yourself, good sir, may be as sightly;
Quit but the woods, advised by me:
For all your fellows here, I see,
Are shabby wretches, lean and gaunt,
Belike to die of haggard want.
With such a pack, of course it follows,
One fights for every bit he swallows.
Come then with me and share
On equal terms our princely fare."
"But what with you
Has one to do?"
Inquires the wolf. "Light work indeed,"
Replies the dog: "you only need
To bark a little now and then,
To chase off duns and beggar-men,
To fawn on friends that come or go forth,
Your master please, and so forth;
For which you have to eat
All sorts of well-cooked meat —
Cold pullets, pigeons, savory messes —
Besides unnumbered fond caresses."
The wolf, by force of appetite,
Accepts the terms outright,
Tears glistening in his eyes;
But faring on, he spies
A galled spot on the mastiff's neck.
"What's that?" he cries. "Oh, nothing but a speck."
"A speck?" — "Ay, ay; 'tis not enough to pain me;
Perhaps the collar's mark by which they chain me."
"Chain! chain you! What! run you not, then,
Just where you please and when?"
"Not always, sir; but what of that?"
"Enough for me, to spoil your fat!
It ought to be a precious price
Which could to servile chains entice;
For me, I'll shun them while I've wit."
So ran Sir Wolf, and runneth yet.

THE HOME OF LA FONTAINE

(*Paris, 1695*)

THE TWO DOVES.

Two doves once cherished for each other
The love that brother hath for brother.
But one, of scenes domestic tiring,
To see the foreign world aspiring,
Was fool enough to undertake
A journey long, o'er land and lake.
"What plan is this?" the other cried;
"Wouldst quit so soon thy brother's side?
This absence is the worst of ills;
Thy heart may bear, but me it kills.
Pray let the dangers, toil, and care,
    Of which all travelers tell,
    Your courage somewhat quell.
Still, if the season later were —
Oh, wait the zephyrs! — hasten not" —
  Just now the raven, on his oak,
  In hoarser tones than usual spoke.
"My heart forebodes the saddest lot, —
The falcons' nets — Alas, it rains!
  My brother, are thy wants supplied —
  Provisions, shelter, pocket-guide,
And all that unto health pertains?"
These words occasioned some demur
In our imprudent traveler.

But restless curiosity
Prevailed at last; and so said he: —
"The matter is not worth a sigh:
Three days at most will satisfy;
And then returning, I shall tell
You all the wonders that befell, —
With scenes enchanting and sublime
Shall sweeten all our coming time.
Who seeth naught, hath naught to say.
My travel's course, from day to day,
Will be the source of great delight.
    A store of tales I shall relate:
    Say, There I lodged at such a date,
And saw there such and such a sight.
You'll think it all occurred to you."
On this, both, weeping, bade adieu.

Away the lonely wanderer flew. —
A thunder-cloud began to lower;

He sought, as shelter from the shower,
The only tree that graced the plain,
Whose leaves ill turned the pelting rain.
The sky once more serene above,
On flew our drenched and dripping dove,
And dried his plumage as he could.
Next, on the borders of a wood,
He spied some scattered grains of wheat,
Which one, he thought, might safely eat;
For there another dove he saw. —
He felt the snare around him draw!
This wheat was but a treacherous bait
To lure poor pigeons to their fate.
The snare had been so long in use,
With beak and wings he struggled loose:
Some feathers perished while it stuck;
But what was worst in point of luck,
A hawk, the cruelest of foes,
Perceived him clearly as he rose,
Off dragging, like a runaway,
A piece of string. The bird of prey
Had bound him, in a moment more,
Much faster than he was before;
But from the clouds an eagle came,
And made the hawk himself his game.
By war of robbers profiting,
The dove for safety plied the wing,
And lighting on a ruined wall,
Believed his dangers ended all.
A roguish boy had there a sling,
        (Age pitiless,
        We must confess,)
And by a most unlucky fling,
   Half killed our hapless dove;
   Who now, no more in love
   With foreign traveling,
   And lame in leg and wing,
Straight homeward urged his crippled flight;
Fatigued, but glad, arrived at night,
In truly sad and piteous plight.
The doves rejoined: I leave you all to say,
What pleasure might their pains repay.
Ah, happy lovers, would you roam?
Pray, let it not be far from home.
To each the other ought to be

A world of beauty ever new;
In each the other ought to see
The whole of what is good and true.

Myself have loved; nor would I then,
For all the wealth of crownèd men,
Or arch celestial, paved with gold,
The presence of those woods have sold,
And fields and banks and hillock which
Were by the joyful steps made rich,
And smiled beneath the charming eyes
Of her who made my heart a prize, —
To whom I pledged it, nothing loath,
And sealed the pledge with virgin oath.
Ah, when will time such moments bring again?
To me are sweet and charming objects vain —
My soul forsaking to its restless mood?
Oh, did my withered heart but dare
To kindle for the bright and good,
Should not I find the charms still there?
Is love, to me, with things that were?

The Raven and the Fox.

Perched on a lofty oak,
Sir Raven held a lunch of cheese;
Sir Fox, who smelt it in the breeze,
Thus to the holder spoke:
"Ha! how do you do, Sir Raven?
Well, your coat, sir, is a brave one!
So black and glossy, on my word, sir,
With voice to match, you were a bird, sir,
Well fit to be the Phœnix of these days."
Sir Raven, overset with praise,
Must show how musical his croak.
Down fell the luncheon from the oak;
Which snatching up, Sir Fox thus spoke:
"The flatterer, my good sir,
Aye liveth on his listener;
Which lesson, if you please,
Is doubtless worth the cheese."
A bit too late, Sir Raven swore
The rogue should never cheat him more.

The Frog that Wished to be as Big as the Ox.

The tenant of a bog,
An envious little frog
Not bigger than an egg,
A stately bullock spies,
And, smitten with his size,
Attempts to be as big.
With earnestness and pains
She stretches, swells, and strains,
And says, "Sir Frog, look here! see me!
Is this enough?" "No, no."
"Well, then, is this?" "Poh! poh!
Enough! you don't begin to be."
And thus the reptile sits,
Enlarging till she splits.
The world is full of folks
Of just such wisdom:
The lordly dome provokes
The cit to build his dome;
And, really, there is no telling
How much great men set little ones a swelling.

The City Rat and the Country Rat.

A city rat, one night,
Did, with a civil stoop,
A country rat invite
To end a turtle soup.

Upon a Turkey carpet
They found the table spread,
And sure I need not harp it
How well the fellows fed.

The entertainment was
A truly noble one;
But some unlucky cause
Disturbed it when begun.

It was a slight rat-tat
That put their joys to rout:
Out ran the city rat;
His guest, too, scampered out.

Our rats but fairly quit,
The fearful knocking ceased.
"Return we," cried the cit,
"To finish there our feast."

"No," said the rustic rat;
"To-morrow dine with me.
I'm not offended at
Your feast so grand and free, —

"For I've no fare resembling;
But then I eat at leisure,
And would not swap for pleasure
So mixed with fear and trembling."

The Fox and Stork.

Old Mister Fox was at expense, one day,
To dine old Mistress Stork.
The fare was light, was nothing, sooth to say,
Requiring knife and fork.
That sly old gentleman, the dinner-giver,
Was, you must understand, a frugal liver.
This once, at least, the total matter
Was thinnish soup served on a platter,
For madam's slender beak a fruitless puzzle,
Till all had passed the fox's lapping muzzle.
But, little relishing his laughter,
Old gossip Stork, some few days after,
Returned his Foxship's invitation.
Without a moment's hesitation,
He said he'd go, for he must own he
Ne'er stood with friends for ceremony.
And so, precisely at the hour,
He hied him to the lady's bower;
Where, praising her politeness,
He finds her dinner right nice.
Its punctuality and plenty,
Its viands, cut in mouthfuls dainty,
Its fragrant smell, were powerful to excite,
Had there been need, his foxish appetite.
But now the dame, to torture him,
Such wit was in her,
Served up her dinner
In vases made so tall and slim,

They let their owner's beak pass in and out,
But not, by any means, the fox's snout!
All arts without avail,
With drooping head and tail,
As ought a fox a fowl had cheated,
The hungry guest at last retreated.

Ye knaves, for you is this recital,
You'll often meet Dame Stork's requital.

The Hare and the Tortoise.

To win a race, the swiftness of a dart
Availeth not without a timely start.
The hare and tortoise are my witnesses.
Said tortoise to the swiftest thing that is,
"I'll bet that you'll not reach so soon as I
The tree on yonder hill we spy."
"So soon! Why, madam, are you frantic?"
Replied the creature, with an antic;
"Pray take, your senses to restore,
A grain or two of hellebore."
"Say," said the tortoise, "what you will;
I dare you to the wager still."
'Twas done; the stakes were paid,
And near the goal tree laid, —
Of what, is not a question for this place,
Nor who it was that judged the race.
Our hare had scarce five jumps to make,
Of such as he is wont to take,
When, starting just before their beaks,
He leaves the hounds at leisure,
Thence till the kalends of the Greeks,
The sterile heath to measure.
Thus having time to browse and doze,
And list which way the zephyr blows,
He makes himself content to wait,
And let the tortoise go her gait
In solemn, senatorial state.
She starts; she moils on, modestly and lowly,
And with a prudent wisdom hastens slowly;
But he, meanwhile, the victory despises,
Thinks lightly of such prizes,
Believes it for his honor
To take late start and gain upon her.

So, feeding, sitting at his ease,
He meditates of what you please,
Till his antagonist he sees
Approach the goal; then starts,
Away like lightning darts:
But vainly does he run;
The race is by the tortoise won.
Cries she, "My senses do I lack?
What boots your boasted swiftness now?
You're beat! and yet, you must allow,
I bore my house upon my back."

THE LITTLE FISH AND THE FISHER.

A LITTLE fish will grow,
If life be spared, a great;
But yet to let him go,
And for his growing wait,
May not be very wise,
As 'tis not sure your bait
Will catch him when of size.

Upon a river bank, a fisher took
A tiny troutling from his hook.
Said he, "'Twill serve to count, at least,
As the beginning of my feast;
And so I'll put it with the rest."

This little fish, thus caught,
His clemency besought.
"What will your honor do with me?
I'm not a mouthful, as you see.
Pray let me grow to be a trout,
And then come here and fish me out.
Some alderman, who likes things nice,
Will buy me then at any price.
But now, a hundred such you'll have to fish,
To make a single good-for-nothing dish."
"Well, well, be it so," replied the fisher,
"My little fish, who play the preacher,
The frying-pan must be your lot,
Although, no doubt, you like it not:
I fry the fry that can be got."

In some things, men of sense
Prefer the present to the future tense.

THE HEN WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.

How avarice loseth all,
By striving all to gain,
I need no witness call
But him whose thrifty hen,
As by the fable we are told,
Laid every day an egg of gold.
"She hath a treasure in her body,"
Bethinks the avaricious noddy.
He kills and opens, — vexed to find
All things like hens of common kind.
Thus spoiled the source of all his riches,
To misers he a lesson teaches.
In these last changes of the moon,
How often doth one see
Men made as poor as he
By force of getting rich too soon!

DEATH AND THE WOODCUTTER.

A POOR woodcutter, covered with green boughs,
Under the fagot's weight and his own age
Groaning and bent, ending his weary stage,
Was struggling homeward to his smoky hut.
At last, worn out with labor and with pain,
Letting his fagot down, he thinks again
What little pleasure he has had in life.
Is there so cursed a wretch in all the strife?
No bread sometimes, and never any rest;
With taxes, soldiers, children, and a wife,
Creditors, forced toil oppressed,
He is the picture of a man unblessed.

He cries for Death. Death comes straightway,
And asks why he was called upon.
"Help me," the poor man says, "I pray,
To lift this wood, then I'll begone."

Death comes to end our woes.
But who called him? Not I!
The motto of mankind still goes:
We'll suffer all, sooner than die.

ALPHONSE MARIE LOUIS DE LAMARTINE.

Alphonse Marie Louis de Lamartine, a French poet, historian, and statesman, born near Mâcon, Oct. 21, 1790; died in Paris, March 1, 1869. He was sent to the college at Belley, where he remained until his nineteenth year. In 1811 he went to Italy, where he spent two years. When Napoleon was sent to Elba, Lamartine returned to France and entered the service of Louis XVIII. On the return of Napoleon he took refuge in Switzerland. In 1818–1819 he traveled in Savoy, Switzerland, and Italy, writing poetry, of which his first volume, "Méditations Poétiques," was published in 1820. He now entered the diplomatic service. In 1823 he published "Nouvelles Méditations."

After the accession of Louis Philippe he traveled in Turkey, Egypt, and Syria. During his absence he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. He was reëlected in 1837.

The Revolution of 1848 gave him a foremost place. He was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, was elected for the Constitutional Assembly and was chosen one of the five members of the Executive Committee, but he held the reins of government for four months only.

The remainder of his life was spent in literary labor. In 1860 he supervised an edition of his works in forty-one volumes. Among them are "Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses" (1830); "Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient" (1835); "Jocelyn, Journal trouvé chez un Curé de Village" (1836); "La Chute d'un Ange" (1838); "Recueillements Poétiques" (1839); "Histoire des Girondins" (1847); "History of the Revolution of 1848," and "Histories of Turkey and Russia." The entire list of his writings, in prose and verse, is very long.

The Cedars of Lebanon.

Eagles, that wheel above our crests,
Say to the storms that round us blow,
They cannot harm our gnarlèd breasts,
Firm-rooted as we are below.
Their utmost efforts we defy.
They lift the sea-waves to the sky;
But when they wrestle with our arms,

Nervous and gaunt, or lift our hair,
Balanced within its cradle fair
The tiniest bird has no alarms.

Sons of the rock, no mortal hand
Here planted us: God-sown we grew.
We are the diadem green and grand
On Eden's summit that He threw.
When waters in a deluge rose,
Our hollow flanks could well inclose
Awhile the whole of Adam's race;
And children of the Patriarch
Within our forest built the Ark
Of Covenant, foreshadowing Grace.

We saw the tribes as captives led,
We saw them back return anon;
As rafters have our branches dead
Covered the porch of Solomon;
And later, when the Word made man
Came down in God's salvation-plan
To pay for sin the ransom-price,
The beams that form'd the Cross we gave:
These, red in blood of power to save,
Were altars of that Sacrifice.

In memory of such great events,
Men come to worship our remains;
Kneel down in prayer within our tents,
And kiss our old trunks' weather-stains.
The saint, the poet, and the sage,
Hear and shall hear from age to age
Sounds in our foliage like the voice
Of many waters; in these shades
Their burning words are forged like blades,
While their uplifted souls rejoice.

To My Lamp.

Hail! sole companion of my lonely toil,
  Dear witness once of dearer loves of mine!
My happiness is fled, — thy store of oil
    Still with clear light doth shine!

Thou dost recall the bright days of my life,
  When in Pompeii's streets I roamed along,
Evoking memories of her brilliant strife,
    Half tearful, half in song.

The sun was finishing his mighty round;
  I was alone among a buried host;
And in the dust my idle glances found
    The name of some poor ghost.

And there I saw thee, 'neath the ashes piled;
  And near thee, almost buried with the rest,
The impress left there by some lovely child,
    The outline of a breast.

Perhaps by thy light did the virgin go
  To pray within the fane, now desolate,
For happiness that she should never know, —
    Love, ne'er to be her fate!

Within the tomb her perished beauty lies:
  Youth, maiden modesty, the dawning love
A mother's tender glance could scarce surprise,
    Fled to the heavens above!

She vanished like the lightning's sudden gleam,
  As one wave by another swiftly borne;
Or as the last hope of some wretch's dream,
    When he awakes at morn!

Beauty is not the idol of the best!
  I was a fool before her feet to lie,
Forgetting that, a stranger like the rest,
    She too must fade and die.

What matter, then, whether she smile or frown?
  My soul would seek the worship that is sure!
It needs a god to triumph, be cast down,
    And, after all, endure!

Yes, I would tear myself from vain desires,
  From all that perishes and is forgot;
And I would seek, to start my altar fires,
    A hope that dieth not!

The resting eagle is an eagle still:
  Though 'neath his mighty wing he hides his head,
He sees his prey, he strikes it, takes his fill, —
    Perchance you thought him dead?

I pity those who thought one ivy-crowned,
  Child of the lyre, born but to touch the string,
Would die inglorious, — yield the golden round,
    Live like a banished king.

Never shall weariness make me abjure
  The gifts once prized, and cherished still the same.
My dreams shall summon back the enchantress pure,
    And whisper her dear name.

Her eyes shall watch over my soul at last;
  And when, dear lamp, shall come that mournful night,
When weeping friends behold me fading fast,
    Thy flame shall burn more bright!

That flame has often filled my wondering thought;
  The sacred emblem of our transient breath,
Mysterious power, to man's dull uses brought,
    Sister of life and death!

A breath creates it, at a breath it dies;
  It blots in one brief day a city's name;
Like fate ignored, or held a peerless prize
    Like beauty or like fame.

See how it leaps up with a quick desire!
  A spirit from on high, to earth no friend;
It takes its flight as human souls aspire,
    To seek the unknown end!

All nature slowly to this end is drawn!
  'Tis but a sleep, the so-called death of men:
The fly shall have its day, the flower its dawn;
    Our clay shall wake again.

Do we the secrets of all nature know?
  The sounds of night that on the horizon fail,
The passing cloud that lays the flowers low,
    The will-o'-the-wisp of the vale?

Know we the secret of the nesting dove?
  The cradle whence the tomb has snatched its prey?
What is the mystery of grief, or love,
    Or night that follows day?

Have not the murmuring winds a voice, a mood?
  Is not the leaf a book we cannot read?
The stream that brings us harvest or a flood,
    Has not it too its screed?

Let us not strive the kindly veils to raise
  Till all that we should see, life's end shall show:
Better know not than into mysteries gaze!
    Better believe than know!

Farewell, my lamp! Blessings upon thy flame!
While I believe and hope, watch thou o'er me!
If ever prideful doubt my soul should claim,
May I go out with thee!

ODE TO THE LAKE OF B——.

THUS sailing, sailing on forevermore,
Still borne along, to winds and waves a prey,
Can we not, on life's sea without a shore,
Cast anchor for a day?

Dear lake! one little year has scarcely flown,
And near thy waves she longed once more to see,
Behold I sit alone upon this stone,
Where once she sat with me.

As now, thy restless waves were moaning through
The creviced rocks, where they their death did meet;
And flecks of foam from off thy billows blew
Over my dear one's feet.

One night we rode in silence, — dost recall
That night? When under all the starry sky
Was heard alone the beat of oars that fall
In cadenced harmony.

When suddenly, upon the startled ear
Accents unknown to earth melodious break;
And with these mournful words, a voice most dear
Charms all the listening lake: —

"O Time, pause in thy flight! and you, propitious hours,
Pause on your rapid ways!
Let us enjoy the springtime of our powers,
The fairest of all days!

"So many wretched souls would speed your flight,
Urge on the lingering suns,
Take with their days the canker and the blight;
Forget the happy ones!

"But all in vain I try to stay its course:
Time slips away and flies.
I say to night, Pass slowly! and the dawn
Breaks on my startled eyes.

"Let us love, then, and love forevermore!
Enjoy life while we may;

Man has no port, nor has time any shore;
It flees, we pass away!"

She paused: our hearts speak through our ardent eyes,
Half-uttered phrases tremble on the air;
And in that ecstasy our spirits rise
Up to a world more fair.

And now we cease to speak; in sweet eclipse
Our senses lie, weighed down with all love's store;
Our hearts are beating, and our clinging lips
Murmur, "Forevermore!"

Great Heaven! can then these moments of delight,
When love all happiness upon us showers,
Vanish away as swiftly in their flight
As our unhappy hours?

Eternity, the Darkness, and the Past,
What have you done with all you've made your prey?
Answer us! will you render back at last
What you have snatched away?

O lake, O silent rocks, O verdurous green! —
You that time spares, or knows how to renew, —
Keep of this night, set in this lovely scene,
At least a memory true!

A memory in thy storms and thy repose,
O lake! and where thy smiling waters lave
The sunny shore, or where the dark fir grows,
And hangs above the wave.

In the soft breeze that sighs and then is gone,
In thy shores' song, by thy shores echoed still;
In the pale star whose silvery radiance shone
Above thy wooded hill!

That moaning winds, and reeds that clashing strike,
And perfumes that on balmy breezes moved,
With all we hear, we see, we breathe, alike
May say, "They loved!"

Far from the World.

Far from the faithless and the wicked world,
Fly, O my soul! to some deep solitude;
Fly, shaking from our feet the weary dust
Of love, desire, hope, and carking care
Upon the threshold of these deserts wild.

Behold the rocks, the forests, and the shores,
Nature has molded with her mighty hands:
The streams alone have hollowed out these paths;
Their foam alone has touched the river banks
Where never human foot has left a trace.

There seek at last for peace within thyself;
Thy dreams of happiness have been but brief!
Drive them forever far from this retreat;
Love nothing but the blue sky that loves thee,
And of the sun alone ask happy days!

To wounded hearts, nature is ever sweet,
And solitude belongs to wretchedness.
Already peace reënters my sad heart;
Already life takes up, without a jar,
Its course suspended by the hand of grief!

THE TEMPLE.

(From "History of the Girondists.")

WE left Louis XVI. at the threshold of the Temple where Pétion had conducted him, without his being able to know as yet whether he entered there as suspended from the throne or as a prisoner. This uncertainty lasted some days.

The Temple was an ancient and dismal fortress, built by the monastic Order of Templars, at the time when sacerdotal and military theocracies, uniting in revolt against princes with tyranny toward the people, constructed for themselves forts for monasteries, and marched to dominion by the double power of the cross and the sword. After their fall their fortified dwelling had remained standing, as a wreck of past times neglected by the present. The chateau of the Temple was situated near the Faubourg St. Antoine, not far from the Bastile; it inclosed with its buildings, its palace, its towers, and its gardens, a vast space of solitude and silence, in the center of a most densely populated quarter. The buildings were composed of a *prieuré*, or palace of the Order, the apartments of which served as an occasional dwelling for the Comte d'Artois, when that prince came from Versailles to Paris. This dilapidated palace contained apartments furnished with ancient movables, beds, and linen for the suite of the prince. A porter and his family were its only hosts. A garden surrounded it, as empty and neglected as the palace. At some steps from this dwelling was the donjon of the chateau, once the fortification of the Temple. Its abrupt, dark mass rose on a simple spot of ground toward the sky; two square towers, the one larger, the other smaller, were united to each other like a mass of walls, each one having at its flank other small suspended towers, in former days crowned with battlements at their extremity, and these formed the principal group of this construction. Some low and more modern buildings abutted upon it, and served, by disappearing in its shade, to raise its height. This donjon and tower were constructed of large stones, cut in Paris, the excoriations and cicatrices of which marbled the walls with yellow, livid spots, upon the black ground which the rain and snow incrust upon the large buildings of the north of France. The large tower, almost as high as the towers of a cathedral, was not less than sixty feet from the base to the top. It inclosed within its four walls a space of thirty square feet. An enormous pile of masonry occupied the center of the tower, and rose almost to the point of the edifice. This pile, larger and wider at each story, leaned its arches upon the exterior walls, and formed four successive arched roofs, which contained four guard-rooms. These halls communicated with other hidden and more narrow places cut in the towers. The walls of the edifice were nine feet thick. The embrasures of the few windows which lighted it, very large at the entrance of the hall, sunk, as they became narrow, even to the crosswork of stone, and left only a feeble and remote light to penetrate into the interior. Bars of iron darkened these apartments still further. Two doors, the one of doubled oakwood very thick, and studded with large diamond-headed nails; the other plated with iron, and fortified with bars of the same metal, divided each hall from the stair by which one ascended to it.

This staircase rose in a spiral to the platform of the edifice. Seven successive wickets, or seven solid doors, shut by bolt and key, were ranged from landing to landing, from the base to the terrace. At each one of these wickets a sentinel and a keybearer were on guard. An exterior gallery crowned the summit of the donjon. One made here ten steps at each turn. The least breath of air howled there like a tempest. The noises of Paris mounted there, weakening as they came. Thence the eye ranged freely over the low roofs of the quarter Saint Antoine, or the streets of the Temple, upon the dome of the Pantheon, upon the towers of the cathedral, upon the roofs of the pavilions of the Tuileries, or upon the green hills of Issy, or of Choisy-le-Roi, descending, with their villages, their parks, and their meadows, toward the course of the Seine.

The small tower stood with its back to the large one. It had also two little towers upon each of its flanks. It was equally square, and divided into four stories. No interior communication existed between these two contiguous edifices; each had its separate staircase; an open platform crowned this tower in place of a roof, as on the donjon. The first story inclosed an antechamber, an eating-hall, and a library of old books collected by the ancient priors of the Temple, or serving as a depot for the refuse of the libraries of the Comte d'Artois; the second, third, and fourth stories offered to the eye the same disposition of apartments, the same nakedness of wall, and the same dilapidation of furniture. The winds whistled there, the rain fell across the broken panes, the swallow flew in there at pleasure; no beds, sofas, or hangings were there. One or two couches for the assistant jailers, some broken straw-bottom chairs, and earthen vessels in an abandoned kitchen, formed the whole of the furniture. Two low-arched doors, whose freestone moldings represented a bundle of pillars, surmounted by broken escutcheons of the Temple, led to the vestibule of these two towers.

Large alleys paved with flagstones surrounded the building; these were separated by barriers of planks. The garden was overgrown with vegetation — thick with coarse herbs, and choked by heaps of stones and gravel, the relics of demolished buildings. A high and dull wall, like that of a cloister, made the place still more gloomy. This wall had only one outlet, at the extremity of a long alley on the Vieille Ru du Temple.

Such were the exterior aspect and interior disposition of this abode, when the owners of the Tuileries, Versailles, and Fontainebleau arrived at nightfall. These deserted halls no longer expected tenants since the Templars had left them, to go to the funeral pile of Jacques de Molay. These pyramidal towers, empty, cold, and mute for so many ages, more resembled the chambers of a pyramid in the sepulcher of a Pharaoh of the West than a residence.

CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb, an English poet, critic, and humorist, born in the Crown Office Row, in the Temple, London, Feb. 10, 1775; died at Edmonton, a suburb of London, Dec. 27, 1834. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, Coleridge being one of his school-fellows. At the age of fourteen he was employed as a clerk in the South Sea House; and three years later he received an appointment in the accountant's office of the East India Company, a position which he held for more than thirty years, until 1825, when he was suffered to retire with a life annuity of £450.

Lamb commenced his literary career by putting forth, in conjunction with Coleridge and Lloyd, a volume of poems (1797); the next year he wrote "Rosamond Gray," a prose tale, and still later "John Woodville," a drama. In 1808 he published "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets," who flourished nearly contemporary with Shakspeare. But by far the most notable of his writings are the "Essays of Elia," begun in 1820, and continued until 1833. Lamb's cheerful philosophy of life, his genuine and spontaneous humor, and the easy grace of his style, are as grateful to readers of to-day as to those of two generations ago. He twice attempted dramatic composition, but without success. With his sister Mary Lamb (1765–1847) he wrote "Tales from the Plays of Shakspeare" (1807), intended for youthful readers, with whom it has ever since been a favorite work.

A Dissertation upon Roast-Pig.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder

CHARLES LAMB

brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? not from the burnt cottage, he had smelt that smell before; indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste — O lord!" with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision: and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate — *princeps obsoniorum.*

I speak not of your grown porkers, things between pig and pork — these hobbydehoys — but a young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest, his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble, the mild forerunner or *prœludium* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed or boiled, but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted *crackling*, as it is well called; the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous. O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it — the tender blossoming of fat, fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food — the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna, or rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

Behold him while he is "doing"; it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes, radiant jellies, shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation; from these sins he is happily snatched away —

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care.

His memory is odoriferous; no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon; no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages; he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent — a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause; too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her; like lovers' kisses, she biteth; she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish; but she stoppeth at the palate, she meddleth not with the appetite, and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop.

Pig — let me speak his praise — is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barndoor chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors to extra-domiciliate or send out of the house slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat or some nice thing into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plumcake fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over

London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and, in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of — the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I — I myself, and not another — would eat her nice cake, and what should I say to her the next time I saw her? How naughty I was to part with her pretty present! and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she had sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last; and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all, I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline has gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flaggellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly a few bread crumbs done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them or make them stronger than they are — but consider, he is a weakling — a flower.

A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People.

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of married people, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit is an error of quite a different description; it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly; you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that *you* are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offense, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offense in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man, the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying, but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's houses and pictures, his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favored neighbors, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple, in that of the lady particularly: it tells you that her lot is disposed of in this world: that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps; but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we, who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company; but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the joke was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer how such an old bachelor as I could pretend to know anything about such matters!

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are, that every street and blind alley swarms with them, that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance, that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains, how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, etc., I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phœnixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common!

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let *them* look to that. But why *we*, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense, our tribute and homage of admiration, I do not see.

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children." So says the excellent office in our Prayer-Book appointed for the churching of women. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." So say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless; let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging, if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. — does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them where I see no occasion — to love a whole family, perhaps eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately — to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging!

I know there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dog:" that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing, any inanimate substance, as a keepsake, a watch or a ring, a tree or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and anything that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se.* I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O but, you will say, sure it is an attractive age, — there is something in the tender age of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest. I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage — if you did not come in on the wife's side — if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on — look about you — your tenure is precarious; before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage.* With some limitations, they can endure that; but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him, — before they that are now man and wife ever met, — this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new mintings*.

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, *but an oddity*, is one of the ways; they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose; — till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humorist, a fellow well-enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way, and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony; that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you, by never qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candor, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to the kindly level of moderate esteem, that "decent affection and complacent kindness" towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain which she is to break upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, "I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr. ——, as a great wit?" If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, "This, my dear, is your good Mr. ——!" One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candor to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. —— speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like-looking man (I use her very words), the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own: for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he standing five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavor; I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty of treating us as if we were their husbands and *vice versa.* I mean, when they use us with familiarity and their husbands with ceremony. *Testacea*, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time for supping, while she was fretting because Mr. —— did not come home till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavors to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had *Testacea* kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands beyond the point of a modest behavior and decorum: therefore I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of *Cerasia*, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good-will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of —

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations. Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to record the full-length English of their names, to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future.

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.

"A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game." This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary who has slipped a wrong card to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took and gave no concessions. She hated favors. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight, cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sat bolt upright, and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side — their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that hearts was her favorite suit.

I never in my life — and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it — saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play, or snuff a candle in the middle of a game, or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced or connived at miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand, and who, in his excess of candor, declared that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do, — and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards over a book.

Pope was her favorite author: his "Rape of the Lock" her favorite work. She once did me the favor to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem, and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, tradrille. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles; but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love, but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners — a thing which the constancy of whist abhors; — the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of spadille — absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, while his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother nobility of the aces; — the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone; above all, the overpowering attractions of a *sans prendre vole*, — to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching in the contingencies of whist; — all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solider* game; that was her word. It was a long meal; not, like a quadrille, a feast of snatches. — One or two rubbers might coextend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever-fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states depicted by Machiavel: perpetually changing postures and connections; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath; — but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favorite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage — nothing superfluous. No *flushes* — that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up: — that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and color, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the color of things. Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have an uniformity of ray to distinguish them: but what should we say to a foolish squire who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshaled — never to take the field? She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably, allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps? Why two colors, when the mark of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?

"But the eye, my dear madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason — he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your quaker spirit of unsensualizing would have kept out. You yourself have a pretty collection of paintings — but confess to me whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the anteroom, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court-cards? — the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession — the gay triumph-assuring scarlets — the contrasting deadly-killing sables — the 'hoary majesty of spades.' Pam in all his glory!

"All these might be dispensed with, and with their naked names upon the drab paste-board, the game might go on very well pictureless. But the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished forever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling. Imagine a dull deal board or drum-head to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and tourneys in! Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers — (work of Chinese artist, unconscious of their symbol, or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess) — exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors' money), or chalk and a slate!"

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favorite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage-board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from Florence: — this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care, though she herself, to confess the truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say, disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce "*Go*," or "*That's a go.*" She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five-dollar stake) because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring "*two for his heels.*" There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms, such as pique, repique, the capot — they savored (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus: Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport; when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play. Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in tradrille. But in square games (*she meant whist*), all that is possible to be attained in card playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honor, common to every species — though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theater to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold — or even an interested — bystander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathizes in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game. By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favorite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue — and here again admire the subtlety of her conclusion — chance is nothing but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending? Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number — and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively without a prize? Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of overreaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit, his memory, or combination-faculty rather, against another's; like a mock-engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless. She could not conceive a *game* wanting the spritely infusion of chance, the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room while whist was stirring in the center, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly), were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard head-contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and color. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort that a man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other; that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards; that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado, great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life, which men play without esteeming them to be such.

With great deference to the old lady's judgment in these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget — Bridget Elia.

I grant there is something sneaking in it; but with a toothache, or a sprained ankle, when you are subdued and humble, you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist.*

I grant it is not the highest style of man — I deprecate the *manes* of Sarah Battle — she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologize.

At such times those *terms* which my old friend objected to come in as something admissible. I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted her — dare I tell thee how foolish I am?), I wished it might have lasted forever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play; I would be content to go on in that idle folly forever. The pipkin should be ever boiling that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over; and, as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

A Chapter on Ears.

I HAVE no ear.

Mistake me not, reader, nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital. Better my mother had never borne me. I am, I think, rather delicately than copiously provided with those conduits; and I feel no disposition to envy the mule for his plenty, or the mole for her exactness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets — those indispensable side-intelligencers.

Neither have I incurred, or done anything to incur, with Defoe, that hideous disfigurement which constrained him to draw upon assurance — to feel "quite unabashed," and at ease upon that article. I was never, I thank my stars, in the pillory; nor, if I read them aright, is it within the compass of my destiny that I ever should be.

When, therefore, I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean — *for music.* To say that this heart never melted at the concord of sweet sounds would be a foul self-libel. "*Water parted from the sea*" never fails to move it strangely. So does "*In infancy.*" But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old-fashioned instrument in vogue in those days) by a gentlewoman — the gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellation — the sweetest — why should I hesitate to name Mrs. S——, once the blooming Fanny Weatheral of the Temple — who had power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long coats, and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion that not faintly indicated the day-spring of that absorbing sentiment which was afterwards destined to overwhelm and subdue his nature quite for Alice W——n.

I even think that *sentimentally* I am disposed to harmony. But *organically* I am incapable of a tune. I have been practicing "*God save the King*" all my life, whistling and humming it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

I am not without suspicion that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me. For thrumming, in my mild way, on my friend A.'s piano, the other morning, while he was engaged in an adjoining parlor, on his return he was pleased to say "*he thought it could not be the maid!*" On his first surprise at hearing the keys touched in somewhat an airy and masterful way, not dreaming of me, his suspicions had lighted on *Jenny*. But a grace, snatched from a superior refinement, soon convinced him that some being — technically perhaps deficient, but higher informed from a principle common to all the fine arts — had swayed the keys to a mood which Jenny, with all her (less cultivated) enthusiasm, could never have elicited from them. I mention this as a proof of my friend's penetration, and not with any view of disparaging Jenny.

Scientifically I could never be made to understand (yet have I taken some pains) what a note in music is, or how one note should differ from another. Much less in voices can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough-bass I contrive to guess at from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable. I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of *that* which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I scarce know what to say I am ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. *Sostenuto* and *adagio* stand in the like relation of obscurity to me; and *Sol, Fa, Mi, Re*, is as conjuring as *Baralipton*.

It is hard to stand alone in an age like this (constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut), to remain as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influences of an art which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating, and refining the passions. Yet, rather than break the candid current of my confessions, I must avow to you that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so cried-up faculty.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more than midsummer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes, willingly enduring stripes while it hath no task to con. To music it cannot be passive. It will strive — mine at least will — spite of its inaptitude, to thrid the maze, like an unskilled eye painfully poring upon hieroglyphics. I have sat through an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the crowded streets, to solace myself with sounds which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refuge in the unpretending assemblage of honest common-life sounds; — and the purgatory of the enraged musician becomes my paradise.

I have sat at an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience!), immovable, or affecting some faint emotion, till (as some have said that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold theater in Hades, where some of the *forms* of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the *enjoyment;* or like that

— Party in a parlor
All silent, and all DAMNED.

Above all, these insufferable concertos and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and imbitter my apprehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a-dying; to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book *all stops*, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime — these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music.*

I deny not that, in the opening of a concert, I have experienced something vastly lulling and agreeable; afterwards followeth the languor and the oppression. Like that disappointing book in Patmos, or like the comings on of melancholy described by Burton, doth Music make her first insinuating approaches: — "Most pleasant it is to such as are melancholy given to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by some brook-side, and to meditate upon some delightsome and pleasant subject, which shall affect him most, *amabilis insania* and *mentis gratissimus error.* A most incomparable delight to build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly imagine, they act, or that they see done. So delightsome these toys at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years in such contemplations and fantastical meditations, which are like so many dreams, and will hardly be drawn from them — winding and unwinding themselves as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humors, until at the last the SCENE TURNS UPON A SUDDEN, and they being now habituated to such meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can think of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they can think of nothing else.; continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds, which now, by no means, no labor, no persuasions, they can avoid, they cannot be rid of, they cannot resist."

Something like this "SCENE TURNING" I have experienced at the evening parties at the house of my good Catholic friend *Nov* —, who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week-days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heaven.

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear rambling in the side aisles of the dim Abbey some five-and-thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension — (whether it be *that*, in which the Psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings, or *that other*, which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young man shall best cleanse his mind) — a holy calm pervadeth me. I am for the time

—Rapt above earth,
And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive, — impatient to overcome her "earthly" with his "heavenly," — still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that unexhausted *German* Ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant Tritons, *Bach*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps, — I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wit's end; — clouds, as of frankincense, oppress me — priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me — the genius of *his* religion hath me in her toils — a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous — he is Pope, and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too, — tri-coroneted like himself! I am converted, and yet a Protestant; — at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand heresiarch: or three heresies center in my person: — I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cerinthus — Gog and Magog — what not? — till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasant-countenanced host and hostess.

POSTSCRIPT — FROM "LONDON MAGAZINE," 1821.

A WRITER, whose real name it seems is *Boldero*, but who has been entertaining the town for the last twelve months with some very pleasant lucubrations, under the assumed signature of *Leigh Hunt*, in his "Indicator" of the 31st January last has thought fit to insinuate that I, *Elia*, do not write the little sketches which bear my signature in this magazine, but that the true author of them is a Mr. L——b. Observe the critical period at which he has chosen to impute the calumny, — on the very eve of the publication of our last number, affording no scope for explanation for a full month, during which time I must lie writhing and tossing under the cruel imputation of nonenity. Good Heavens! that a plain man must not be allowed *to be* —

They call this an age of personality; but surely this spirit of anti-personality (if I may so express it) is something worse.

Take away my moral reputation, I may live to discredit that calumny; injure my literary fame, I may write that up again; but when a gentleman is robbed of his identity, where is he?

Other murderers stab but at our existence, a frail and perishing trifle at the best; but here is an assassin who aims at our very essence; who not only forbids us *to be* any longer, but *to have been* at all. Let our ancestors look to it.

Is the parish register nothing? Is the house in Princes Street, Cavendish Square, where we saw the light six-and-forty years ago, nothing? Were our progenitors from stately Genoa, where we flourished four centuries back, before the barbarous name of Boldero was known to a European mouth, nothing? Was the goodly scion of our name, transplanted into England in the reign of the seventh Henry, nothing? Are the archives of the steelyard, in succeeding reigns (if haply they survive the fury of our envious enemies), showing that we flourished in prime repute, as merchants, down to the period of the Commonwealth, nothing?

Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia is nothing;

I am ashamed that this trifling writer should have power to move me so.

On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century.

The artificial comedy, or comedy of manners, is quite extinct on our stage. Congreve and Farquhar show their heads once in seven years, only to be exploded and put down instantly. The times cannot bear them. Is it for a few wild speeches, an occasional license of dialogue? I think not altogether. The business of their dramatic characters will not stand the moral test. We screw everything up to that. Idle gallantry in a fiction, a dream, the passing pageant of an evening, startles us in the same way as the alarming indications of profligacy in a son or ward in real life should startle the parent or guardian. We have no such middle emotions as dramatic interests left. We see a stage libertine playing his loose pranks of two hours' duration, and of no after consequence, with the severe eyes which inspect real vices with their bearings upon two worlds. We are spectators to a plot or intrigue (not reducible in life to the point of strict morality), and take it all for truth. We substitute a real for a dramatic person, and judge him accordingly. We try him in our courts, from which there is no appeal to the *dramatis personæ*, his peers. We have been spoiled with — not sentimental comedy — but a tyrant far more pernicious to our pleasures which has succeeded to it — the exclusive and all-devouring drama of common life, where the moral point is everything, where, instead of the fictitious half-believed personages of the stage (the phantoms of old comedy), we recognize ourselves, our brothers, aunts, kinsfolk, allies, patrons, enemies, the same as in life, with an interest in what is going on so hearty and substantial, that we cannot afford our moral judgment in its deepest and most vital results to compromise or slumber for a moment. What is *there* transacting by no modification is made to affect us in any other manner than the same events or characters would do in our relationships of life. We carry our fireside concerns to the theater with us. We do not go thither, like our ancestors, to escape from the pressure of reality, so much as to confirm our experience of it; to make assurance double, and take a bond of fate. We must live our toilsome lives twice over, as it was the mournful privilege of Ulysses to descend twice to the shades. All that neutral ground of character which stood between vice and virtue, or which, in fact, was indifferent to neither, where neither properly was called in question, that happy breathing-place from the burthen of a perpetual moral questioning, the sanctuary and quiet Alsatia of hunted casuistry, is broken up and disfranchised as injurious to the interests of society. The privileges of the place are taken away by law. We dare not dally with images or names of wrong. We bark like foolish dogs at shadows. We dread infection from the scenic representation of disorder and fear a painted pustule. In our anxiety that our morality should not take cold, we wrap it up in a great blanket surtout of precaution against the breeze and sunshine.

I confess for myself that (with no great delinquencies to answer for) I am glad for a season to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience, not to live always in the precincts of the law courts, but now and then, for a dream-while or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictions, to get into recesses whither the hunter cannot follow me —

—Secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

I come back to my cage and my restraint the fresher and more healthy for it. I wear my shackles more contentedly for having respired the breath of an imaginary freedom. I do not know how it is with others, but I feel the better always for the perusal of one of Congreve's — nay, why should I not add even of Wycherley's comedies. I am the gayer at least for it; and I could never connect those sports of a witty fancy in any shape with any result to be drawn from them to imitation in real life. They are a world of themselves almost as much as fairyland. Take one of their characters, male or female (with few exceptions they are alike), and place it in a modern play, and my virtuous indignation shall rise against the profligate wretch as warmly as the Catos of the pit could desire, because in a modern play I am to judge of the right and the wrong. The standard of *police* is the measure of *political justice*. The atmosphere will blight it; it cannot live here. It has got into a moral world, where it has no business, from which it must needs fall headlong; as dizzy and incapable of making a stand as a Swedenborgian bad spirit that has wandered unawares into the sphere of one of his good men or angels. But in its own world do we feel the creature is so very bad? The Fainalls and the Mirabells, the Dorimants and the Lady Touchwoods, in their own sphere, do not offend my moral sense; in fact, they do not appeal to it at all. They seem engaged in their proper element. They break through no laws or conscientious restraints. They know of none. They have got out of Christendom into the land — what shall I call it? — of cuckoldry — the Utopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty and the manners perfect freedom. It is altogether a speculative scene of things, which has no reference whatever to the world that is. No good person can be justly offended as a spectator, because no good person suffers on the stage. Judged morally, every character in these plays — the few exceptions only are *mistakes* — is alike essentially vain and worthless. The great art of Congreve is especially shown in this, that he has entirely excluded from his scenes, some little generosities in the part of Angelica perhaps excepted, not only anything like a faultless character, but any pretensions to goodness or good feelings whatsoever. Whether he did this designedly or instinctively, the effect is as happy as the design (if design) was bold. I used to wonder at the strange power which his "Way of the World" in particular possesses of interesting you all along in the pursuits of characters for whom you absolutely care nothing; for you neither hate nor love his personages; and I think it is owing to this very indifference for any that you endure the whole. He has spread a privation of moral light, I will call it, rather than by the ugly name of palpable darkness, over his creations, and his shadows flit before you without distinction or preference. Had he introduced a good character, a single gush of moral feeling, a revulsion of the judgment to actual life and actual duties, the impertinent Goshen would have only lighted to the discovery of deformities which now are none, because we think them none.

Translated into real life, the characters of his and his friend Wycherley's dramas are profligates and strumpets, the business of their brief existence the undivided pursuit of lawless gallantry. No other spring of action or possible motive of conduct is recognized; principles which, universally acted upon, must reduce this frame of things to a chaos. But we do them wrong in so translating them. No such effects are produced in *their* world. When we are among them, we are amongst a chaotic people. We are not to judge them by our usages. No reverend institutions are insulted by their proceedings, for they have none among them. No peace of families is violated, for no family ties exist among them. No purity of the marriage bed is stained, for none is supposed to have a being. No deep affections are disquieted, no holy wedlock bands are snapped asunder, for affection's depth and wedded faith are not of the growth of that soil. There is neither right nor wrong, gratitude or its opposite, claim or duty, paternity or sonship. Of what consequence is it to Virtue, or how is she at all concerned about it, whether Sir Simon or Dapperwit steal away Miss Martha, or who is the father of Lord Froth's or Sir Paul Pliant's children.

The whole is a passing pageant, where we should sit as unconcerned at the issues, for life or death, as at a battle of the frogs and mice. But, like Don Quixote, we take part against the puppets, and quite as impertinently. We dare not contemplate an Atlantis, a scheme, out of which our coxcombical moral sense is for a little transitory ease excluded. We have not the courage to imagine a state of things for which there is neither reward nor punishment. We cling to the painful necessities of shame and blame. We would indict our very dreams.

Amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old, it is something to have seen the "School for Scandal" in its glory. This comedy grew out of Congreve and Wycherley, but gathered some allays of the sentimental comedy which followed theirs. It is impossible that it should be now *acted*, though it continues, at long intervals, to be announced in the bills. Its hero, when Palmer played it at least, was Joseph Surface. When I remember the gay boldness, the graceful solemn plausibility, the measured steps, the insinuating voice — to express it in a word, the downright *acted* villainy of the part, so different from the pressure of conscious actual wickedness, the hypocritical assumption of hypocrisy, which made Jack so deservedly a favorite in that character, I must needs conclude the present generation of playgoers more virtuous than myself or more dense. I freely confess that he divided the palm with me with his better brother — that, in fact, I liked him quite as well. Not but there are passages, like that, for instance, where Joseph is made to refuse a pittance to a poor relation — incongruities which Sheridan was forced upon by the attempt to join the artificial with the sentimental comedy — either of which must destroy the other; but over these obstructions Jack's manner floated him so lightly, that a refusal from him no more shocked you than the easy compliance of Charles gave you in reality any pleasure; you got over the paltry question as quickly as you could, to get back into the regions of pure comedy, where no cold moral reigns. The highly artificial manner of Palmer in this character counteracted every disagreeable impression which you might have received from the contrast, supposing them real, between the two brothers. You did not believe in Joseph with the same faith with which you believed in Charles. The latter was a pleasant reality, the former a no less pleasant poetical foil to it. The comedy, I have said, is incongruous, a mixture of Congreve with sentimental incompatibilities: the gayety upon the whole is buoyant; but it required the consummate art of Palmer to reconcile the discordant elements.

A player with Jack's talents, if we had one now, would not dare to do the part in the same manner. He would instinctively avoid every turn which might tend to unrealize, and so to make the character fascinating. He must take his cue from his spectators, who would expect a bad man and a good man as rigidly opposed to each other as the death-beds of those geniuses are contrasted in the prints, which, I am sorry to say, have disappeared from the windows of my old friend Carrington Bowles, of St. Paul's Church-yard memory (an exhibition as venerable as the adjacent cathedral, and almost coeval), of the bad and good man at the hour of death, where the ghastly apprehensions of the former — and truly the grim phantom with his reality of a toasting-fork is not to be despised — so finely contrast with the meek complacent kissing of the rod — taking it in like honey and butter — with which the latter submits to the scythe of the gentle bleeder, Time, who wields his lancet with the apprehensive finger of a popular young ladies' surgeon. What flesh, like loving grass, would not covet to meet halfway the stroke of such a delicate mower? John Palmer was twice an actor in this exquisite part. He was playing to you all the while that he was playing upon Sir Peter and his lady. You had the first intimation of a sentiment before it was on his lips. His altered voice was meant to you, and you were to suppose that his fictitious co-flutterers on the stage perceived nothing at all of it. What was it to you if that half reality, the husband, was overreached by the puppetry, or the thin thing (lady Teazle's reputation) was persuaded it was dying of a plethora? The fortunes of Othello and Desdemona were not concerned in it. Poor Jack has passed from the stage in good time, that he did not live to this our age of seriousness. The pleasant old Teazle *King*, too, is gone in good time. His manner would scarce have passed current in our day. We must love or hate, acquit or condemn, censure or pity, exert our detestable coxcombry of moral judgment upon everything. Joseph Surface, to go down now, must be a downright revolting villain — no compromise; his first appearance must shock and give horror — his specious plausibilities, which the pleasurable faculties of our fathers welcomed with such hearty greetings, knowing that no harm (dramatic harm even) could come or was meant to come of them, must inspire a cold and killing aversion. Charles (the real canting person of the scene, for the hypocrisy of Joseph has its ulterior legitimate ends, but his brother's professions of a good heart center in downright self-satisfaction) must be *loved* and Joseph *hated*. To balance one disagreeable reality with another, Sir Peter Teazle must be no longer the comic idea of a fretful old bachelor bridegroom, whose teasings (while King acted it) were evidently as much played off at you as they were meant to concern anybody on the stage, — he must be a real person, capable in law of sustaining an injury — a person towards whom duties are to be acknowledged — the genuine crim. con. antagonist of the villainous seducer Joseph. To realize him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate match must have the downright pungency of life — must (or should) make you not mirthful but uncomfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbor or old friend. The delicious scenes which give the play its name and zest must affect you in the same serious manner as if you heard the reputation of a dear female friend attacked in your real presence. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin, those poor snakes that live but in the sunshine of your mirth, must be ripened by this hotbed process of realization into asps or amphisbænas; and Mrs. Candour — O frightful! — become a hooded serpent. O who that remembers Parsons and Dodd — the wasp and butterfly of the "School for Scandal" — in those two characters, and charming, natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy, in this latter part, would forego the true scenic delight — the escape from life — the oblivion of consequences — the holiday barring out of the pedant Reflection — those Saturnalia of two or three brief hours, well won from the world — to sit instead at one of our modern plays — to have his coward conscience (that, forsooth, must not be left for a moment) stimulated with perpetual appeals — dulled rather, and blunted, as a faculty without repose must be — and his moral vanity pampered with images of notional justice, notional beneficence, lives saved without the spectator's risk, and fortunes given away that cost the author nothing?

No piece was, perhaps, ever so completely cast in all its parts as this *manager's comedy*. Miss Farren had succeeded to Mrs. Abington in Lady Teazle, and Smith, the original Charles, had retired when I first saw it. The rest of the characters, with very slight exceptions, remained. I remember it was then the fashion to cry down John Kemble, who took the part of Charles

Kemble in the Character of Hamlet.

J. P. Kemble

Born at Prescot Lancashire Feby 1st 1757

after Smith; but, I thought, very unjustly. Smith, I fancy, was more airy, and took the eye with a certain gayety of person. He brought with him no somber recollections of tragedy. He had not to expiate the fault of having pleased beforehand in lofty declamation. He had no sins of Hamlet or of Richard to atone for. His failure in these parts was a passport to success in one of so opposite a tendency. But, as far as I could judge, the weighty sense of Kemble made up for more personal incapacity than he had to answer for. His harshest tones in this part came steeped and dulcified in good humor. He made his defects a grace. His exact declamatory manner, as he managed it, only served to convey the points of his dialogue with more precision. It seemed to head the shafts to carry them deeper. Not one of his sparkling sentences was lost. I remember minutely how he delivered each in succession, and cannot by any effort imagine how any of them could be altered for the better. No man could deliver brilliant dialogue — the dialogue of Congreve or of Wycherley — because none understood it, half so well as John Kemble. His Valentine, in "Love for Love," was to my recollection, faultless. He flagged sometimes in the intervals of tragic passion. He would slumber over the level parts of an heroic character. His Macbeth has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialogue. The relaxing levities of tragedy have not been touched by any since him; the playful court-bred spirit in which he condescended to the players in Hamlet, the sportive relief which he threw into the darker shades of Richard, disappeared with him. He had his sluggish moods, his torpors; but they were the halting-stones and resting-place of his tragedy — politic savings and fetches of the breath — husbandry of the lungs, where nature pointed him to be an economist — rather, I think, than errors of the judgment. They were, at worst, less painful than the eternal tormenting unappeasable vigilance, — the "lidless dragon eyes," of present fashionable tragedy.

The Old Familiar Faces.

January, 1798.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days —
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies —
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her —
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood:
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother!
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

For some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springing motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call: if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school —
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born.

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work.
A floweret crushèd in the bud,
A nameless piece of Babyhood,
Was in a cradle-coffin lying;
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying;
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb!
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
For the long dark: ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say that Nature blind
Checked her hand and changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finished pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lacked she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sickened)
That should thy little limbs have quickened?
Limbs so firm they seemed to assure
Life of health, and days mature:
Woman's self in miniature!
Limbs so fair they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry
That babe or mother — one must die:
So in mercy left the stock,
And cut the branch, to save the shock
Of young years widowed; and the pain,
When single state comes back again
To the lone man who, 'reft of wife,
Thenceforwards drags a maimèd life?
The economy of Heaven is dark;

And wisest clerks have missed the mark,
Why Human Buds, like this, should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral,
That has his day; while shriveled crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones,
And crabbed use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss.
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells and baby clothes;
Coral redder than those lips,
Which pale death did late eclipse;
Music framed for infant's glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee:
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them, —
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing; nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave;
And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie,
A more harmless vanity?

In My Own Album.

Fresh clad from heaven in robes of white,
A young probationer of light,
Thou wert my soul, an album bright,

A spotless leaf: but thought and care,
And friend and foe, in foul or fair,
Have "written strange defeatures" there;

And Time with heaviest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamped sad dates he can't recall;

And error gilding worst designs —
Like speckled snake that strays and shines —
Betrays his path by crooked lines;

And vice hath left his ugly blot;
And good resolves, a moment hot,
Fairly begun — but finished not;

And fruitless, late remorse doth trace —
Like Hebrew lore, a backward pace —
Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed numbers, sense unknit,
Huge reams of folly, shreds of wit,
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook
Upon this ink-blurred thing to look:
Go, shut the leaves, and clasp the book.

A Farewell to Tobacco.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate yet love thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passions to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths do break
Than reclaimèd lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;

While each man, through thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist doth show us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowèd features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras—
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapors thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformèd god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,

Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite —

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee;
Irony all, and feigned abuse,
Such as perplexed lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
Friendly Trait'ress, Loving Foe,—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or as men, constrained to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever
Whence they feel it death to sever,

Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she who once hath been
A king's consort is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any title of her state,
Though a widow or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarred the full fruition
Of thy favors, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odors, that give life
Like glances from a neighbor's wife;
And still live in the byplaces
And the suburbs of thy graces,
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquered Canaanite.

HUGUES FÉLICITÉ ROBERT DE LAMENNAIS.

Hugues Félicité Robert de Lamennais, a French ecclesiastic, polemical, and political writer, born at St. Malo, June 19, 1782; died at Paris, Feb. 27, 1854. He was ordained priest in 1817. The same year appeared the first volume of his "Essay upon Indifference in the Matter of Religion" (4 vols. 1807–1820), a work of profound learning and of strict orthodoxy. He developed his views further in "Religion Considered in its Relation to the Civil and Political Order" (1825), and "Progress of the Revolution and of the War against the Church" (1829). By degrees he became the critic of Church policy, and his journal *L'Avenir* (The Future) was condemned by the Pope. Lamennais bowed to Rome's decree; but after a year was published his "Words of a Believer" (1834), in which he repudiates all authority of popes and bishops. The little volume is written in archaic style, imitating the language of the Hebrew sacred books; it had an enormous circulation among the masses of the people in every country of Europe. It was followed by "The Book of the People" (1837), and "The Past and Future of the People" (1842), in the same tone. He wrote also: "Sketch of a Philosophy" (3 vols., 1841); "Religion"; and translated the Gospels, accompanying the text with notes.

Of the Nature, Effect and Import of Religion in the Soul.

(From "Essay on Indifference in Religion.")

God is indeed the sovereign of mankind: therefore atheism which, by rejecting God, separates man from infinite truth and from all truth, is but the absolute lack of all good, or the sovereign ill.

Deism, which admits God without knowing him, for it rejects Jesus Christ, the Mediator, by whom alone we may know God; deism, which misconstruing the necessary bonds uniting man to God and to other men, establishes arbitrary bonds or fails to establish any; deism, which offers the mind mere probabilities without certainty; deism, pure opinion, leaves man absolute master of his thoughts, of his love, of his actions, and independent of every law of truth and justice: in a state of disorder contrary to nature, and the most wretched of all states after the atheism to which it leads.

If then happiness be not a vain illusion, if our desires are not deceitful, if we are not born with faculties that have no object, if our existence has an end, an aim, like that of all other beings, evidently we cannot attain this end except through Religion, which alone undertakes to inform us of our nature, our origin, our destinies; and which alone promises us possession of sovereign truth and of sovereign good. And surely, even before examination, after having vainly exhausted philosophic systems, one must heartily rejoice to learn that there is still hope.

Everything in Religion is infinite, because everything is full of God. Therefore the perfect harmony between it and our faculties; and therefore, in all times, and in all climates, man has been naturally attracted toward it, and has craved to be enlightened by its dogmas, and consoled and animated by its hopes and guided by its precepts: and the more Religion is pure, holy, and so to speak, rigorously true and just, the greater its power over man or the greater its conformity with his nature. It is not necessary to seek elsewhere for the natural attraction which draws all nations toward Christianity as soon as it is revealed to them. We do not cease to feel this divine harmony until pride or the senses have led us far astray, and have corrupted and depraved our nature, as Saint Augustine observes from his own experience. "Reflecting within myself," says he, "on the supreme order and beauty, I tried vainly, oh, gentle truth! to rise to you and to rejoice in your inward and ravishing melody. Surrounded by material phantoms, I was enticed away by the voice of error and I departed, sinking under the weight of pride into a bottomless abyss."

Man wishes to enjoy the truth, he wishes to enjoy it without reserve; he will never grow surfeited of knowing and of loving. But the intellect left to itself, grows weary, dazed, lost in its own thoughts. It grasps nothing comprehensively; it seizes nothing firmly enough for assurance that doubt will not ravish it away. Who will explain this contradiction? Who will restore repose to man by reëstablishing the equilibrium between his faculties and his desires? This philosophy attempts, but how? Now by telling man that his intelligence can attain everything through its own strength; again by persuading him that it can reach nothing, and forbidding him to exercise it, that is, by making him either a god or a brute, by denying his nature without power to suppress it.

Oh! not thus would Religion resolve the great problem. By opening eternity before us of which time is only the portico, she reveals in its depths an infinite succession of steps as it were, by which the intellect, mounting ceaselessly and aided by limitless duration, must ceaselessly approach the ineffable source of eternal truth. And at once she grants and delivers this infinite truth to the soul of which it is both the life and sustenance; and which possesses it here on earth through faith, through love, and through hope. For hope, temporary modification relative to the present state of a natural indestructible sentiment, is but a growing love.

The reason why faith, hope, and love are established as virtues and as cardinal divine or infinite virtues, is evident. The law which commands us to believe the infinite truth, only means of possessing it on earth; and to hope for and love infinite good, only means of fully enjoying it on earth; is the essential law of order and hence of happiness. All other laws are derived from it, as action is derived from love, and without this fundamental law all others are nul, chimerical, contradictory; morality is a vain word, and neither crime nor virtue can exist.

Marvelous economy of Religion! While all philosophy, beginning by ignorance, would have the human reason build the edifice of truth and happiness on this ruinous foundation without support, Christianity, invested with divine authority as it proves to the very senses by incontestable titles, speaks to men with a confidence which inspires perfect certainty, and which reveals the truth in entity to be their light, their good, their rule. And though all do not understand it equally, yet all may possess and may love it equally. Faith effaces all intellectual differences, whether original, or whether coming from education, condition, or other accidental circumstances; and lends infinite force to the reason of even a child, since it establishes him in society with the infinite reason which is God; decides him irrevocably upon all the great questions which turn philosophers' heads; and elevates him to a height from which in the happy calm of an unshakable conviction, he beholds the human wisdom harassed with disquietude in the midst of desolating uncertainties and eternal doubt. So too, all aspiring to the same happiness, the same happiness is offered all; and as cannot be sufficiently emphasized, happiness their final aim is also their first duty, since love is the first precept, and all the others flow naturally from it.

From that moment man has nothing further to seek; he knows his place in the order of beings; he knows God, he knows himself, and without any effort, he finds the peace of love and knowledge in the contemplation of immutable truth. Informed of his duties and as to his destiny, and tranquil about other matters, he ignores nothing which it is necessary or truly useful for him to know. Consequently he experiences a profound repose, an inexpressible content, independent of sensation, and which nothing can trouble, because it has its source in the inmost depths of the soul unreservedly abandoned to the great, essentially good and all powerful Being who is revealed to docile hearts by ineffable means. Thus illuminated by a new light, and appreciating everything at its true value, man ceases to be the plaything of the passions. The invariable rule of order moderates, determines his desires and attachments, and in the irreparable vicissitudes of this transitory life, he sees only short-lived trials of which immortal felicity will be the term and recompense. He is little concerned with the vile interests of this world, and an inexhaustible abundance of pure and affectionate sentiments draws him to his fellows, makes him compassionate of their sorrows and anxious to alleviate them by all the devotion of a tender indefatigable charity. And in sacrificing himself to his brothers, he is sacrificing for himself, so intimate is the union established between men by Christianity, and so powerful is the holy charm of pity! If, to some, the duties of Religion appear hard and rigorous, oh! they do not know what unction sweetens them; they have never tasted the consolations, the gentle attraction, and delightful joys of virtue.

They talk of pleasures: are any comparable to those accompanying innocence? Is it nothing to be always content with oneself and with others? Is it nothing to be exempt from repentance and remorse, or to find in repentance a sure refuge against remorse? For even in the tears of penitence there is more sweetness than in the faults which make them roll. The heart of the true Christian is a continual fête. He has greater enjoyment from his renunciation that the unbeliever obtains from his self-indulgence. Happy in prosperity, still happier in trouble, because it enables him to augment the joy awaiting him, he advances with tranquil step across the plains of life, towards the mountain crowned by the eternal city, celestial dwelling of peace, of lasting delights and all good things.

The mere anticipation of this peace fills the soul with inexhaustible pleasure. Who has not experienced it, has felt nothing. He may know pleasure, he is ignorant of happiness. Yes, I maintain the humble believer praying in his simplicity of heart at the foot of a solitary altar, experiences a sentiment a thousand times more delicious than the keenest enjoyments of passion. Even the philosopher no sooner forgets the pride of his vain system to surrender himself humbly to faith, than he receives the recompense promised those who will believe. One day, Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the author of "Studies of Nature," after a country walk, finding themselves at Mount Valerien, entered the chapel of the Hermits just as the litany was being repeated. Touched by the calm of the spot, and seized with religious emotion, Jean-Jacques and his companion knelt down and mingled their prayers with those of the congregation. The service ended, Rousseau rose, his heart touched, and said to his friend: "Now I experience what is said in the Gospel 'when two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' The peace and happiness here penetrate the spirit." Founded thus on an experience which never fails, let us not fear to repeat with Montesquieu "How admirable! The Christian Religion which seems to have no other object than the felicity of the other life, also makes us happy in this life." Thus, every day, under our eyes are verified the words of the great Master: "He that hath forsaken all for my sake shall receive an hundredfold even here on earth and shall inherit everlasting life."

Philosophic doctrines dry and wither life; take everything away from man except the realization of his own wretchedness; and lead him to the tomb between disgust and disquiet. So when first illusions have vanished, how many incredulous minds envy the happiness of believers. Exhausted of desires, consumed with weariness, tormented by their own vain wisdom, they sigh, Ah! if I could but believe! They feel that faith would reanimate them, strengthen their weakened spirits. The sight of a Christian confounds them with astonishment. His habitual calm, his unalterable serenity, and something pure and lovely which, escaping from the heart spreads over all his face and gives it a heavenly expression, impresses them, charms them, and draws from them involuntary sighs. And yet what have they seen? Only a few external signs, feeble indices of feelings, drawn from the depths of the soul. Ah! If they could penetrate the sanctuary of the conscience where virtue already receives its reward in the delightful content which it inspires; if they could feel for once that perfect peace of a mind satisfied with its attainment through faith of infinite truth; that divine hope in which all earthly desires are quenched, and which is always urging towards eternity; that delectable love from which the soul draws long thirst-quenching draughts; that intimate unutterable enjoyment of the Divinity itself in familiar commune with his creatures as a friend with a friend entirely united with it in order to be possessed by it as his good, his joy, his mystical sustenance; how transported with admiration they would suddenly become! In dread of losing these ineffably good things, with what ardor and joy would they free themselves from the bonds of an imbecile reason that they might reach by faith according to the word of the Holy Scriptures: "to the measure of the perfect man, or to the perfect knowledge of God in Jesus Christ his Son."

Finally death, so terrible to the unbeliever, crowns the wishes of the Christian. Like Saint Paul he desires it that he may be with Jesus Christ; he desires it in order to begin to live, to be delivered from the weight of his body, from the material bonds which hold him to earth where all the pure enjoyments he tastes are but a pale shadow of those he anticipates. Did a dying Christian ever follow the example of so many unbelievers, abjure his faith and regret that he had believed? Ah! in that moment when the consoling truth shines in all its glory before his eyes, then he recognizes its value. Death is the last light to flash upon him, a light so keen that it renders the passage from faith to the clear vision of its object almost imperceptible. Hope, holding a torch beside the couch of the dying, reveals the open heaven to which love is summoning him. The cross which he holds between his feeble hands, and presses to his lips and upon his heart, awakening many merciful memories touches, fortifies, animates him. Another instant and all will be consummated, sin vanquished, and the profound mystery of deliverance accomplished. A last weakness of nature shows the moment has arrived. Then Religion raises her voice as in a final effort of tenderness: "Depart," she says, "Christian Soul; quit this world in the name of God the Father Almighty, who created thee; in the name of Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, who suffered for thee; in the name of the Holy Ghost, whose spirit thou hast received. In separating from the body mayst thou be freely admitted to the Mountain of Sion, to the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to the innumerable company of angels and first born of the church whose names are written in heaven. May God rise and disperse the shades of darkness; may all the spirits of evil flee and fear to touch a sheep ransomed with the blood of Jesus Christ. May Christ who died, was crucified for thee, deliver thee from suffering and from eternal death. May the good Shepherd know his sheep and its place in the company of his elect eternally in the presence of thy Redeemer, mayst thou always contemplate truth unveiled and forever visible, in the eternal ecstasy of bliss."

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon, an English poet and novelist, born at Brompton, a suburb of London, Aug. 14, 1802; died at Cape Coast Castle in Western Africa, Oct. 15, 1838. At the age of eighteen she began to contribute to the *Literary Gazette*. In the summer of 1838 she married Mr. Maclean, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle. She published several volumes of prose and verse. Her "Literary Remains," with a "Life" by Laman Blanchard, were published in 1841.

The Setting of the Pole-Star.

A star has left the kindling sky —
  A lovely northern light:
How many planets are on high,
  But that has left the night.

I miss its bright, familiar face;
  It was a friend to me —
Associate with my native place,
  And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
  Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
  And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
  It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
  All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer ends
  Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
  That I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part —
  How could I bear the pain? —
Yet strong the omen in my heart
  That says — We meet again.

Meet, with a deeper, dearer love,
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove —
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely Polar-Star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell! Ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
And little needed too;
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Walter Savage Landor, an English poet and prose-writer, born at Warwick, Jan. 30, 1775; died at Florence, Italy, Sept. 17, 1864. He was educated at Rugby, and afterward entered the University of Oxford, but never took his degree. In 1815 he went to the Continent and, after spending some time in France, proceeded to Italy, where he resided in several places until 1821, when he took up his abode at Florence. In 1835 he went back to England, settling himself at Bath, which was his residence until 1858. He then went back to Florence, where the remaining six years of his life were passed. His most celebrated work is "Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen" (1st series, 3 vols., 1824–1828; 2d series, 3 vols., 1829). Among his other works are: "Poems" (1795); "Gebir" (1798); "Count Julian, a Tragedy" (1812); "Heroic Idylls" (1814 and 1820), two volumes of Latin verse; "Satire upon Satirists and Admonition to Detractors" (1836), an attack upon Wordsworth; "The Pentameron," conversations of Petrarch and Boccaccio (1837); "Andrea of Hungary and Giovanni of Naples" (1839); "Fra Rupert, the Last Part of a Triology" (1840); "The Hellenics" (1847); "Italics," verses (1848); "Popery, British and Foreign" (1851); "Letters of an American, mainly on Russia and Revolution" (1854); "Letter to R. W. Emerson" (1856), on Emerson's "English Traits;" "Antony and Octavius: Scenes for the Study" (1856); "Dry Sticks Fagoted by W. S. Landor" (1858); "Savonarola and the Prior of St. Mark" (1860); "Heroic Idylls, with Additional Poems" (1863).

Marcellus and Hannibal.

(From "Imaginary Conversations.")

[Marcellus, the Commander of the Roman army, lies before Hannibal, mortally wounded.]

Hannibal. — Could a Numidian horseman ride no faster? Marcellus! oh! Marcellus! He moves not — he is dead. Did he not stir his fingers? Stand wide, soldiers — wide, forty paces — give him air — bring water — halt! Gather those

Your affectionate old
friend W S Landor

broad leaves, and all the rest, growing under the brushwood — unbrace his armor. Loose the helmet first — his breast rises. I fancied his eyes were fixed on me — they have rolled back again. Who presumed to touch my shoulder? This horse? It was surely the horse of Marcellus! Let no man mount him. Ha! ha! the Romans, too, sink into luxury: here is gold about the charger.

Gaulish Chieftain. — Execrable thief! The golden chain of our king under a beast's grinders! The vengeance of the gods hath overtaken the impure —

Hannibal. — We will talk about vengeance when we have entered Rome, and about purity among the priests, if they will hear us. Sound for the surgeon. That arrow may be extracted from the side, deep as it is. — The conqueror of Syracuse lies before me. — Send a vessel off to Carthage. Say Hannibal is at the gates of Rome. — Marcellus, who stood alone between us, fallen. Brave man! I would rejoice and cannot. — How awfully serene a countenance! Such as we hear are in the islands of the Blessed. And how glorious a form and stature! Such too was theirs! They also once lay thus upon the earth wet with their blood — few other enter there. And what plain armor!

Gaulish Chieftain. — My party slew him — indeed I think I slew him myself. I claim the chain: it belongs to my king; the glory of Gaul requires it. Never will she endure to see another take it.

Hannibal. — My friend, the glory of Marcellus did not require him to wear it. When he suspended the arms of your brave king in the temple, he thought such a trinket unworthy of himself and of Jupiter. The shield he battered down, the breast-plate he pierced with his sword — these he showed to the people and to the gods; hardly his wife and little children saw this, ere his horse wore it.

Gaulish Chieftain. — Hear me, O Hannibal!

Hannibal. — What! when Marcellus lies before me? when his life may perhaps be recalled? when I may lead him in triumph to Carthage? when Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asia, wait to obey me? Content thee! I will give thee mine own bridle, worth ten such.

Gaulish Chieftain. — For myself?

Hannibal. — For thyself.

Gaulish Chieftain. — And these rubies and emeralds, and that scarlet —

Hannibal. — Yes, yes.

Gaulish Chieftain. — O glorious Hannibal! unconquerable hero! O my happy country! to have such an ally and defender. I swear eternal gratitude — yes, gratitude, love, devotion, beyond eternity.

Hannibal. — In all treaties we fix the time: I could hardly ask a longer. Go back to thy station. — I would see what the surgeon is about, and hear what he thinks. The life of Marcellus! the triumph of Hannibal! what else has the world in it? Only Rome and Carthage: these follow.

Marcellus. — I must die then? The gods be praised! The commander of a Roman army is no captive.

Hannibal [*to the Surgeon*]. — Could not he bear a sea-voyage? Extract the arrow.

Surgeon. — He expires that moment.

Marcellus. — It pains me: extract it.

Hannibal. — Marcellus, I see no expression of pain on your countenance, and never will I consent to hasten the death of an enemy in my power. Since your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no captive.

[*To the Surgeon*]. — Is there nothing, man, that can assuage the mortal pain? for, suppress the signs of it as he may, he must feel it. Is there nothing to alleviate and allay it?

Marcellus. — Hannibal, give me thy hand — thou hast found it and brought it me, compassion.

[*To the Surgeon*]. — Go, friend; others want thy aid; several fell around me.

Hannibal. — Recommend to your country, O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in force, and the impossibility of resistance. The tablet is ready: let me take off this ring — try to write, to sign it, at least. Oh, what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to smile.

Marcellus. — Within an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, "Marcellus, is this thy writing?"

Rome loses one man: she hath lost many such, and she still hath many left.

Hannibal. — Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this? I confess in shame the ferocity of my countrymen. Unfortunately, too, the nearer posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge: the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required at a distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence.

Marcellus. — Hannibal, thou art not dying.

Hannibal. — What then? What mean you?

Marcellus. — That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend: I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me: mine would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent; and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf lies defaced the semblance of a general; but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation? Or wouldst thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much: let me rest; this mantle oppresses me.

Hannibal. — I placed my mantle on your head when the helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun. Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring.

Marcellus. — Take it, Hannibal. It was given me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer. Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine. How suddenly may the most powerful be in the situation of the most helpless! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last; in thy prosperous (Heaven grant it may shine upon thee in some other country!) it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we are then the most conscious that it may befall us.

There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either.

Hannibal. — What?

Marcellus. — This body.

Hannibal. — Whither would you be lifted? Men are ready.

Marcellus. — I meant not so. My strength is failing. I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion. I would have said — This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine; but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family.

Hannibal. — You would ask something else. I perceive an inquietude not visible till now.

Marcellus. — Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes.

Hannibal. — Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together.

Marcellus. — Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?

Hannibal. — A few dying lie about — and let them lie — they are Tuscans. The remainder I saw at a distance, flying, and but one brave man among them — he appeared a Roman — a youth who turned back, though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with their swords. These Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease.

Marcellus, why think about them? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts?

Marcellus. — I have suppressed it long enough. My son — my beloved son!

Hannibal. — Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

Marcellus. — He would have shared my fate — and has not. Gods of my country! beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent: I render you, for the last time, thanks.

Queen Elizabeth and Cecil.

Elizabeth. — I advise thee again, churlish Cecil, how that our Edmund Spenser, whom thou callest most uncourteously a whining whelp, hath good and solid reason for his complaint. God's blood! shall the lady that tieth my garter and shuffles the smock over my head, or the lord that steadieth my chair's back while I eat, or the other that looketh to my buck-hounds lest they be mangy, be holden by me in higher esteem and estate than he who hath placed me among the bravest of past times, and will as safely and surely set me down among the loveliest in the future?

Cecil. — Your Highness must remember he carouseth fully for such deserts: fifty pounds a-year of unclipped moneys, and a butt of canary wine; not to mention three thousand acres in Ireland, worth fairly another fifty and another butt, in seasonable and quiet years.

Elizabeth. — The moneys are not enough to sustain a pair of grooms and a pair of palfreys, and more wine hath been drunken in my presence at a feast. The moneys are given to such men, that they may not incline nor be obligated to any vile or lowly occupation; and the canary, that they may entertain such promising wits as court their company and converse; and that in such manner there may be alway in our land a succession of these heirs unto fame. He hath written, not indeed with his wonted fancifulness, nor in learned and majestical language, but in homely and rustic wise, some verses which have moved me, and haply the more in as much as they demonstrate to me that his genius hath been dampened by his adversities. Read them.

Cecil. —

"How much is lost when neither heart nor eye
  Rosewinged Desire or fabling Hope deceives;
When boyhood with quick throb hath ceased to spy
  The dubious apple in the yellow leaves;

When, rising from the turf where youth reposed,
  We find but deserts in the far-sought shore;
When the huge book of Faery-land lies closed,
  And those strong brazen clasps will yield no more."

Elizabeth. — The said Edmund hath also furnished unto the weaver at Arras, John Blanquieres, on my account, a description for some of his cunningest wenches to work at, supplied by mine own self, indeed, as far as the subject-matter goes, but set forth by him with figures and fancies, and daintily enough bedecked. I could have wished he had thereunto joined a fair comparison between Dian — no matter — he might perhaps have fared the better for it; but poets' wits, — God help them! — when did they ever sit close about them? Read the poesy, not over-rich, and concluding very awkwardly and meanly.

Cecil. —

"Where forms the lotus, with its level leaves
  And solid blossoms, many floating isles,
What heavenly radiance swift descending cleaves
  The darksome wave! Unwonted beauty smiles

On its pure bosom, on each bright-eyed flower,
  On every nymph, and twenty sate around.
Lo! 'twas Diana — from the sultry hour
  Hither she fled, nor fear'd she sight or sound.

Unhappy youth, whom thirst and quiver-reeds
  Drew to these haunts, whom awe forbade to fly!
Three faithful dogs before him rais'd their heads,
  And watched and wonder'd at that fixèd eye.

Forth sprang his favorite — with her arrow-hand
  Too late the goddess hid what hand may hide,
Of every nymph and every reed complain'd,
  And dashed upon the bank the waters wide.

On the prone head and sandal'd feet they flew —
  Lo! slender hoofs and branching horns appear!
The last marr'd voice not e'en the favorite knew,
  But bay'd and fasten'd on the upbraiding deer.

Far be, chaste goddess, far from me and mine
  The stream that tempts thee in the summer noon!
Alas, that vengeance dwells with charms divine" —

Elizabeth. — Pshaw! give me the paper: I forewarned thee how it ended, — pitifully, pitifully.

Cecil. — I cannot think otherwise than that the undertaker of the aforecited poesy hath chosen your Highness; for I have seen painted — I know not where, but I think no farther off than Putney — the identically same Dian, with full as many nymphs, as he calls them, and more dogs. So small a matter as a page of poesy shall never stir my choler nor twitch my purse-string.

Elizabeth. — I have read in Plinius and Mela of a runlet near Dodona, which kindled by approximation an unlighted torch, and extinguished a lighted one. Now, Cecil, I desire no such a jetty to be celebrated as the decoration of my court: in simpler words, which your gravity may more easily understand, I would not from the fountain of honor give luster to the dull and ignorant, deadening and leaving in its tomb the lamp of literature and genius. I ardently wish my reign to be remembered: if my actions were different from what they are, I should as ardently wish it to be forgotten. Those are the worst of suicides, who voluntarily and propensely stab or suffocate their fame, when God hath commanded them to stand on high for an example. We call him parricide who destroys the author of his existence: tell me, what shall we call him who casts forth to the dogs and birds of prey its most faithful propagator and most firm support? Mark me, I do not speak of that existence which the proudest must close in a ditch,—the narrowest, too, of ditches and the soonest filled and fouled, and whereunto a pinch of ratsbane or a poppyhead may bend him; but of that which reposes on our own good deeds, carefully picked up, skillfully put together, and decorously laid out for us by another's kind understanding: I speak of an existence such as no father is author of, or provides for. The parent gives us few days and sorrowful: the poet, many and glorious; the one (supposing him discreet and kindly) best reproves our faults; the other best remunerates our virtues.

A page of poesy is a little matter: be it so; but of a truth I do tell thee, Cecil, it shall master full many a bold heart that the Spaniard cannot trouble; it shall win to it full many a proud and flighty one that even chivalry and manly comeliness cannot touch. I may shake titles and dignities by the dozen from my breakfast-board; but I may not save those upon whose heads I shake them from rottenness and oblivion. This year they and their sovereign dwell together; next year, they and their beagle. Both have names; but names perishable. The keeper of my privy-seal is an earl: what then? the keeper of my poultry-yard is a Cæsar. In honest truth, a name given to a man is no better than a skin given to him: what is not natively his own falls off and comes to nothing.

I desire in future to hear no contempt of penmen, unless a depraved use of the pen shall have so cramped them as to incapacitate them for the sword and for the Council Chamber. If Alexander was the Great, what was Aristoteles who made him so, and taught him every art and science he knew, except three,—those of drinking, of blaspheming, and of murdering his bosom friends? Come along: I will bring thee back again nearer home. Thou mightest toss and tumble in thy bed many nights, and never eke out the substance of a stanza; but Edmund, if perchance I should call upon him for his counsel, would give me as wholesome and prudent as any of you. We should indemnify such men for the injustice we do unto them in not calling them about us, and for the mortification they must suffer at seeing their inferiors set before them. Edmund is grave and gentle: he complains of fortune, not of Elizabeth; of courts, not of Cecil. I am resolved,—so help me, God!—he shall have no further cause for his repining. Go, convey unto him those twelve silver spoons, with the apostles on them, gloriously gilded; and deliver into his hand these twelve large golden pieces, sufficing for the yearly maintenance of another horse and groom. Beside which, set open before him with due reverence this Bible, wherein he may read the mercies of God toward those who waited in patience for His blessing; and this pair of crimson silk hose, which thou knowest I have worn only thirteen months, taking heed that the heel-piece be put into good and sufficient restoration, at my sole charges, by the Italian woman nigh the pollard elm at Charing Cross.

William Wallace and King Edward I.

Edward. — Whom seest thou here?

Wallace. — The King of England.

Edward. — And thou abaseth not thy head before the majesty of the scepter!

Wallace. — I did.

Edward. — I marked it not.

Wallace. — God beheld it when I did it; and he knoweth, as doth King Edward, how devoutly in my heart's strength I fought for it.

Edward. — Robber! for what scepter? Who commissioned thee?

Wallace. — My country.

Edward. — Thou liest: there is no country where there is no king.

Wallace. — Sir, it were unbecoming to ask in this palace, why there is no king in my country.

Edward. — To spare thy modesty, then, I will inform thee. Because the kingdom is mine. Thou hast rebelled against me; thou hast presumed even to carry arms against both of these nobles, Bruce and Cummin, who contended for the Scottish throne, and with somewhat indeed of lawyer's likelihood.

Wallace. — They placed the Scottish throne under the English.

Edward. — Audacious churl! is it not meet?

Wallace. — In Scotland we think otherwise.

Edward. — Rebels do, subverters of order, low, ignorant knaves, without any stake in the country. It hath pleased

God to bless my arms; what further manifestation of our just claims demandest thou? Silence becomes thee.

Wallace. — Where God is named. What is now to the right bank of a river, is to the left when we have crossed it and look round.

Edward. — Thou wouldst be witty truly! Who was wittiest, thou or I, when thy companion Menteith delivered thee into my hands?

Wallace. — Unworthy companions are not the peculiar curse of private men. I chose not Menteith for his treachery, nor rewarded him for it. Sir, I have contended with you face to face; but would not here: your glory eclipses mine, if this be glory.

Edward. — So, thou wouldst place thyself on a level with princes!

Wallace. — Willingly, if they attacked my country; and above them.

Edward. — Dost thou remember the Carron-side, when your army was beaten and dispersed?

Wallace. — By the defection of Cummin and the arrogance of Stuart.

Edward. — Recollectest thou the colloquy that Bruce condescended to hold with thee across the river?

Wallace. — I do, sir. Why would not he, being your soldier, and fighting loyally against his native land, pass the water, and exterminate an army so beaten and dispersed? The saddle-skirts had been rather the stiffer on the morrow, but he would have hung them up and never felt them. Why not finish the business at once?

Edward. — He wished to persuade thee, loose reviler, that thy resistance was useless.

Wallace. — He might have made himself heard better if he had come across.

Edward. — No trifling; no arguing with me; no remarks here, caitiff! Thou canst not any longer be ignorant that he hath slain his competitor, Cummin; that my troops surround him; and that he perhaps may now repent the levity of his reproaches against thee. I may myself have said a hasty word or two; but thou hast nettled me. My anger soon passes. I never punish in an enemy anything else than obstinacy. I did not counsel the accusations and malignant taunts of Bruce.

Wallace. — Sir, I do not bear them in mind.

Edward. — No?

Wallace. — Indeed, I neither do nor would.

Edward. — Dull wretch! I should never forget such. I can make allowances; I am a king. I would flay him alive for half of them, and make him swallow back the other half without his skin.

Wallace. — Few have a right to punish; all to pardon.

Edward. — I perceive thou hast at last some glimmering of shame; and adversity makes thee very Christian-like.

Wallace. — Adversity, then, in exercising her power, loses her name and features. King Edward! thou hast raised me among men. Without thy banners and bows in array against me, I had sunk into utter forgetfulness. Thanks to thee for placing me, eternally, where no strength of mine could otherwise have borne me! Thanks to thee for bathing my spirit in deep thoughts, in refreshing calm, in sacred stillness! This, O King! is the bath for knighthood: after this it may feast, and hear bold and sweet voices, and mount to its repose.

I thought it hard to be seized and bound and betrayed by those in whom I trusted. I grieved that a valiant soldier (such is Menteith) should act so. Unhappily! he must now avoid all men's discourses. 'Twill pierce his heart to hear censures of the disloyal; and praises on the loyal will dry up its innermost drop. Two friends can never more embrace in his presence but he shall curse them in the bitterness of his soul, and his sword shall spring up to cleave them. "Alas!" will he say to himself, "is it thus? was it thus when I drew it for my country?"

Edward. — Think now of other matters: think, what I suggested, of thy reproaches.

Wallace. — I have none to make myself.

Edward. — Be it so: I did not talk about that any longer.

Wallace. — What others, then, can touch or reach me?

Edward. — Such as Bruce's.

Wallace. — Reproaches they were not; for none were ever cast against me: but taunts they were, not unmingled with invitations.

Edward. — The same invitations, and much greater, I now repeat. Thou shalt govern Scotland for me.

Wallace. — Scotland, sir, shall be governed for none: she is old enough to stand by herself, and to stand upright; the blows she hath received have not broken her loins.

Edward. — Come, come, Wallace! thou hast sense and spirit: confess to me fairly that, if thou wert at liberty, thou wouldst gladly make Bruce regret his ill-treatment of thee.

Wallace. — Well, then, I do confess it.

Edward. — Something would I myself hazard, — not too much; but prudently and handsomely. Tell me now plainly — for I love plain speaking and everything free and open — in what manner thou wouldst set about it; and perhaps, God willing, I may provide the means.

Wallace. — Sir, you certainly would not; it little suits your temper and disposition.

Edward. — Faith! not so little as thou supposest. Magnanimity and long-suffering have grown upon me, and well become me; but they have not produced all the good I might have expected from them. Joyfully as I would try them again, at any proper opportunity, there is nothing I am not bound to do, in dearness to my people, to rid myself of an enemy.

In my mind no expressions could be more insulting than Bruce's, when he accused thee, a low and vulgar man (how canst thou help that?), of wishing to possess the crown.

Wallace. — He was right.

Edward. — How! astonishment! Thou wouldst, then, have usurped the sovereignty!

Wallace. — I possessed a greater power by war than peace could ever give me; yet I invited and exhorted the legitimate heir of the throne to fight for it and receive it. If there is any satisfaction or gratification in being the envy of men, I had enough and greatly more than enough of it, when even those I love envied me: what would have been my portion of it, had I possessed that which never should have been mine?

Edward. — Why, then, sayest thou that Bruce was right?

Wallace. — He judged, as most men do, from his own feelings. Many have worn crowns; some have deserved them: I have done neither.

Edward. — Return to Scotland; bring me Bruce's head back; and rule the kingdom as viceroy.

Wallace. — I would rather make him rue his words against me, and hear him.

Edward. — Thou shalt.

Wallace. — Believe me, sir, you would repent of your permission.

Edward. — No, by the saints!

Wallace. — You would indeed, sir.

Edward. — Go, and try me; do not hesitate: I see thou art half inclined; I may never make the same offer again.

Wallace. — I will not go.

Edward. — Weak, wavering man! hath imprisonment in one day or two wrought such a change in thee?

Wallace. — Slavery soon does it; but I am, and will ever be, unchanged.

Edward. — It was not well, nor by my order, that thou wert dragged along the road, barefooted and bareheaded, while it snowed throughout all the journey.

Wallace. — Certainly, sir, you did not order it to snow from the latter days of December till the middle of January; but whatever else was done, if my guard spake the truth —

Edward. — He lied, he lied, he lied —

Wallace. — or the warrant he showed me is authentic, was done according to your royal order.

Edward. — What! are my officers turned into constables? base varlets! It must have seemed hard, Wallace!

Wallace. — Not that, indeed; for I went barefooted in my youth, and have mostly been bareheaded when I have not been in battle. But to be thrust and shoven into the court-yard; to shiver under the pent-house from which the wind had blown the thatch, while the blazing fire within made the snow upon the opposite roof redden like the dawn; to wax faint, ahungered, and athirst, when, within arm's length of me, men pushed the full cup away, and would drink no more, — to that I have never been accustomed in my country. The dogs, honester and kinder folks than most, but rather dull in the love of hospitality, unless in the beginning some pains are taken with them by their masters, tore my scant gear; and then your soldiers felt their contempt more natural and easy. The poor curs had done for them what their betters could not do; and the bolder of the company looked hard in my face, to see if I were really the same man.

Edward. — O the rude rogues! that was too bad.

Wallace. — The worst was this. Children and women, fathers and sons, came running down the hills — some sinking knee-deep in the incrusted snow, others tripping lightly over it — to celebrate the nativity of our blessed Lord. They entreated, and the good priest likewise, that I might be led forth into the church, and might kneel down amid them. "Off," cried the guard; "would ye plead for Wallace the traitor?" I saw them tremble, for it was treason in them; and then came my grief upon me, and bore hard. They lifted up their eyes to heaven, and it gave me strength.

Edward. — Thou shalt not, I swear to thee, march back in such plight.

Wallace. — I will not, I swear to thee, march a traitor.

Edward. — Right! right! I can trust thee — more than half already. Bruce is the traitor, the worst of the two: he raises the country against me. Go; encompass him; entrap him, quell him.

Sweetheart! thou hast a rare fancy, a youth's love at first sight, for thy chains: unwilling to barter them for liberty, for country, for revenge, for honor.

Wallace. — The two latter are very dear to me! For the two former I have often shed my blood, and, if more is wanting, take it. My heart is no better than a wooden cup, whereof the homely liquor a royal hand would cast away indifferently. There once were those who pledged it! where are they? Forgive my repining, O God! Enough, if they are not here.

Edward. — Nay, nay, Wallace! thou wrongest me. Thou art a brave man. I do not like to see those irons about thy wrists: they are too broad and tight; they have bruised thee cruelly.

Wallace. — Methinks there was no necessity to have hammered the rivets on quite so hard; and the fellow who did it needed not to look over his shoulder so often while he was about it, telling the people, "This is Wallace." Wrist or iron, he and his hammer cared not.

Edward. — I am mightily taken with the fancy of seeing thee mortify Bruce. Thou shalt do it: let me have thy plan.

Imaginary Correspondence of Pericles and Aspasia.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

I apprehend, O Pericles, not only that I may become an object of jealousy and hatred to the Athenians by the notice you have taken of me, but that you yourself — which affects me greatly more — may cease to retain the whole of their respect and veneration.

Whether, to acquire a great authority over the people, some things are not necessary to be done on which Virtue and

Wisdom are at variance, it becomes not me to argue or consider; but let me suggest the inquiry to you, whether he who is desirous of supremacy should devote the larger portion of his time to one person.

Three affections of the soul predominate: Love, Religion, and Power. The first two are often united; the other stands widely apart from them, and neither is admitted nor seeks admittance to their society. I wonder then how you can love so truly and tenderly. Ought I not rather to say I *did* wonder? Was Pisistratus affectionate? Do not be angry. It is certainly the first time a friend has ever ventured to discover a resemblance, although you are habituated to it from your opponents. In these you forgive it: do you in me?

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

Pisistratus was affectionate; the rest of his character you know as well as I do. You know that he was eloquent, that he was humane, that he was contemplative, that he was learned; that he not only was profuse to men of genius, but cordial, and that it was only with such men he was familiar and intimate. You know that he was the greatest, the wisest, the most virtuous, excepting Solon and Lycurgus, that ever ruled any portion of the human race. Is it not happy and glorious for mortals, when instead of being led by the ears under the clumsy and violent hand of vulgar and clamorous adventurers, a Pisistratus leaves the volumes of Homer and the conversation of Solon for them?

We may be introduced to Power by Humanity, and at first may love her less for her own sake than for Humanity's; but by degrees we become so accustomed to her as to be quite uneasy without her.

Religion and Power, like the Caryatides in sculpture, never face one another; they sometimes look the same way, but oftener stand back to back.

We will argue about them one at a time, and about the other in the triad too: let me have the choice.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

We must talk over again the subject of your letter; no, not talk, but write about it.

I think, Pericles, you who are so sincere with me are never quite sincere with others. You have contracted this bad habitude from your custom of addressing the people. But among friends and philosophers, would it not be better to speak exactly as we think, whether ingeniously or not? Ingenious things, I am afraid, are never perfectly true: however, I would not exclude them, the difference being wide between perfect truth and violated truth; I would not even leave them in a minority; I would hear and say as many as may be, letting them pass current for what they are worth. Anaxagoras rightly remarked that Love always makes us better, Religion sometimes, Power never.

ASPASIA TO PERICLES.

Never tell me, O my Pericles, that you are suddenly changed in appearance. May every change of your figure and countenance be gradual, so that I shall not perceive it; but if you really are altered to such a degree as you describe, I must transfer my affection — from the first Pericles to the second. Are you jealous? If you are, it is I who am to be pitied, whose heart is destined to fly from the one to the other incessantly. In the end it will rest, it shall, it must, on the nearest. I would write a longer letter; but it is a sad and wearisome thing to aim at playfulness where the hand is palsied by affliction. Be well; and all is well: be happy; and Athens rises up again, alert and blooming and vigorous, from between war and pestilence. Love me; for love cures all but love. How can we fear to die, how can we die, while we cling or are clung to by the beloved?

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

The pestilence has taken from me both my sons. You, who were ever so kind and affectionate to them, will receive a tardy recompense in hearing that the least gentle and the least grateful did acknowledge it.

I mourn for Paralos because he loved me; for Xanthippos because he loved me not.

Preserve with all your maternal care our little Pericles. I cannot be fonder of him than I have always been; I can only fear more for him.

Is he not with my Aspasia? What fears then are so irrational as mine? But oh! I am living in a widowed house, a house of desolation; I am living in a city of tombs and torches, and the last I saw before me were for my children.

PERICLES TO ASPASIA.

It is right and orderly, that he who has partaken so largely in the prosperity of the Athenians should close the procession of their calamities. The fever that has depopulated our city returned upon me last night, and Hippocrates and Acron tell me that my end is near.

When we agreed, O Aspasia in the beginning of our loves, to communicate our thoughts by writing, even while we were both in Athens, and when we had many reasons for it, we little foresaw the more powerful one that has rendered it necessary of late. We never can meet again: the laws forbid it, and love itself enforces them. Let wisdom be heard by you as imperturbably, and affection as authoritatively, as ever; and remember that the sorrow of Pericles can arise but from the bosom of Aspasia. There is only one word of tenderness we could say, which we have not said oftentimes before; and there is no consolation in it. The happy never say, and never hear said, farewell.

Reviewing the course of my life, it appears to me at one moment as if we met but yesterday; at another as if centuries had passed within it, — for within it have existed the greater part of those who, since the origin of the world, have been the luminaries of the human race. Damon called me from my music to look at Aristides on his way to exile; and my father pressed the wrist by which he was leading me along, and whispered in my ear: "Walk quickly by; glance cautiously; it is there Miltiades is in prison."

In my boyhood Pindar took me up in his arms, when he brought to our house the dirge he had composed for the funeral of my grandfather; in my adolescence I offered the rites of hospitality to Empedocles; not long afterward I embraced the neck of Æschylus, about to abandon his country. With Sophocles I have argued on eloquence; with Euripides on polity and ethics; I have discoursed, as became an inquirer, with Protagoras and Democritus, with Anaxagoras and Meton. From Herodotus I have listened to the most instructive history, conveyed in a language the most copious and the most harmonious; — a man worthy to carry away the collected suffrages of universal Greece; a man worthy to throw open the temples of Egypt, and to celebrate the exploits of Cyrus. And from Thucydides, who alone can succeed to him, how recently did my Aspasia hear with me the energetic praises of his just supremacy!

As if the festival of life were incomplete, and wanted one great ornament to crown it, Phidias placed before us, in ivory and gold, the tutelary Deity of this land, and the Zeus of Homer and Olympus.

To have lived with such men, to have enjoyed their familiarity and esteem, overpays all labors and anxieties. I were unworthy of the friendships I have commemorated, were I forgetful of the latest. Sacred it ought to be, formed as it was under the portico of Death — my friendship with the most sagacious, the most scientific, the most beneficent of philosophers, Acron and Hippocrates. If mortal could war against Pestilence and Destiny, they had been victorious. I leave them in the field: unfortunate he who finds them among the fallen!

And now, at the close of my day, when every light is dim and every guest departed, let me own that these wane before me: remembering as I do, in the pride and fullness of my heart, that Athens confided her glory, and Aspasia her happiness, to me.

Have I been a faithful guardian? do I resign them to the custody of the gods undiminished and unimpaired? Welcome then, welcome, my last hour! After enjoying for so great a number of years, in my public and my private life, what I believe has never been the lot of any other, I now extend my hand to the urn, and take without reluctance or hesitation what is the lot of all.

Rose Aylmer.

Ah, what avails the sceptered race,
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Farewell to Italy.

I leave thee, beauteous Italy! no more
From the high terraces, at even-tide,
To look supine into thy depths of sky,
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,
Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses
Bordering the channel of the Milky Way.
Fiesole and Val d' Arno must be dreams

Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.
I did believe (what have I not believed?)
Weary with age, but unopprest by pain,
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day,
And rest my bones in the mimosa's shade.
Hope! Hope! few ever cherisht thee so little;
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised;
But thou didst promise this, and all was well.

Art Criticism.

First bring me Raffael, who alone hath seen
In all her purity heaven's virgin queen,
Alone hath felt true beauty; bring me then
Titian, ennobler of the noblest men;
And next the sweet Correggio, nor chastise
His little Cupids for those wicked eyes.
I want not Rubens's pink puffy bloom,
Nor Rembrandt's glimmer in a dusty room.
With those, and Poussin's nymph-frequented woods,
His templed heights and long-drawn solitudes,
I am content, yet fain would look abroad
On one warm sunset of Ausonian Claude.

Lines from "Gebir."

[The first passage here given was Shelley's favorite.]

Once a fair city — courted then by kings,
Mistress of nations, thronged by palaces,
Raising her head o'er destiny, her face
Glowing with pleasure and with palms refresht;
Now pointed at by Wisdom or by Wealth,
Bereft of beauty, bare of ornament —
Stood in the wilderness of woe, Masar. . . .

Now to Aurora borne by dappled steeds,
The sacred gate of orient pearl and gold,
Smitten with Lucifer's light silver wand,
Expanded slow to strains of harmony.
The waves beneath in purpling rows, like doves
Glancing with wanton coyness toward their queen,
Heaved softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves
When from her sleeping lover's downy cheek,
To which so warily her own she brings
Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth

Of coming kisses fanned by playful Dreams.
Ocean and earth and heaven was jubilee;
For 'twas the morning pointed out by Fate
When an immortal maid and mortal man
Should share each other's nature knit in bliss.

The Life of Flowers.

When hath wind or rain
Borne hard upon weak plant that wanted me,
And I (however they might bluster round)
Walkt off? 'Twere most ungrateful; for sweet scents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die
(Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart)
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.

A Welcome to Death.

As he who baskt in sunshine loves to go
Where in dim coolness graceful laurels grow;
In that lone narrow path whose silent sand
Hears of no footstep, while some gentle hand
Beckons, or seems to beckon, to the seat
Where ivied wall and trellised woodbine meet:
Thus I, of ear that tingles not to praise,
And feet that, weary of the world's highways,
Recline on moldering tree or jutting stone,
And (though at last I feel I am alone)
Think by a gentle hand mine too is prest
In kindly welcome to a calmer rest.

Farewell.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
  Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,—
  It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

ANDREW LANG.

Andrew Lang, a British poet, critic and general writer, born at Selkirk, Scotland, March 31, 1844. He was educated at St. Andrews University and at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1868 he was elected a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. He has contributed largely to periodical literature. He has published "Ballades in Blue China" (1881); "Helen of Troy" (1882); "Rhymes à la Mode" (1884); "Custom and Myth" and "Ballades and Verses Vaine" (1884); "The Mark of Cain," a novel (1886); "Letters to Dead Authors" (1886); "Books and Bookmen" (1886); "Myth, Ritual, and Religion" (1887); "Grass of Parnassus" (1888); "Letters on Literature" (1889); "Life of Sir Stafford Northcote" (1890); "Essays in Little" (1891); "St. Andrews" (1893); "The Red True Story Book" (1895); and "My Own Fairy Book" (1895). In 1890 he collaborated with H. Rider Haggard in the production of "The World's Desire," a novel. He also translated the "Odyssey" with Professor Butcher, and the "Iliad" with Walter Leaf and Ernest Myers, and has published a series of critical articles on Shakspeare's plays.

To W. M. Thackeray.

(From "Letters to Dead Authors.")

Sir, — There are many things that stand in the way of the critic when he has a mind to praise the living. He may dread the charge of writing rather to vex a rival than to exalt the subject of his applause. He shuns the appearance of seeking the favor of the famous, and would not willingly be regarded as one of the many parasites who now advertise each movement and action of contemporary genius. "Such and such men of letters are passing their summer holidays in the Val d'Aosta," or the Mountains of the Moon, or the Suliman Range, as it may happen. So reports our literary *Court Circular*, and all our *Précieuses* read the tidings with enthusiasm. Lastly, if the critic be quite new to the world of letters, he may superfluously fear to vex a poet or novelist by the abundance of his eulogy.

No such doubts perplex us when, with all our hearts, we would commend the departed; for they have passed almost beyond the reach even of envy; and to those pale cheeks of theirs no commendation can bring the red.

You, above all others, were and remain without a rival in your many-sided excellence, and praise of you strikes at none of those who have survived your day. The increase of time only mellows your renown, and each year that passes and brings you no successor does but sharpen the keenness of our sense of loss. In what other novelist, since Scott was worn down by the burden of a forlorn endeavor, and died for honor's sake, has the world found so many of the fairest gifts combined? If we may not call you a poet (for the first of English writers of light verse did not seek that crown), who that was less than a poet ever saw life with a glance so keen as yours, so steady, and so sane? Your pathos was never cheap, your laughter never forced; your sigh was never the pulpit trick of the preacher. Your funny people — your Costigans and Fokers — were not mere characters of trick and catchword, were not empty comic masks. Behind each the human heart was beating; and ever and again we were allowed to see the features of the man.

Thus fiction in your hands was not simply a profession, like another, but a constant reflection of the whole surface of life: a repeated echo of its laughter and its complaint. Others have written, and not written badly, with the stolid professional regularity of the clerk at his desk; you, like the Scholar Gypsy, might have said that "it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill." There are, it will not surprise you, some honorable women and a few men who call you a cynic; who speak of "the withered world of Thackerayan satire;" who think your eyes were ever turned to the sordid aspects of life — to the mother-in-law who threatens to "take away her silver bread-basket;" to the intriguer, the sneak, the termagant; to the Beckys, and Barnes Newcomes, and Mrs. Mackenzies of this world. The quarrel of these sentimentalists is really with life, not with you; they might as wisely blame Monsieur Buffon because there are snakes in his Natural History. Had you not impaled certain obnoxious human insects, you would have better pleased Mr. Ruskin; had you confined yourself to such performances, you would have been more dear to the Neo-Balzacian school in fiction.

You are accused of never having drawn a good woman who was not a doll, but the ladies that bring this charge seldom remind us either of Lady Castlewood or of Theo or Hetty Lambert. The best woman can pardon you Becky Sharp and Blanche Amory; they find it harder to forgive you Emmy Sedley and Helen Pendennis. Yet what man does not know in his heart that the best women — God bless them — lean, in their characters, either to the sweet passiveness of Emmy or to the sensitive and jealous affections of Helen? 'Tis Heaven, not you, that made them so; and they are easily pardoned, both for being a very little lower than the angels and for their gentle ambition to be painted, as by Guido or Guercino, with wings and harps and halos. So ladies have occasionally seen their own faces in the glass of fancy, and, thus inspired, have drawn Romola and Consuelo. Yet when these fair idealists, Mdme. Sand and George Eliot, designed Rosamond Vincy and Horace, was there not a spice of malice in the portraits which we miss in your least favorable studies?

That the creator of Colonel Newcome and of Henry Esmond was a snarling cynic; that he who designed Rachel Esmond could not draw a good woman: these are the chief charges (all indifferent now to you, who were once so sensitive) that your admirers have to contend against. A French critic, M. Taine, also protests that you do preach too much. Did any author but yourself so frequently break the thread (seldom a strong thread) of his plot to converse with his reader and moralize his tale, we also might be offended. But who that loves Montaigne and Pascal, who that likes the wise trifling of the one and can bear with the melancholy of the other, but prefers your preaching to another's playing!

Your thoughts come in, like the intervention of the Greek Chorus, as an ornament and source of fresh delight. Like the songs of the Chorus, they bid us pause a moment over the wider laws and actions of human fate and human life, and we turn from your persons to yourself, and again from yourself to your persons, as from the odes of Sophocles or Aristophanes to the action of their characters on the stage. Nor, to my taste, does the mere music and melancholy dignity of your style in these passages of meditation fall far below the highest efforts of poetry. I remember that scene where Clive, at Barnes Newcome's Lecture on the Poetry of the Affections, sees Ethel who is lost to him. "And the past and its dear histories, and youth and its hopes and passions, and tones and looks forever echoing in the heart and present in the memory — these, no doubt, poor Clive saw and heard as he looked across the great gulf of time, and parting and grief, and beheld the woman he had loved for many years."

Forever echoing in the heart and present in the memory: who has not heard these tones, who does not hear them as he turns over your books that, for so many years, have been his companions and comforters? We have been young and old, we have been sad and merry with you, we have listened to the midnight chimes with Pen and Warrington, have stood with you beside the death-bed, have mourned at that yet more awful funeral of lost love, and with you have prayed in the inmost chapel sacred to our old and immortal affections, *à léal souvenir!* And whenever you speak for yourself, and speak in earnest, how magical, how rare, how lonely in our literature is the beauty of your sentences! "I can't express the charm of them" (so you write of George Sand; so we may write of you): "they seem to me like the sound of country bells, provoking I don't know what vein of music and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear." Surely that style, so fresh, so rich, so full of surprises — that style which stamps as classical your fragments of slang, and perpetually astonishes and delights — would alone give immortality to an author, even had he little to say. But you, with your whole wide world of fops and fools, of good women and brave men, of honest absurdities and cheery adventurers: you who created the Steynes and Newcomes, the Beckys and Blanches, Captain Costigan and F. B., and the Chevalier Strong — all that host of friends imperishable — you must survive with Shakspeare and Cervantes in the memory and affection of men.

To Charles Dickens.

Sir, — It has been said that every man is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian, though the enormous majority of us, to be sure, live and die without being conscious of any invidious philosophic partiality whatever. With more truth (though that does not imply very much) every Englishman who reads may be said to be a partisan of yourself or of Mr. Thackeray. Why should there be any partisanship in the matter; and why, having two such good things as your novels and those of your contemporary, should we not be silently happy in the possession? Well, men are made so, and must needs fight and argue over their tastes in enjoyment. For myself, I may say that in this matter I am what the Americans do not call a "Mugwump," what English politicians dub a "superior person" — that is, I take no side, and attempt to enjoy the best of both.

It must be owned that this attitude is sometimes made a little difficult by the vigor of your special devotees. They have ceased, indeed, thank Heaven! to imitate you; and even in "descriptive articles" the touch of Mr. Gigadibs, of him whom "we almost took for the true Dickens," has disappeared. The young lions of the Press no longer mimic your less admirable mannerisms — do not strain so much after fantastic comparisons, do not (in your manner and Mr. Carlyle's) give people nicknames derived from their teeth, or their complexion; and, generally, we are spared second-hand copies of all that in your style was least to be commended. But, though improved by lapse of time in this respect, your devotees still put on little conscious airs of virtue, robust manliness, and so forth, which would have irritated you very much, and there survive some press men who seem to have read you a little (especially your later works), and never to have read anything else. Now, familiarity with the pages of "Our Mutual Friend" and "Dombey and Son" does not precisely constitute a liberal education, and the assumption that it does is apt (quite unreasonably) to prejudice people against the greatest comic genius of modern times.

On the other hand, Time is at last beginning to sift the true admirers of Dickens from the false. Yours, Sir, in the best sense of the word, is a popular success, a popular reputation. For example, I know that, in a remote and even Pictish part of this kingdom, a rural household, humble and under the shadow of a sorrow inevitably approaching, has found in "David Copperfield" oblivion of winter, of sorrow, and of sickness. On the other hand, people are now picking up heart to say that "they cannot read Dickens," and that they particularly detest "Pickwick." I believe it was young ladies who first had the courage of their convictions in this respect. "Tout sied aux belles," and the fair, in the confidence of youth, often venture on remarkable confessions. In your "Natural History of Young Ladies" I do not remember that you describe the Humorous Young Lady. She is a very rare bird indeed, and humor generally is at a deplorably low level in England.

Hence comes all sorts of mischief, arisen since you left us; and it may be said that inordinate philanthropy, genteel sympathy with Irish murder and arson, Societies for Badgering the

Poor, Esoteric Buddhism, and a score of other plagues, including what was once called Æstheticism, are all, primarily, due to want of humor. People discuss, with the gravest faces, matters which properly should only be stated as the wildest paradoxes. It naturally follows that, in a period almost destitute of humor, many respectable persons "cannot read Dickens," and are not ashamed to glory in their shame. We ought not to be angry with others for their misfortunes; and yet when one meets the *cretins* who boast that they cannot read Dickens, one certainly does feel much as Mr. Samuel Weller felt when he encountered Mr. Job Trotter.

How very singular has been the history of the decline of humor. Is there any profound psychological truth to be gathered from consideration of the fact that humor has gone out with cruelty? A hundred years ago, eighty years ago — nay, fifty years ago — we were a cruel but also a humorous people. We had bull-baitings, and badger-drawings, and hustings, and prize-fights, and cock-fights; we went to see men hanged; the pillory and the stocks were no empty " terrors unto evil-doers," for there was commonly a malefactor occupying each of these institutions. With all this we had a broad-blown comic sense. We had Hogarth, and Bunbury, and George Cruikshank, and Gilray; we had Leech and Surtees, and the creator of Tittlebat Titmouse; we had the Shepherd of the "Noctes," and, above all, we had *you.*

From the old giants of English fun — burly persons delighting in broad caricature, in decided colors, in cockney jokes, in swashing blows at the more prominent and obvious human follies — from these you derived the splendid high spirits and unhesitating mirth of your earlier works. Mr. Squeers, and Sam Weller, and Mrs. Gamp, and all the Pickwickians, and Mr. Dowler, and John Browdie — these and their immortal companions were reared, so to speak, on the beef and beer of that naughty, fox-hunting, badger-baiting old England which we have improved out of existence. And these characters, assuredly, are your best; by them, though stupid people cannot read about them, you will live while there is a laugh left among us. Perhaps that does not assure you a very prolonged existence, but only the future can show.

The dismal seriousness of the time cannot, let us hope, last forever and a day. Honest old Laughter, the true *lutin* of your inspiration, must have life left in him yet, and cannot die;

though it is true that the taste for your pathos, and your melodrama, and plots constructed after your favorite fashion ("Great Expectations" and the "Tale of Two Cities" are exceptions) may go by and never be regretted. Were people simpler, or only less clear-sighted, as far as your pathos is concerned, a generation ago? Jeffrey, the hard-headed shallow critic, who declared that Wordsworth "would never do," cried, "wept like anything," over your Little Nell. One still laughs as heartily as ever with Dick Swiveller; but who can cry over Little Nell?

Ah, Sir, how could you — who knew so intimately, who remembered so strangely well the fancies, the dreams, the sufferings of childhood — how could you "wallow naked in the pathetic," and massacre holocausts of the Innocents? To draw tears by gloating over a child's death-bed, was it worthy of you? Was it the kind of work over which our hearts should melt? I confess that Little Nell might die a dozen times, and be welcomed by whole legions of Angels, and I (like the bereaved fowl mentioned by Pet Marjory) would remain unmoved.

She was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single dam,

wrote the astonishing child who diverted the leisure of Scott. Over your Little Nell and your Little Dombey I remain more than usual calm; and probably so do thousands of your most sincere admirers. But about matter of this kind, and the unsealing of the fountains of tears, who can argue? Where is taste? where is truth? What tears are "manly, Sir, manly," as Fred Bayham has it; and of what lamentations ought we rather to be ashamed? *Sunt lacrymæ rerum;* one has been moved in the cell where Socrates tasted the hemlock; or by the river-banks where Syracusan arrows slew the parched Athenians among the mire and blood; or, in fiction, when Colonel Newcome said *Adsum*, or over the diary of Clare Doria Forey, or where Aramis laments, with strange tears, the death of Porthos. But over Dombey (the Son), or Little Nell, one declines to snivel.

When an author deliberately sits down and says, "Now, let us have a good cry," he poisons the wells of sensibility and chokes, at least in many breasts, the fountain of tears. Out of "Dombey and Son" there is little we care to remember except the deathless Mr. Toots; just as we forget the melodramatics of "Martin Chuzzlewit." I have read in that book a score of times; I never see it, but I revel in it — in Pecksniff, and Mrs.

Gamp, and the Americans. But what the plot is all about, what Jonas did, what Montagu Tigg had to make in the matter, what all the pictures with plenty of shading illustrate, I have never been able to comprehend. In the same way one of your most thorough-going admirers has allowed (in the license of private conversation) that "Ralph Nickleby and Monk are too steep;" and probably a cultivated taste will always find them a little precipitous.

"Too steep;"— the slang expresses that defect of an ardent genius, carried above itself, and out of the air we breathe, both in its grotesque and in its gloomy imaginations. To force the note, to press fantasy too hard, to deepen the gloom with black over the indigo, that was the failing which proved you mortal. To take an instance in little: when Pip went to Mr. Pumblechook's, the boy thought the seedsman "a very happy man to have so many little drawers in his shop." The reflection is thoroughly boyish; but then you add, "I wondered whether the flower-seeds and bulbs ever wanted of a fine day to break out of those jails and bloom." That is not boyish at all; that is the hard-driven, jaded literary fancy at work.

"So we arraign her; but she," the Genius of Charles Dickens, how brilliant, how kindly, how beneficent she is! dwelling by a fountain of laughter imperishable; though there is something of an alien salt in the neighboring fountain of tears. How poor the world of fancy would be, how "dispeopled of her dreams," if, in some ruin of the social system, the books of Dickens were lost; and if The Dodger, and Charley Bates, and Mr. Crinkle, and Miss Squeers, and Sam Weller, and Mrs. Gamp, and Dick Swiveller were to perish, or to vanish with Menander's men and women! We cannot think of our world without them; and, children of dreams as they are, they seem more essential than great statesmen, artists, soldiers, who have actually worn flesh and blood, ribbons and orders, gowns and uniforms. May we not almost welcome "Free Education"? for every Englishman who can read, unless he be an Ass, is a reader the more for you.

To Monsieur de Molière, Valet de Chambre du Roi.

Monsieur, — With what awe does a writer venture into the presence of the great Molière! As a courtier in your time would scratch humbly (with his comb!) at the door of the Grand Monarch, so I presume to draw near your dwelling among the Immortals. You, like the king who, among all his titles, has now none so proud as that of the friend of Molière — you found your dominions small, humble, and distracted; you raised them to the dignity of an empire: what Louis XIV. did for France, you achieved for French comedy; and the bâton of Scapin still wields its sway though the sword of Louis was broken at Blenheim. For the King the Pyrenees, or so he fancied, ceased to exist; by a more magnificent conquest you overcame the Channel. If England vanquished your country's arms, it was through you that France *ferum victorem cepit*, and restored the dynasty of Comedy to the land whence she had been driven. Ever since Dryden borrowed "L'Etourdi," our tardy, apish nation has lived (in matters theatrical) on the spoils of the wits of France.

In one respect, to be sure, times and manners have altered. While you lived, taste kept the French drama pure; and it was the congenial business of English playwrights to foist their rustic grossness and their large Fescennine jests into the urban page of Molière. Now they are diversely occupied; and it is their affair to lend modesty where they borrow wit, and to spare a blush to the cheek of the Lord Chamberlain. But still, as has ever been our wont since Etherege saw, and envied, and imitated your successes — still we pilfer the plays of France, and take our *bien*, as you said in your lordly manner, wherever we can find it. We are the privateers of the stage; and it is rarely, to be sure, that a comedy pleases the town which has not first been "cut out" from the countrymen of Molière. Why this should be, and what "tenebriferous star" (as Paracelsus, your companion in the "Dialogues des Morts," would have believed) thus darkens the sun of English humor, we know not; but certainly our dependence on France is the sincerest tribute to you. Without you, neither Rotrou, nor Corneille, nor "a wilderness of monkeys," like Scarron, could ever have given Comedy to France and restored her to Europe.

While we owe to you, Monsieur, the beautiful advent of Comedy, fair and beneficent as Peace in the play of Aristophanes, it is still to you that we must turn when of comedies we desire the best. If you studied with daily and nightly care the works of Plautus and Terence, if you "let no musty *bouquin* escape you" (so your enemies declared), it was to some purpose that you labored. Shakspeare excepted, you eclipsed all who came before you; and from those that follow, however fresh, we turn:

LOUIS XIV AND MOLIÈRE

From a painting by J. L. Gérôme

we turn from Regnard and Beaumarchais, from Sheridan and Goldsmith, from Musset and Pailleron and Labiche, to that crowded world of your creations. "Creations" one may well say, for you anticipated Nature herself: you gave us, before she did, in Alceste a Rousseau who was a gentleman, not a lackey; in a *mot* of Don Juan's, the secret of the new Religion and the watchword of Comte, *l'amour de l'humanité*.

Before you where can we find, save in Rabelais, a Frenchman with humor; and where, unless it be in Montaigne, the wise philosophy of a secular civilization? With a heart the most tender, delicate, loving, and generous, a heart often in agony and torment, you had to make life endurable (we cannot doubt it) without any whisper of promise, or hope, or warning from Religion. Yes, in an age when the greatest mind of all, the mind of Pascal, proclaimed that the only help was in voluntary blindness, that the only chance was to hazard all on a bet at evens, you, Monsieur, refused to be blinded, or to pretend to see what you found invisible.

In Religion you beheld no promise of help. When the Jesuits and Jansenists of your time saw, each of them, in Tartufe the portrait of their rivals (as each of the laughable Marquises in your play conceived that you were girding at his neighbor), you all the while were mocking every credulous excess of Faith. In the sermons preached to Agnès we surely hear your private laughter; in the arguments for credulity which are presented to Don Juan by his valet we listen to the eternal self-defense of superstition. Thus, desolate of belief, you sought for the permanent element of life — precisely where Pascal recognized all that was most fleeting and unsubstantial — in *divertissement;* in the pleasure of looking on, a spectator of the accidents of existence, an observer of the follies of mankind. Like the Gods of the Epicurean, you seem to regard our life as a play that is played, as a comedy; yet how often the tragic note comes in! What pity, and in the laughter what an accent of tears, as of rain in the wind! No comedian has been so kindly and human as you; none has had a heart, like you, to feel for his butts, and to leave them sometimes, in a sense, superior to their tormentors. Sganarelle, M. de Pourceaugnac, George Dandin, and the rest — our sympathy, somehow, is with them, after all; and M. de Pourceaugnac is a gentleman, despite his misadventures.

Though triumphant Youth and malicious Love in your plays may batter and defeat Jealousy and Old Age, yet they have not all the victory, or you did not mean that they should win it. They go off with laughter, and their victim with a grimace; but in him we, that are past our youth, behold an actor in an unending tragedy, the defeat of a generation. Your sympathy is not wholly with the dogs that are having their day; you can throw a bone or a crust to the dog that has had his, and has been taught that it is over and ended. Yourself not unlearned in shame, in jealousy, in endurance of the wanton pride of men (how could the poor player and the husband of Célimène be untaught in that experience?), you never sided quite heartily, as other comedians have done, with young prosperity and rank and power.

I am not the first who has dared to approach you in the Shades; for just after your own death the author of "Les Dialogues des Morts" gave you Paracelsus as a companion, and the author of "Le Jugement de Pluton" made the "mighty warder" decide that "Molière should not talk philosophy." These writers, like most of us, feel that, after all, the comedies of the Contemplateur, of the translator of Lucretius, are a philosophy of life in themselves, and that in them we read the lessons of human experience writ small and clear.

What comedian but Molière has combined with such depths — with the indignation of Alceste, the self-deception of Tartufe, the blasphemy of Don Juan — such wildness of irresponsible mirth, such humor, such wit! Even now, when more than two hundred years have sped by, when so much water has flowed under the bridges, and has borne away so many trifles of contemporary mirth (*cetera fluminis ritu feruntur*), even now we never laugh so well as when Mascarille and Vadius and M. Jourdain tread the boards in the Maison de Molière. Since those mobile dark brows of yours ceased to make men laugh, since your voice denounced the "demoniac" manner of contemporary tragedians, I take leave to think that no player has been more worthy to wear the *canons* of Mascarille or the gown of Vadius than M. Coquelin of the Comédie Française. In him you have a successor to your Mascarille so perfect, that the ghosts of play-goers of your date might cry, could they see him, that Molière had come again. But, with all respect to the efforts of the fair, I doubt if Mdlle. Barthet, or Mdme. Croizette herself, would reconcile the town to the loss of the fair De Brie, and Madeleine, and the first, the true Célimène, Armande. Yet had you ever so merry a *soubrette* as Mdme. Samary, so exquisite a Nicole?

Denounced, persecuted, and buried hugger-mugger two hundred years ago, you are now not over-praised, but more worshiped, with more servility and ostentation, studied with more prying curiosity than you may approve. Are not the Molièristes a body who carry adoration to fanaticism? Any scrap of your handwriting (so few are these), any anecdote even remotely touching on your life, any fact that may prove your house was numbered 15 not 22, is eagerly seized and discussed by your too minute historians. Concerning your private life, these men often write more like malicious enemies than friends; repeating the fabulous scandals of Le Boulanger, and trying vainly to support them by grubbing in dusty parish registers. It is most necessary to defend you from your friends — from such friends as the veteran and inveterate M. Arsène Houssaye, or the industrious but puzzle-headed M. Loiseleur. Truly they seek the living among the dead, and the immortal Molière among the sweepings of attorneys' offices. As I regard them (for I have tarried in their tents), and as I behold their trivialities, — the exercises of men who neglect Molière's works to write about Molière's great-grandmother's second-best bed, — I sometimes wish that Molière were here to write on his devotees a new comedy, "Les Molièristes." How fortunate were they, Monsieur, who lived and worked with you; who saw you day by day; who were attached, as Lagrange tells us, by the kindest loyalty to the best and most honorable of men, the most openhanded in friendship, in charity the most delicate, of the heartiest sympathy! Ah, that for one day I could behold you, writing in the study, rehearsing on the stage, musing in the lace-seller's shop, strolling through the Palais, turning over the new books at Billaine's, dusting your ruffles among the old volumes on the sunny stalls. Would that, through the ages, we could hear you after supper, merry with Boileau, and with Racine, — not yet a traitor, — laughing over Chapelain, combining to gird at him in an epigram, or mocking at Cotin, or talking your favorite philosophy, mindful of Descartes. Surely of all the wits none was ever so good a man, none ever made life so rich with humor and friendships.

To Homer.

Homer! — if by that name it pleases thee to be called, — to what man, or what multitude of men, in what age, on what shore, does my thought wing forth? "As a bird, as a thought," my spirit flies, whither? And in what shrine shall she find thee, among what oak-trees oracular, in rugged Ithaca, in Mycenæ of the mighty walls, by Erechtheus' fane in Athens, or by the waters of Smyrna? The wild Roman emperor dreamed that the Sea came to his bedside and spake to him in human voice. Thy voice, though of a man, is as the voice of the sea. Comes its multitudinous music from one mouth, or, as it were, from a wilderness of waves on the waters of Time? "Others abide our question, thou art free," — alone with Shakspeare in thy freedom. "Far off from men thou dwellest," like thine own Phœnicians, "in the midst of the wash of the waves" that break on the shores of Greece. The old scholar sought to raise thy spirit and question it, but it came not. From no Oracle of the Dead dost thou utter thy response, — dwelling where Lucian saw thee among the souls of heroes in the Islands Fortunate.

Glad and sad are thy fates, as those of Thamyris, whom the Muses reft of sight, but they gave him the gift of song. Song they have given thee, song immortal, but have borne thee, like thine own Odysseus, out of eyesight and ear-shot of mankind. The later learned have called thee, not "one form of many names," but one name of many forms. A hundred voices in varying centuries sang, so they tell us, some well, some ill, and all the voices blended in these thy two deathless poems, making an unison, making an anthem, making a ceaseless harmony in the ears of the world, blending magically in the enchanted tales that have shaped history and murmured at the cradles of Empires. So the innumerable atoms, falling, falling, through the limitless ether, have mingled, by chance, in one universe, or so they tell us. But, even if the universe came thus, uncreated, and is not bound by golden chains beneath the throne of Zeus, not so, methinks, came thy poems. Not so did any such poems ever come into the light; nay, *mens agitat molem*, as the Roman singer says of the whole cosmos, and a mind shaped thy lay out of atoms of old song and old story, and that mind, O unknown minstrel! was thine.

Chance builds not up these palaces of Romance, perfect in design, from the goddess on the temple crest to the lowest stone of the altar. To Apollo's song did "Ilion, like a mist, grow into towers;" nay, not to Apollo's song, but to thy harping. Chance builds no city, much less does chance people it with heroes and ladies, all living, all harmonious ever with themselves. Chance drew not the beauty, the sweetness, the helplessness of Helen; the courage of Hector, invincible and unclouded, though well he knows that sacred Ilios must perish, the city of Priam of the ashen spear. Chance makes not Odysseus always consistent with himself, the hardy heart, the ready at need, the man of wile, the indomitable by war and wave, the much enduring, the loved of goddesses. Chance never breathed life and love and hate and honor and ruthlessness into the breast of Achilles, and then melted the hatred in pity, and turned the ruthlessness to ruth at the sight of the tears and the gray hairs of his broken foe: who "seemed so like his father."

It is because thou art so great, and men so little, that they misdoubt thee, not believing that the eyes of one alone have seen Hera on her couch of flowers, and Poseidon in the chariot of the sea; have looked on the face of war, on the arraying of goddesses, on the bridal chamber of Helen; have watched the lonely isle where Circe chants at her loom, and the gray vaporous dwellings of the dead. They believe not that one human soul has known every art, and all the thoughts of women as of men, all lives of beasts on hill and plain, all the innocence of childhood, and its beautiful ways, all the delight of battle, the dread of ambush, the slow agony of siege, the storms and the calms of the sea. In thy soul, as in the soul of Zeus, is the whole world mirrored; there is no mood but thou knowest and canst divine and declare it: but this is too much for the belief of bookmen "buzzing in a corner, trifling with monosyllables," and they vow that thou art not one, but a multitude. Then, as even *they* know that Chance alone cannot shape many lays of many minstrels into one song, they must feign that some later wight, himself a bookman, patched and forged, and botched and bungled, till, somehow, he joined the scattered lays into the immortal wholes. Still, as being but a bookman, and scarce other than themselves, he must needs have been a blunderer, they are driven to justify themselves and their doctrine by finding blunders in *thee*. He who is bent on finding at all costs, discovers what he seeks. If Time has touched even *thy* work, here covering an altar with lichen, there making a stone to molder, or dimming the bronze work, or half obliterating a scroll, pedants seize on these things as proofs of their opinion, and the mistakes which they cannot find they very readily make out of their own abundance of misunderstanding.

The city is not builded by an architect, the altar is not graven, the god is not carved by an artist. There is but a patched, botched ruin of many ages; fragments by many hands; scraps, odds and ends, rubbish, rough-hewn stones; a lumber-room of discrepant centuries: these things the learned see in the temples where the wise and brave of thirty centuries have worshiped, in the city where they have dwelt with souls divine, all honoring thee. Barbarians they are, and everywhere they see barbarism: living in a chaos, among the wrecks of worlds and faiths, they know not law, they find ruin everywhere, even in thine Iliad and Odyssey. The eye of each man sees but what it has the power of seeing, and what spectacles behold is not that which lies visible to the naked glance of natural men. We now possess instruments which show us a world within the common world, which thou and thy coevals, looking on, were glad. The smooth becomes rough under these instruments; the beautiful is changed; the cheek of Helen is scarred, seamed, pitted, when we stare at it through these glasses. Thy poems, too, so spied upon, are found thick with flaw and blemish, like the face of Helen; therefore, it is argued they are not thine, nor any one man's, but a heap of things old and not so old, fair and base as each man chooses to deem, and most deem differently, each squabbling with the other. Nay, let the learned turn the same instruments on any other art of men lately dead or of men living. The same blemishes, the same flaws, will they find, and honestly should come to the same conclusion, namely, that no one poem is the work of any one man. But they will not look this way, nor listen if any bids them look. They shall all die in their sins. Helen hath not blinded them as she blinded of old Stesichorus; but, cursing them in another fashion, has made them see the big as little, and the little as big, and nothing in thee as the natural eye beholds and the natural ear listens. Verily, when thou wert about shaping thy minstrelsy, thou hadst no such men in thy mind, but warriors, hunters, seamen, fair ladies, little children; and these others were unborn and undreamed of.

Oh, Father of the rest, first and prince of poets, how often and how vainly we look through the far-off years seeking thy face! Do we find thee singing in some bronze-decked hall of rich Mycenæ, the golden cup standing at thy side, on the table of cedar and ivory; the bearded kings, the warriors, the women listening to thy song? May we discover thee practicing a new art and strange, graving Phœnician symbols on tablets of wood, or writing with a reed pen on slips of papyrus?

At least we know the places that have known thee: long sands where the long wave breaks in thunder; woods that are haunted by the nymphs and fresh with spring; black ships with curved prow; rocks where the fisher sits and casts his lure into the sea; hills where the mist comes thick and dark; narrow glens in the mountains where is the meeting of two roaring streams; sea beaches where, in winter, the foam and the snow fly mingled; fields thickset with hyacinth and crocus; rivers that murmur between their steep walls to the deep, — all these things we see, as Homer saw them, and still shows them to us; and, seeing them, we know that we are where he has been, and we remember him and give him thanks. Gratitude, and praise, and love we offer to the mightiest of Makers, unknown and unseen, withdrawn and irresponsive as he is; praise, and love, and gratitude we bring him, as we bring them to the footstool of Zeus, whom we see not with the bodily eye, who speaks not to the fleshly ear. For there is a poet in the poems, as there is a God in the world.

LES ROSES DE SÂDI.

(From "Ban and Arrière Ban.")

THIS morning I vowed I would bring thee my roses;
They were thrust in the band that my bodice incloses,
But the breast-knots were broken, the roses went free.

The breast-knots were broken: the roses together
Floated forth on the wings of the wind and the weather,
And they drifted afar down the streams of the sea.

And the sea was as red as when sunset uncloses;
But my raiment is sweet from the scent of the roses, —
Thou shalt know, love, how fragrant a memory can be.

THE ODYSSEY.

(PREFIXED TO THE BUTCHER–LANG TRANSLATION.)

As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,

Where that Ææan Isle forgets the Main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
  And only shadows of wan lovers pine;
  As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again, —
So, gladly from the songs of modern speech
  Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
    Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers;
    And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
  The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

The Grave and the Rose.

(After Victor Hugo.)

The Grave said to the Rose —
"What of the dews of dawn?
Love's flower! what end is theirs?"
"And what of spirits flown,
The souls whereon doth close
The tomb's mouth unawares?"
The Rose said to the Grave.

The Rose said — "In the shade
From the dawn's tears is made
A perfume faint and strange,
Amber and honey sweet."
"And all the spirits fleet
Do suffer a sky-change,
More strangely than the dew,
To God's own angels new:"
The Grave said to the Rose.

LUCY LARCOM.

Lucy Larcom, an American poet, was born at Beverly, Mass., in 1824; died at Boston, April 17, 1893. She began to write stories and verses at the age of seven; and while working in a cotton-mill at Lowell, a few years later, she became known as a contributor to the *Lowell Offering*. She studied and taught school for some time in Illinois, and then became a teacher in the seminary at Norton, Mass. Her name was familiar during the War as a writer of patriotic verses. *Our Young Folks* was founded in 1864; and Miss Larcom was one of its editors until 1874, after which she resided in her native town. Her works include "Ships in the Mist, and Other Stories" (1859); "Poems" (1868); "An Idyl of Work" (1875); "Childhood Songs" (1875); "Wild Roses of Cape Ann" (1880). In 1884 she issued a complete collection of her "Poetical Works;" and she was the editor of several collections of poetry. Her later publications were "Beckonings for Every Day" (1886); "A New England Girlhood" (1889); "Easter Gleams" (1890); "At the Beautiful Gate" (1891); "The Unseen Friend" (1892).

Hannah Binding Shoes.[1]

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse!
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

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[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November.
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fisherman,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views,
Twenty seasons; —
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sail o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Emma Lazarus, a Hebrew-American poet, born at New York, July 22, 1849; died there, Nov. 19, 1887. The outbreak of the Civil War brought out her poetic gift at the age of eleven; and very early she began to publish her poems in *Lippincott's Magazine.* In 1866 she issued her first volume of "Poems and Translations"; and in 1871 a second collection, entitled "Admetus and Other Poems." A prose work entitled "Alide" appeared in 1874. From this time she contributed many translations from Heine, and numerous original poems, to *Scribner's Magazine;* and the former were collected and published in 1881 as "Poems and Ballads of Heine," and the latter the year following as "Songs of a Semite." For the same magazine she also wrote some striking essays in behalf of her race; and in 1882, she elaborated, in the *American Hebrew,* her successful system of technical education for the suffering Jews. Her last works included "In Exile," "The Crowing of the Red Cock," "The Banner of the Jew," and a series of prose poems.

Gifts.

"O World-God, give me wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and pyramid; the brimming tide
Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mart and street;
His priests were gods; his spice-balmed kings enshrined
Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.
Seek Pharaoh's race to-day, and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"O World-God, give me beauty!" cried the Greek.
His prayer was granted. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,
Peopled the world with imaged grace and light.
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
Of the immortal marble, his the play
Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.

Go seek the sunshine race, ye find to-day
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"O World-God, give me power!" the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride;
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed code,
Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home;
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"O Godhead, give me truth!" the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted: he became the slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged with none to save.
The Pharaohs knew him; and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of eld.
Beauty he hath forsworn, and wealth and power.
Seek him to-day, and find in every land;
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour:
Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY.

William Edward Hartpole Lecky, a distinguished British historian, born near Dublin, March 26, 1838. He was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1859, and in 1861 published anonymously "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," of which a new edition with his name appeared in 1872. After some time spent in travel, he settled in London, and gave his attention to historical and philosophical studies. His "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe" (1865) attracted great attention. In 1886 he became an opponent of Home Rule. His "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne" (1869) was of equal merit. Other works were "A History of England in the Eighteenth Century" (1878 and 1892); "Poems" (1891); "Political Value of History" (1893); "Democracy and Liberty" (1896). A lecture on "The Influence of the Imagination in History" was subsequently delivered before the Royal Institution.

Systematic Charity as a Moral Outgrowth, Past and Present.

The history of charity presents so few salient features, so little that can strike the imagination or arrest the attention, that it is usually almost wholly neglected by historians; and it is easy to conceive what inadequate notions of our existing charities could be gleaned from the casual allusions in plays or poems, in political histories or court memoirs. There can, however, be no question that neither in practice nor in theory, neither in the institutions that were founded nor in the place that was assigned to it in the scale of duties, did charity in antiquity occupy a position at all comparable to that which it has obtained by Christianity. Nearly all relief was a State measure, dictated much more by policy than by benevolence; and the habit of selling young children, the innumerable expositions, the readiness of the poor to enroll themselves as gladiators, and the frequent famines, show how large was the measure of unrelieved distress. A very few pagan examples of charity have indeed descended to us.

Among the Greeks we find Epaminondas ransoming captives, and collecting dowers for poor girls; Cimon feeding the hungry and clothing the naked; Bias purchasing, emancipating, and furnishing with dowers some captive girls of Messina. Tacitus has described with enthusiasm how, after a catastrophe near Rome, the rich threw open their houses and taxed all their resources to relieve the sufferers. There existed too among the poor, both of Greece and Rome, mutual insurance societies, which undertook to provide for their sick and infirm members. The very frequent reference to mendicancy in the Latin writers shows that beggars, and therefore those who relieved beggars, were numerous. The duty of hospitality was also strongly enjoined, and was placed under the special protection of the supreme Deity. But the active, habitual, and detailed charity of private persons, which is so conspicuous a feature in all Christian societies, was scarcely known in antiquity, and there are not more than two or three moralists who have even noticed it. Of these the chief rank belongs to Cicero, who devoted two very judicious but somewhat cold chapters to the subject. Nothing, he said, is more suitable to the nature of man than beneficence or liberality; but there are many cautions to be urged in practicing it. We must take care that our bounty is a real blessing to the person we relieve; that it does not exceed our own means; that it is not, as was the case with Sylla and Cæsar, derived from the spoliation of others; that it springs from the heart and not from ostentation; that the claims of gratitude are preferred to the mere impulses of compassion; and that due regard is paid both to the character and to the wants of the recipient.

Christianity for the first time made charity a rudimentary virtue, giving it a leading place in the moral type and in the exhortations of its teachers. Besides its general influence in stimulating the affections, it effected a complete revolution in this sphere, by regarding the poor as the special representatives of the Christian Founder; and thus making the love of Christ, rather than the love of man, the principle of charity. Even in the days of persecution, collections for the relief of the poor were made at the Sunday meetings. The agapæ, or feasts of love, were intended mainly for the poor; and food that was saved by the fasts was devoted to their benefit. A vast organization of charity, presided over by the bishops, and actively directed by the deacons, soon ramified over Christendom, till the bond of charity became the bond of unity, and the most distant sections of the Christian Church corresponded by the interchange of mercy. Long before the era of Constantine, it was observed that the charities of the Christians were so extensive — it may perhaps be said so excessive — that they drew very many impostors to the Church; and when the victory of Christianity was achieved, the enthusiasm for charity displayed itself in the erection of numerous institutions that were altogether unknown to the pagan world. A Roman lady named Fabiola, in the fourth century, founded in Rome as an act of penance the first public hospital; and the charity planted by that woman's hand overspread the world, and will alleviate to the end of time the darkest anguish of humanity. Another hospital was soon after founded by St. Pammachus; another of great celebrity by St. Basil, at Cæsarea. St. Basil also erected at Cæsarea what was probably the first asylum for lepers. Xenodochia, or refuges for strangers, speedily arose, especially along the paths of the pilgrims. St. Pammachus founded one at Ostia; Paula and Melania founded others at Jerusalem. The Council of Nice ordered that one should be erected in every city. In the time of St. Chrysostom the Church of Antioch supported three thousand widows and virgins, besides strangers and sick. Legacies for the poor became common; and it was not unfrequent for men and women who desired to live a life of peculiar sanctity, and especially for priests who attained the episcopacy, to bestow their entire properties in charity. Even the early Oriental monks, who for the most part were extremely removed from the active and social virtues, supplied many noble examples of charity. St. Ephrem, in a time of pestilence, emerged from his solitude to found and superintend a hospital at Edessa. A monk named Thalasius collected blind beggars in an asylum on the banks of the Euphrates. A merchant named Apollonius founded on Mount Nitria a gratuitous dispensary for the monks. The monks often assisted by their labors, provinces that were suffering from pestilence or famine. We may trace the remains of the pure socialism that marked the first phase of the Christian community, in the emphatic language with which some of the Fathers proclaimed charity to be a matter not of mercy but of justice; maintaining that all property is based on usurpation, that the earth by right is common to all men, and that no man can claim a superabundant supply of its goods except as an administrator for others. A Christian, it was maintained, should devote at least one-tenth of his profits to the poor.

The enthusiasm of charity thus manifested in the Church speedily attracted the attention of the pagans. The ridicule of Lucian, and the vain efforts of Julian to produce a rival system of charity within the limits of paganism, emphatically attested both its preëminence and its catholicity. During the pestilences that desolated Carthage in A.D. 326, and Alexandria in the reigns of Gallienus and of Maximian, while the pagans fled panic-stricken from the contagion, the Christians extorted the admiration of their fellow-countrymen by the courage with which they rallied around their bishops, consoled the last hours of the sufferers, and buried the abandoned dead. In the rapid increase of pauperism arising from the emancipation of numerous slaves, their charity found free scope for action, and its resources were soon taxed to the utmost by the horrors of the barbarian invasions. The conquest of Africa by Genseric deprived Italy of the supply of corn upon which it almost wholly depended, arrested the gratuitous distribution by which the Roman poor were mainly supported, and produced all over the land the most appalling calamities. The history of Italy became one monotonous tale of famine and pestilence, of starving populations and ruined cities. But everywhere amid this chaos of dissolution we may detect the majestic form of the Christian priest mediating between the hostile forces, straining every nerve to lighten the calamities around him. When the imperial city was captured and plundered by the hosts of Alaric, a Christian church remained a secure sanctuary, which neither the passions nor the avarice of the Goths transgressed. When a fiercer than Alaric had marked out Rome for his prey, the pope St. Leo, arrayed in his sacerdotal robes, confronted the victorious Hun as the ambassador of his fellow-countrymen; and Attila, overpowered by religious awe, turned aside in his course. When, two years later, Rome lay at the mercy of Genseric, the same pope interposed with the Vandal conqueror, and obtained from him a partial cessation of the massacre. The archdeacon Pelagius interceded with similar humanity and similar success, when Rome had been captured by Totila. In Gaul, Troyes is said to have been saved from destruction by the influence of St. Lupus, and Orleans by the influence of St. Agnan. In Britain an invasion of the Picts was averted by St. Germain of Auxerre. The relations of rulers to their subjects, and of tribunals to the poor, were modified by the same intervention. When Antioch was threatened with destruction on account of its rebellion against Theodosius, the anchorites poured forth from the neighboring deserts to intercede with the ministers of the Emperor, while the archbishop Flavin went himself as a suppliant to Constantinople. St. Ambrose imposed public penance on Theodosius, on account of the massacre of Thessalonica. Synesius excommunicated for his oppressions a governor named Andronicus; and two French Councils, in the sixth century, imposed the same penalty on all great men who arbitrarily ejected the poor. Special laws were found necessary to restrain the turbulent charity of some priests and monks, who impeded the course of justice, and even snatched criminals from the hands of the law. St. Abraham, St. Epiphanius, and St. Basil are all said to have obtained the remission or reduction of oppressive imposts. To provide for the interests of widows and orphans was part of the official ecclesiastical duty, and a Council of Macon anathematized any ruler who brought them to trial without first apprising the bishop of the diocese. A Council of Toledo, in the fifth century, threatened with excommunication all who robbed priests, monks, or poor men, or refused to listen to their expostulations. One of the chief causes of the inordinate power acquired by the clergy was their mediatorial office; and their gigantic wealth was in a great degree due to the legacies of those who regarded them as the trustees of the poor. As time rolled on, charity assumed many forms, and every monastery became a center from which it radiated. By the monks the nobles were overawed, the poor protected, the sick tended, travelers sheltered, prisoners ransomed, the remotest spheres of suffering explored. During the darkest period of the Middle Ages, monks founded a refuge for pilgrims amid the horrors of the Alpine snows. A solitary hermit often planted himself, with his little boat, by a bridgeless stream, and the charity of his life was to ferry over the traveler. When the hideous disease of leprosy extended its ravages over Europe, when the minds of men were filled with terror, not only by its loathsomeness and its contagion, but also by the notion that it was in a peculiar sense supernatural, new hospitals and refuges overspread Europe, and monks flocked in multitudes to serve in them. Sometimes, the legends say, the leper's form was in a moment transfigured; and he who came to tend the most loathsome of mankind received his reward, for he found himself in the presence of his Lord.

There is no fact of which an historian becomes more speedily or more painfully conscious than the great difference between the importance and the dramatic interest of the subjects he treats. Wars or massacres, the horrors of martyrdom or the splendors of individual prowess, are susceptible of such brilliant coloring that with but little literary skill they can be so portrayed that their importance is adequately realized, and they appeal powerfully to the emotions of the reader. But this vast and unostentatious movement of charity, operating in the village hamlet and in the lonely hospital, stanching the widow's tears and following all the windings of the poor man's griefs, presents few features the imagination can grasp, and leaves no impression upon the mind. The greatest things are often those which are most imperfectly realized; and surely no achievements of the Christian Church are more truly great than those which it has effected in the sphere of charity. For the first time in the history of mankind, it has inspired many thousands of men and women, at the sacrifice of all worldly interests, and often under circumstances of extreme discomfort or danger, to devote their entire lives to the single object of assuaging the sufferings of humanity. It has covered the globe with countless institutions of mercy, absolutely unknown to the whole pagan world. It has indissolubly united, in the minds of men, the idea of supreme goodness with that of active and constant benevolence. It has placed in every parish a religious minister, who, whatever may be his other functions, has at least been officially charged with the superintendence of an organization of charity, and who finds in this office one of the most important as well as one of the most legitimate sources of his power.

THE MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE SEXES.

THERE are few more curious subjects of inquiry than the distinctive differences between the sexes, and the manner in which those differences have affected the ideal types of different ages, nations, philosophies, and religions. Physically, men have the indisputable superiority in strength, and women in beauty. Intellectually, a certain inferiority of the female sex can hardly be denied when we remember how almost exclusively the foremost places in every department of science, literature, and art have been occupied by men, how infinitesimally small is the number of women who have shown in any form the very highest order of genius, how many of the greatest men have achieved their greatness in defiance of the most adverse circumstances, and how completely women have failed in obtaining the first position even in music or painting, for the cultivation of which their circumstances would appear most propitious. It is as impossible to find a female Raphael or a female Händel as a female Shakspeare or Newton. Women are intellectually more desultory and volatile than men; they are more occupied with particular instances than with general principles; they judge rather by intuitive perceptions than by deliberate reasoning or past experience. They are, however, usually superior to men in nimbleness and rapidity of thought, and in the gift of tact or the power of seizing speedily and faithfully the finer inflections of feeling; and they have therefore often attained very great eminence in conversation, as letter-writers, as actresses, and as novelists.

Morally, the general superiority of women over men is, I think, unquestionable. If we take the somewhat coarse and inadequate criterion of police statistics, we find that while the male and female populations are nearly the same in number, the crimes committed by men are usually rather more than five times as numerous as those committed by women; and although it may be justly observed that men, as the stronger sex, and the sex upon whom the burden of supporting the family is thrown, have more temptations than women, it must be remembered, on the other hand, that extreme poverty which verges upon starvation is most common among women, whose means of livelihood are most restricted, and whose earnings are smallest and most precarious. Self-sacrifice is the most conspicuous element of a virtuous and religious character; and it is certainly far less common among men than among women, whose whole lives are usually spent in yielding to the will and consulting the pleasures of another. There are two great departments of virtue, — the impulsive, or that which springs spontaneously from the emotions; and the deliberative, or that which is performed in obedience to the sense of duty; and in both of these I imagine women are superior to men. Their sensibility is greater, they are more chaste both in thought and act, more tender to the erring, more compassionate to the suffering, more affectionate to all about them. On the other hand, those who have traced the course of the wives of the poor, and of many who though in narrow circumstances can hardly be called poor, will probably admit that in no other class do we so often find entire lives spent in daily persistent self-denial, in the patient endurance of countless trials, in the ceaseless and deliberate sacrifice of their own enjoyments to the well-being or the prospects of others. Women, however, though less prone than men to intemperance and brutality, are in general more addicted to the petty forms of vanity, jealousy, spitefulness, and ambition; and they are also inferior to men in active courage. In the courage of endurance they are commonly superior; but their passive courage is not so much fortitude which bears and defies, as resignation which bears and bends. In the ethics of intellect they are decidedly inferior. To repeat an expression I have already employed, women very rarely love truth; though they love passionately what they call "the truth," — or opinions they have received from others, — and hate vehemently those who differ from them. They are little capable of impartiality or of doubt; their thinking is chiefly a mode of feeling; though very generous in their acts, they are rarely generous in their opinions or in their judgments. They persuade rather than convince, and value belief rather as a source of consolation than as a faithful expression of the reality of things. They are less capable than men of perceiving qualifying circumstances, of admitting the existence of elements of good in systems to which they are opposed, of distinguishing the personal character of an opponent from the opinions he maintains. Men lean most to justice and women to mercy. Men excel in energy, self-reliance, perseverance, and magnanimity; women in humility, gentleness, modesty, and endurance. The realizing imagination which causes us to pity and to love is more sensitive in women than in men, and it is especially more capable of dwelling on the unseen. Their religious or devotional realizations are incontestably more vivid; and it is probable that while a father is most moved by the death of a child in his presence, a mother generally feels most the death of a child in some distant land. But though more intense, the sympathies of women are commonly less wide than those of men. Their imaginations individualize more; their affections are in consequence concentrated rather on leaders than on causes; and if they care for a great cause, it is generally because it is represented by a great man, or connected with some one whom they love. In politics, their enthusiasm is more naturally loyalty than patriotism. In history, they are even more inclined than men to dwell exclusively upon biographical incidents or characteristics as distinguished from the march of general causes. In benevolence, they excel in charity, which alleviates individual suffering, rather than in philanthropy, which deals with large masses and is more frequently employed in preventing than in allaying calamity.

It was a remark of Winckelmann that "the supreme beauty of Greek art is rather male than female"; and the justice of this remark has been amply corroborated by the greater knowledge we have of late years attained of the works of the Phidian period, in which art achieved its highest perfection, and in which, at the same time, force and freedom and masculine grandeur were its preëminent characteristics. A similar observation may be made of the moral ideal of which ancient art was simply the expression. In antiquity the virtues that were most admired were almost exclusively those which are distinctively masculine. Courage, self-assertion, magnanimity, and above all, patriotism, were the leading features of the ideal type; and chastity, modesty, and charity, the gentler and the domestic virtues, which are especially feminine, are greatly undervalued. With the single exception of conjugal fidelity, none of the virtues that were very highly prized were virtues distinctly or preëminently feminine. With this exception, nearly all the most illustrious women of antiquity were illustrious chiefly because they overcame the natural conditions of their sex. It is a characteristic fact that the favorite female ideal of the artists appears to have been the Amazon. We may admire the Spartan mother and the mother of the Gracchi, repressing every sign of grief when their children were sacrificed upon the altar of their country; we may wonder at the majestic courage of a Porcia and an Arria: but we extol them chiefly because, being women, they emancipated themselves from the frailty of their sex, and displayed an heroic fortitude worthy of the strongest and the bravest of men. We may bestow an equal admiration upon the noble devotion and charity of a St. Elizabeth of Hungary or of a Mrs. Fry; but we do not admire them because they displayed these virtues, although they were women, for we feel that their virtues were of the kind which the female nature is most fitted to produce. The change from the heroic to the saintly ideal, from the ideal of paganism to the ideal of Christianity, was a change from a type which was essentially male to one which was essentially feminine. Of all the great schools of philosophy, no other reflected so faithfully the Roman conception of moral excellence as Stoicism; and the greatest Roman exponent of Stoicism summed up its character in a single sentence when he pronounced it to be beyond all other sects the most emphatically masculine. On the other hand, an ideal type in which meekness, gentleness, patience, humility, faith, and love are the most prominent features, is not naturally male but female. A reason probably deeper than the historical ones which are commonly alleged, why sculpture has always been peculiarly pagan and painting peculiarly Christian, may be found in the fact that sculpture is especially suited to represent male beauty, or the beauty of strength, and painting female beauty, or the beauty of softness; and that pagan sentiment was chiefly a glorification of the masculine qualities of strength and courage and conscious virtue, while Christian sentiment is chiefly a glorification of the feminine qualities of gentleness, humility, and love. The painters whom the religious feeling of Christendom has recognized as the most faithful exponents of Christian sentiment have always been those who infused a large measure of feminine beauty even into their male characters; and we never, or scarcely ever, find that the same artist has been conspicuously successful in delineating both Christian and pagan types. Michael Angelo, whose genius loved to expatiate on the sublimity of strength and defiance, failed signally in his representations of the Christian ideal; and Perugino was equally unsuccessful when he sought to portray the features of the heroes of antiquity. The position that was gradually assigned to the Virgin, as the female ideal in the belief and the devotion of Christendom, was a consecration or an expression of the new value that was attached to the feminine virtues.

The general superiority of women to men in the strength of their religious emotions, and their natural attraction to a religion which made personal attachment to its Founder its central duty, and which imparted an unprecedented dignity and afforded an unprecedented scope to their characteristic virtues, account for the very conspicuous position that female influence assumed in the great work of the conversion of the Roman Empire. In no other important movement of thought was it so powerful or so acknowledged. In the ages of persecution, female figures occupy many of the foremost places in the ranks of martyrdom; and pagan and Christian writers alike attest the alacrity with which women flocked to the Church, and the influence they exercised in its favor over the male members of their families. The mothers of St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and Theodoret, had all a leading part in the conversion of their sons. St. Helena the mother of Constantine, Flacilla the wife of Theodosius the Great, St. Pulcheria the sister of Theodosius the Younger, and Placidia the mother of Valentinian III., were among the most conspicuous defenders of the faith. In the heretical sects the same zeal was manifested; and Arius, Priscillian, and Montanus were all supported by troops of zealous female devotees. In the career of asceticism, women took a part little if at all inferior to men; while in the organization of the great work of charity they were preëminent. For no other field of active labor are women so admirably suited as for this; and although we may trace from the earliest period, in many creeds and ages, individual instances of their influence in allaying the sufferings of the distressed, it may be truly said that their instinct and genius of charity had never before the dawn of Christianity obtained full scope for action. Fabiola, Paula, Melania, and a host of other noble ladies devoted their time and fortunes mainly to founding and extending vast institutions of charity, some of them of a kind before unknown in the world. The Empress Flacilla was accustomed to tend with her own hands the sick in the hospitals; and a readiness to discharge such offices was deemed the first duty of a Christian wife. From age to age the impulse thus communicated has been felt. There has been no period however corrupt, there has been no church however superstitious, that has not been adorned by many Christian women devoting their entire lives to assuaging the sufferings of men; and the mission of charity thus instituted has not been more efficacious in diminishing the sum of human wretchedness, than in promoting the moral dignity of those by whom it was conducted.

LECONTE DE LISLE.

Charles Marie René Leconte de Lisle, a French poet, born at St. Paul, Réunion Isle, Indian Ocean, Oct. 23, 1818; died at Louveciennes, near Versailles, July 17, 1894. He established himself at Paris in 1847, and first became known by the publication of his "Poèmes Antiques" in 1853. This work, and his "Poèmes et Poésies" (1855), gave him a leading position among the younger poets. His other works include "Poèmes Barbares" (1862); "Catéchisme Populaire Républicain" (1871); "Histoire Populaire du Christianisme" (1871), and "Poèmes Tragiques" (1884). He also published a series of translations of Theocritus, Anacreon, Homer, Hesiod, Orpheus, Æschylus, Horace, Sophocles, and Euripides. His tragedy "Erynnies" was produced at the Odeon in 1873.

The Elves.

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

From paths of the wood, and coverts of doe,
On fiery black steed rides knight all aglow;
Gold glimmer his spurs between day and night;
And where on his path the moon shines full bright,
Of radiant hue the luster is seen,
Aloft, of his helm of silvery sheen.

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

Enshrouding him close — for him, what a strife! —
"Stay, knight; and to thee rare gifts I will bring;
See, here, opal charmed, and burnished gold ring,
And, what is more worth than glory or name,
My robe of the moonbeam, radiant in fame."
"No, no," he replied. "Go, then," said the sprite,
And touched his faint heart with finger cold, white.

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

Now pricked by the spur, trots black charger fast;
No stop, at full speed the two hurry past;—
But see!—the knight bends! Alas! Will he freeze?
For there, in the road, a specter he sees!
Before him, with outstretched arms, does it walk!
"Elf! demon! no time have I now for a talk!"

The still air is breathless, pregnant with life.
"Brave sir, by the light of moon shining clear,"
Spoke Faerie Queen, "why wanderest here?
Ill sprites haunt these woods, these fens, this weird spot—
Come, dance on the green—stay! stay!—wilt thou not?"

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

"No, no; my love's eyes—dear eyes! clear and sweet!
To-morrow, in marriage, glad, I shall meet.
Back! back from my horse! ye meadowland fays,
Who circle these mossy, flowery ways;
Withhold ye me not from maiden so dear;
For lo! rosy dawn already is near."

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

"Let pass, O thou grewsome goblin or ghost,
To wed that fair maiden whose eyes are my boast."
"My love, the dark tomb," she, weeping sore, said,
"Is nuptial couch now, for that I am dead!"
She spoke; on his love's stiff form his gaze fell;
His heart broke; the knight lay dead in the dell.

With marjoram decked, and thyme-blossoms sweet,
In meads dance the elves, on gay tripping feet.

The Manchy.

(From "Poèmes Barbares.")

Clothed in your filmy muslin gown,
  Every Sunday morning, you
  Would come in your manchy of bamboo
Down the footpaths to the town.

The church-bell rang out noisily;
  The salt breeze waved the lofty cane;
  The sun shook out a golden rain
On the savanna's grassy sea.

With rings on wrist and ankle flat,
And yellow kerchief on the crown,
Your two telingas carried down
Your litter of Manila mat.

Slim, in tunics white, they sang
As 'neath the pole of bamboo bent,
With hands upon their hips, they went
Steadily by the long Etang.

Past banks where Creoles used to come
To smoke their ancient pipes; past bands
Of blacks disporting on the sands
To the sound of the Madagascar drum.

The tamarind's breath was on the air;
Out in the glittering surf the flocks
Of birds swung through the billow's shocks,
And plunged beneath the foaming blare.

While hung — your sandal loosed — the tips
Of one pink foot at the manchy's side,
In the shade of the letchi branching wide
With fruit less purple than your lips;

While like a flower, a butterfly
Of blue and scarlet fluttered on
Your skin an instant, and was gone,
Leaving his colors in good-by.

We saw between the cambric's mist
Your earrings on the pillows lain;
While your long lashes veiled in vain
Your eyes of somber amethyst.

'Twas thus you came, those mornings sweet,
With grace so gentle, to High Mass.
Borne slowly down the mountain pass
By your faithful Hindoos' steady feet.

But now where our dry sand-bar gleams
Beneath the dog-grass near the sea,
You rest with dead ones dear to me,
O charm of my first tender dreams!

Pan.

(From "Poèmes Antiques.")

Roistering Pan, the Arcadian shepherd's god,
Crested like ram and like the wild goat shod,

Makes soft complaint upon his oaten horn.
When hill and valley turn to gold with morn,
He wanders joying with the dancing band
Of nymphs across the moss and flowering land.
The lynx-skin clothes his back ; his brows are crowned
With hyacinth and crocus interwound,
And with his glee the echoes long rejoice.
The barefoot nymphs assemble at the voice,
And lightly by the crystal fountain's side,
Surrounding Pan in rhythmic circles glide.
In vine-bound grottos, in remote retreats,
At noon the god sleeps out the parching heats
Beside some hidden brook, below the domes
Of swaying oaks, where sunlight never comes.
But when the night, with starry girdle bound,
Wafts her long veils across the blue profound,
Pan, passion-flushed, tracks through the shadowy glade
In swift pursuit the nimble-footed maid ;
Clasps her in flight, and with exulting cries
Through the white moonlight carries off his prize.

The Bulls.

(From "Poèmes Barbares.")

The sea's broad desert makes a bar of gold
Against the blue of heaven's unruffled fold.
Alone, a roseate loiterer in the sky
Wreathes like a languid reptile stretched on high
Above the surging of the mountain-chain.
O'er the savannah breathes a dreamy strain
To where the bulls, with massive horns high dressed
And shining coat, deep eye and muscled breast,
Crop at their will the salt grass of the coast.
Two negroes of Antongil, still engrossed
In the long day's dull stupor, at their ease
With chin in hands and elbows on their knees,
Smoke their black pipes. But in the changing sky
The herd's fierce chieftain scents the nightfall nigh,
Lifts his square muzzle flecked with silver foam,
And bellows o'er the sea his summons home.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

Lefroy, Edward Cracroft, an English poet and clergyman; born at London, March 29, 1855; died at Blackheath, Kent, September 19, 1891. He was educated at Keble College, Oxford, and was ordained clergyman in 1878. After four years of curate work he was obliged through ill health to give up active clerical duties, and thereafter, as long as his health permitted, he devoted himself to literary work and to private teaching at his home in Blackheath. Since his death his sonnets on football and cricket have attracted much attention, and he may not unfitly be called the laureate of athleticism. On the paternal side he was a grandnephew of Jane Austen. His published books include "Echoes from Theocritus, and Other Sonnets" (1885); "The Christian Ideal, and Other Sermons" (1883); "Counsels for the Common Life" (1885). In 1897 his complete poems appeared, together with a "Life," by Wilfred Austin Gill.

In the Cloisters, Winchester College.

I.

I walked to-day where Past and Present meet,
   In that gray cloister eloquent of years,
   Which ever groweth old, yet ever hears
The same glad echo of unaging feet.
Only from brass and stone some quaint conceit,
   The monument of long-forgotten tears,
   Whispers of vanished lives, of spent careers,
And hearts that, beating once, have ceased to beat.
And as I walked, I heard the boys who played
   Beyond the quiet precinct, and I said —
"How broad the gulf which delving Time has made
   Between those happy living and these dead."
   And, lo, I spied a grave new-garlanded,
And on the wall a boyish face that prayed!

II.

Two things are ever with us, youth and death —
   The Faun that pipes, and Pluto unbeguiled;

From age to age still plays the eternal child,
Nor heeds the eternal doom that followeth.
Ah, precious days of unreflecting breath!
There lay (so might we fancy) one who smiled
Though all life's paradox unreconciled,
Enjoying years the grown man squandereth.
And if his latest hour was touched with pain,
And some dim trouble crossed his childish brain,
He knew no fear, — in death more blest than we.
And now from God's clear light he smiles again,
Not ill-content his mortal part to see
In such a spot, amid such company.

Before the Race.

The impatient starter waxeth saturnine.
"Is the bell cracked?" he cries. They make it sound:
And six tall lads break through the standers-round.
I watch with Mary while they form in line;
White-jerseyed all, but each with some small sign,
A broidered badge or shield with painted ground,
And one with crimson kerchief sash-wise bound;
I think we know that token, neighbor mine,
Willie, they call you best of nimble wights;
Yet brutal Fate shall whelm in slippery ways
Two soles at least. Will it be you she spites?
Ah well! 'T is not so much to win the bays.
Uncrowned or crowned, the struggle still delights;
It is the effort, not the palm, we praise.

A Cricket Bowler.

Two minutes' rest till the next man goes in!
The tired arms lie with every sinew slack
On the mown grass. Unbent the supple back,
And elbows apt to make the leather spin
Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin, —
In knavish hands a most unkindly knack;
But no guile shelters under this boy's black,
Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English skin.
Two minutes only. Conscious of a name,
The new man plants his weapon with profound
Long-practised skill that no mere trick may scare.
Not loath, the rested lad resumes the game:
The flung ball takes one madding tortuous bound,
And the mid-stump three somersaults in air.

A FOOTBALL PLAYER.

IF I could paint you, friend, as you stand there,
Guard of the goal, defensive, open-eyed,
Watching the tortured bladder slide and glide
Under the twinkling feet; arms bare, head bare,
The breeze a-tremble through crow-tufts of hair;
Red-brown in face, and ruddier, having spied
A wily foeman breaking from the side;
Aware of him, — of all else unaware;
If I could limn you, as you leap and fling
Your weight against his passage, like a wall;
Clutch him, and collar him, and rudely cling
For one brief moment till he falls — you fall:
My sketch would have what Art can never give —
Sinew and breath and body; it would live.

THE FLUTE OF DAPHNIS.

(From "Echoes from Theocritus.")

I AM the flute of Daphnis. On this wall
He nailed his tribute to the great god Pan,
What time he grew from boyhood, shapely, tall,
And felt the first deep ardors of a man.
Through adult veins more swift the songtide ran, —
A vernal stream where swollen torrents call
For instant ease in utterance. Then began
That course of triumph reverenced by all.
Him the gods loved, and more than other men
Blessed with the flower of beauty, and endowed
His soul of music with the strength of ten.
Now on a festal day I see the crowd
Look fondly at my resting-place, and when
I think whose lips have pressed me, I am proud.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Richard Le Gallienne, an English poet and novelist, born at Liverpool, Jan. 20, 1866. He was educated at Liverpool College, and at the age of sixteen he entered the office of an accountant. While here he privately printed his first volume of poetry, "My Ladie's Sonnets" (1887). In 1891 he was engaged as literary critic for the London *Star*, for which he wrote under the pen-name "Log-roller." He also joined the staff of the *Speaker* and of the *Daily Chronicle*. He has contributed much to the *Nineteenth Century*, the *New Review*, the *Pall Mall Budget*, and *The Book of the Rhymers' Club*. His works include, also, "Volumes in Folio" (1889); "The Book-Bills of Narcissus" (1889); "George Meredith" (1889); "English Poems" (1892); "Prose Fancies" (1894).

Sunset in the City.

Above the town a monstrous wheel is turning,
With glowing spokes of red;
Low in the West its fiery axle burning;
And lost amid the spaces overhead,
A vague white moth, the moon, is fluttering.

Above the town an azure sea is flowing,
'Mid long peninsulas of shining sand;
From opal into pearl the moon is growing,
Dropped like a shell upon the changing strand.

Within the town the streets grow strange and haunted,
And dark against the western lakes of green
The buildings change to temples, and unwonted
Shadows and sounds creep in where day has been.

Tree Worship.

Give me to clasp this earth with feeding roots like thine,
To mount yon heaven with such star-aspiring head,
Fill full with sap and buds this shrunken life of mine,
And from my boughs, oh! might such stalwart sons be shed.

With loving cheek pressed close against thy horny breast,
  I hear the roar of sap mounting within thy veins;
Tingling with buds, thy great hands open toward the west,
  To catch the sweetheart winds that bring the sister rains.

O winds that blow from out the fruitful mouth of God,
  O rains that softly fall from His all-loving eyes,
You that bring buds to trees and daisies to the sod —
  O God's best Angel of the Spring, in me arise.

TENNYSON.

We mourn as though the great good song he gave
  Passed with the singer's own informing breath:
Ah, golden book, for thee there is no grave,
  Thine is a rhyme that shall not taste of death.

One sings a flower, and one a voice, and one
  Screens from the world a corner choice and small,
Each toy its little laureate hath, but none
  Sings of the whole: yea, only he sang all.

Fame loved him well, because he loved not Fame,
  But Peace and Love, all other things before,
A man was he ere yet he was a name,
  His song was much because his love was more.

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

Somewhere safe-hidden away
  In a meadow of mortals untrod,
I saw in my dreaming to-day
  A wonderful flower of God;
Somewhere deep buried in air,
  In a flashing abysm afar,
I came in my dreaming aware
  Of the beam of a mystical star:
And I knew that each wonderful thing
Was the song that I never may sing.

Yet still it may be for my glory,
  Though never the priesthood to bear,
To bend in the shrine of your story,
  As the lowliest acolyte there;
And would that the rhyme I am bringing,
  A censer incuriously wrought,

Might seem not too poor for the swinging,
  Nor too simple the gums I have brought:
No marvel of gold-carven censer,
No frankincense fragrance or myrrh.

And O, if some light from the splendor
  Of mystical Host might strike through
These wreaths as they rise and transfigure
  Their gray to a glory for you,
A glory for you as the sunrise
  Of the years that to-night have begun,
What singer would sing for his song craft
  Boon richer than that I had won?
What token to augur were given
More bright with the blessing of Heaven!

JULES LEMAÎTRE.

Jules Lemaître, a French critic, born at Vennecy, April 25, 1853. His childhood was passed at Travers, near Beaugency. He completed his school-work in Paris, and received his baccalaureate degree in July, 1871. For five years he was Professor of Rhetoric in Havre, and in 1880 was nominated President of the Faculty of the High School of Literature of Algiers. Two years later he was represented on the Faculty of Besançon as head of the department of French literature. Doctor of Letters in 1883, he was offered a professorship on the Faculty of Grenoble. In 1884 he became editor of the *Revue Bleue* and dramatic critic for the *Journal des Débats*. He has written some Oriental verses and a collection of poems entitled "Les Médaillons," as well as some plays: "Le Théâtre de Dancourt," "Les Contemporains," and "Impressions de Théâtre." His novel "Sérénus" is the story of a martyr.

On the Influences of Recent Northern Literature.

(From "Les Contemporains.")

Once more the Saxons and Germans, the Thracians and peoples of snow-covered Thule, have conquered Gaul: an important but not a surprising event.

One of our most pardonable faults is acknowledged to be a certain coquettish yet generous intellectual hospitality. As soon as a Frenchman has succeeded in acquiring not alone national and classical culture, but European culture as well, it is marvelous to see how, at one stroke, he sets himself free from all literary *chauvinism.* At this point the most serious clasp hands, so to speak, with the most frivolous; with the class emancipated from prejudices in favor of clean linen, as well as with those who, to use an expression henceforth symbolical, are "laundered in London."

It is evident that Renan, for instance, who as a matter of fact understood only superficially contemporary French literature, was always dominated by German science and genius, and placed Goethe, and even Herder, above all that is best among us.

Taine also concludes that we have nothing comparable not only to Shakspeare, — we must grant him this, — but to contemporaneous English poets and novelists.

While in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the South — Spain and Italy — attracted us, for the past two centuries we have been captivated by the literature of the North.

This attraction has had its accessions and its intervals; but our last attack of septentriomania shows itself particularly violent and prolonged, for it still endures. It began I think about a dozen years ago, in the revolution against the so-called "naturalist" brutalities and pretensions, and in the taste, now perhaps partially forgotten, for George Eliot.

At this time M. Edmond Schérer and M. Emile Montégut vied with each other in demonstrating in profound and eloquent essays that George Eliot far surpassed all our realistic novelists.

Since then M. de Voguë has magnificently revealed to us Tolstoï and Dostoiewski; and compared with them, again, our poor romancers are but dust in the balance. All the world worshiped the Russian gospel, and set itself to "tolstoiser." At the same time the "Théâtre Libre" set before us the dramas of Dostoiewski. Finally Ibsen had his turn of apotheosis, and all his later plays were translated. We have seen at the theaters, beside the plays of these two writers, those of the Norwegian Björnson, the German Hauptmann, the Swede Strindberg, and the Belgian Maeterlinck. The fury and intolerance of admiration on the part of young men and certain women for these products of the North is hardly to be imagined. "Yes," they say, "these polar souls truly speak to our souls; they penetrate them deeply; they stir them to their profoundest depths." And I read with melancholy this page of M. de Voguë, in the preface of his "Russian Romance:" — "There has been created in our day, wider than the preferences of coteries or national prejudice, a European spirit, — a fund of culture, ideas, and tendencies common to all intelligent societies. We find this spirit, the same in essence, the same in impressionability, in London, Petersburg, Rome, and Berlin. But as yet it eludes us; the literature and philosophy of our rivals make conquest of us but slowly: we are not imparting it, we are towed along by it more or less successfully. But to follow is not to guide; — the prevailing ideas which are transforming Europe no longer emanate from the French soul."

Possibly this may be because they issued from that soul fifty years ago!

I must here premise that in speaking of the works of George Eliot, George Sand, and some other authors, it is necessarily from a somewhat remote reading of them, and from impressions immediately following that reading. . . . I shall consider solely on what ground these novelists stand; what are the dominating ideas, the guiding sentiments, what the substratum of their works. . . .

That which strikes us in these romances [of George Eliot], all of them being histories of conscience, is the constant moral preoccupation by which every page is marked, as well as the constant cordial and observant sympathy with the most humble and ordinary phases of human life. To consider, in passing, this second characteristic only: it is indubitably to be found, with a fullness that leaves nothing to be desired, in the works of George Sand. . . . Read "La Mare au Diable" [The Devil's Pool], "La Petite Fadette" [Little Fadette], "François le Champi," you will find as much robust and charming good-nature, as sincere a liking for simple life and homely details, as much delight and skill in making us feel the essential interest and dignity of a human soul, its environment and social condition, as in the writings of the George beyond the Channel. There is no more, for that I believe to be impossible. . . . Let us pass on to Ibsen. . . . Save in two or three instances, where he seems to defy his own visions, and to jeer at them, the dramas of Ibsen are crises of conscience, histories of revolt, and struggles towards moral enfranchisement. That which he preaches or dreams is the love of truth, the hatred of falsehood. Sometimes it is the reaction of the pagan conception of life against the Christian conception; of the "joy of living," as he terms it, against religious melancholy. It is, beyond and above all else, that which has been called individualism. It is the assertion of the rights of the individual conscience against written laws which do not provide for individual cases; against social conventions often hypocritical, and respecting appearances only. Often too it is the redemption and purification of suffering. It is, in our relations with others, the exercise of individual compassion, the pardon of certain sins which pharisecism never pardons. It is in marriage the perfect union of souls, — a union based only upon the liberty and absolute sincerity of husband and wife, and the entire understanding and appreciation each has of the other. It is, in short, the conformity of life to the ideal — an ideal which Ibsen rarely defines in set terms; in which is to be found something of antique naturalism, something of judicial and haughty evangelicism, of aristocratic dilettantism, and covering all, a film of pessimism.

I can make these definitions no more precise than Ibsen himself does. But it is undeniably into a general sentiment of revolt that the elements of which his "dream" is composed resolve themselves. He is in fact a mighty rebel, a malcontent, at odds with his own genius. Now, in the work of these Northern men, is there not the very substance of the early romances of George Sand? If I name her anew, it is because she had a marvelous gift of receptivity, and because she reflected all the ideas and chimeras of her time. She had already told us, long before these others spoke, that marriage is an oppressive institution if it be not the union of two free wills, and if woman be not treated as a moral being. Already we had heard from her of the conflict of religious and civil law with that other and greater law, not inscribed on Tables of Stone. And already among us the rights of the individual had been declared to be opposed to those of society.

We listened to these sayings as long ago as 1830, and I doubt if even then they were entirely new.

I admit that I have not re-read the eighty volumes of George Sand, but I know their contents, and have been long imbued with their spirit. I open her first romance and I read the protest of Indiana. Indiana is Ibsen's Nora. She flees from Colonel Delmare in the same mood that drives Nora out of Helmer's house. That which Nora goes to seek, Indiana meets. Indiana espousing Ralph in the presence of Nature and of God is Nora after her flight finding the husband of her soul, and choosing him in her freedom. . . .

If Henrik Ibsen is not found complete, as to his ideas, in George Sand, it is in the dramas of Dumas *fils* — preceding, let it be remembered, those of the Norwegian writer — that we shall finally discover him.

The protest of the individual against law, of the moral sentiments of the heart against the moral code and worldly conventionality, — this is the very soul of most of the dramas of M. Dumas. Only, while the revolts of Ibsen are against law and society in general, the insurrections of M. Dumas strike almost always at some particular article of the civil code or of social prejudice. And I do not see that this limitation is necessarily an inferiority. . . .

Let us go on to the Russian novelists, to Tolstoï and to Dostoiewski. M. de Vogüé tells us that they are distinguished from our realists by two traits: —

"First, the vague, undefined Russian spirit draws its life from all philosophies and all vagaries. It pauses now in nihilism and pessimism. A superficial reader might sometimes confound Tolstoï and Flaubert. But Tolstoï's nihilism is never accepted without revolt; this spirit is never impenitent; we constantly listen to its groanings and searchings, and it finally redeems and saves itself by love, — love more or less active in Tolstoï and Tourgénief, in Dostoiewski refined and introspective until it becomes a painful passion. Second, equally with sympathy the distinctive characteristic of these realists is the comprehension of that which lies beneath and surrounds life. In them the study of the real is pressed more closely than ever before. They seem imprisoned within its limits, and yet they meditate upon the invisible. Beyond the known, which they describe minutely, they accord a secret study to the unknown, which they suspect. The personages of their creation are disquieted concerning the universal mystery; and no matter how absorbed they may appear in the drama of the moment, they lend an ear to the murmur of abstract ideas — the ideas which people the profound atmosphere where breathe the creations of Tourgénief, Tolstoï, and Dostoiewski." . . .

"The things lying below life" of which these Russians talk — what is meant by these? Do they concern those obscure and fatal powers of the flesh, those hereditary and physiological instincts that govern us without our knowledge? But this constitutes nearly half of Balzac, and the whole of M. Zola. And "the environment of life"? Does this mean the influences of the domestic surroundings? Who has better known and expressed these than the author of the "Comédie Humaine," or the author of "Madame Bovary"? Or should we accord to these foreigners alone the privilege of knowing how to render "the environment of life"? Should we say that "while the French novelist selects, separates a character or an act from the chaos of beings and actions, to study the isolated subject of his choice, the Russian, dominated by the feeling of universal interdependence, does not sever the thousand ties which attach a man, a deed, a thought, to the total sum of the world, and does not forget that each is constituted by all"?

I recognize and I admire the abounding fullness, almost equaling that of life itself, in that complex romance, "War and Peace"; but have we not novels corresponding to the complexities of the world, in which the interweaving of moral and material things answers to that of reality, and which also contain in an equal degree the all of life? I say, after due reflection, that all this is true of "Les Misérables," and perhaps more profoundly so of "L'Éducation Sentimentale." And after all, what is this disquietude of universal mystery, of which the honor of discovery is exclusively ascribed to the Slav novelists? This "mystery" can only be that of our destiny, of our souls, of God, of the origin and end of the universe. But who does not know that nearly all our writers, from 1825 to 1850 especially, professed themselves as disquieted over these things? Of this disquietude Victor Hugo is full; he overflows with it.

If it is said that what is meant is less a philosophical disquiet than a feeling of the formidable unknown which surrounds us, a feeling which is perhaps evoked by some accidental sensation, I answer that I quite understand that there are moments when this thought alone — that one is in the world, and that the world exists, appears utterly incomprehensible and strikes us dumb. But in the first place, this astonishment at living, this sort of "sacred horror," is inconsistent in its very nature with any expression at all except the briefest, and can be prolonged only by repeating itself. In the second place, we had assuredly experienced this mysterious shudder before we ever opened a Russian or Norwegian book. Tolstoï's phrase "The eternal silence of infinite space affrights me," is one which does not date from yesterday. . . .

If, then, all that we admire in the recent writers of the North was already ours, how does it happen that, visible in them, it appears to so many of us new and original? Is it because these writers are greater artists than ours, their literary form superior to that of our poets and novelists? The question seems to me insoluble: for he alone could discern the exact value of literary form who should comprehend all the languages of Europe as profoundly as he comprehends his own; that is, sufficiently to perceive in its most delicate shades that which constitutes the style of each writer. This, I imagine, can never be; for I find that the most learned and accomplished of foreign linguists never arrive at the power of feeling as we do the phrase of a Flaubert or a Renan. The incapacity is made evident by their classification of our authors, where they put together without discrimination the great and the inferior. In the same way the style of foreign writers must always to a great extent escape us. I am inclined to believe that a man may know several languages well, but only one profoundly. It is certain that neither Eliot, nor Ibsen, nor Tolstoï will ever afford to us that kind or degree of pleasure which is aroused in us by the literary form of our own great authors. . . .

Norway has interminable winters almost without day, alternating with short and violent summers almost without night:—marvelous conditions either for the slow and patient working out of one's inner visions, or for the sudden and overpowering impulses of passion.

London, compared with which Paris is but a pretty little town, is the capital of effort and will; and an English fog seems to me an excellent atmosphere for reflection. I have never seen a steppe; but to picture it to the eye of the mind, I multiply in my imagination the melancholy stretches of heath, the pools and woods of Sologne in winter.

To understand their literature we must add to these physical characteristics the Past of Norway, England, and Russia; their traditions, their public and private manners, their religions, and the furrows traced by them all in the Norwegian, English, and Russian brain.

Briefly, it may be said that the writers of the North return to us (and this is the secret of their charm) the substance of our own literature of forty or fifty years ago, modified, renewed, and enriched by its passage through minds notably different from our own. In rethinking our thoughts, they rediscover them for us.

They have, it seems to me, less art than we, less knowledge of the rules of composition. Such works as "Middlemarch" are discouraging by their prolixity. Eight days of constant reading are necessary for "War and Peace"; and such dimensions are in themselves inartistic. . . .

Furthermore, I am by no means persuaded that these writers have more emotion than ours: certainly they have no more general ideas. But they have to a greater degree than we the perception of the inner religious life.

More patient than we; not perhaps more penetrating, but capable of greater persistence, if I may say so, in meditation and observation; more able than we to dispense with diversions, — they address themselves to readers who have less need than we of being amused. The long and monotonous conversations of Ibsen, his indefatigable accumulation of familiar details, at first overwhelm us, but little by little envelop us, and form around each of his dramas an atmosphere peculiar to itself, by which the appearance of truth in the characters is greatly augmented. We see them living their slow mysterious lives. They are intensely serious: and they exhibit this peculiarity, — that all the incidents of their existence stir their souls' depths, and reveal these depths, to us; that their domestic dramas become dramas of conscience in which their whole spiritual life is involved. A woman who finds that her husband does not understand her, or that her son is attacked by an incurable malady, instantly asks herself if Martin Luther was not too conservative, whether paganism or Christianity is really right, and if all our laws do not rest upon falsehood and hypocrisy.

Perhaps the author forgets that these questions, absorbing when discussed by a great philosopher or poet, can be solved only in commonplace fashion by narrow townspeople and well-meaning clergymen. Perhaps too he surfeits us with the restless metaphysics of ordinary humanity, and its tendency to philosophize. But as it is really his own thought that he thus translates, it is possible after all to take in it a true and lively interest.

One dominating idea in the romances of George Eliot is the idea of responsibility, accepted in its most rigid sense: the idea that no act is indifferent or inoffensive; that all have infinite consequences, and reverberations either within or without our own souls, and that thus we are always more responsible, or responsible for more, than we realize. The consequence of this idea is a moral surveillance constantly exercised by her characters over themselves, or by the author over her characters. Most of them hold the idea of sin, and of an inner life at least as fully developed as the life of their social relations. They make frequent examinations of conscience; they repent, they improve. Certainly all this is more rare in our romances, doubtless because it is more rare in our conduct. I have noticed, on the other hand, that George Sand's heroes almost never repent. If Mauprat advances in goodness, it is in virtue of his love for Edmée, and not as a result of probing for his sins. Others learn the lessons of events, and grow better through experience. The nobler characters of Sand and Hugo dwell more upon the happiness of humanity than upon their own moral perfection. I grant at once that they are inconsequent persons, apt to begin at the wrong end of things, and that their gospel is often a gospel of revolution. . . .

I must of course admit that the realism of these foreigners is more chaste than ours has been. The deeds of the flesh hold small place in their works, for which I willingly praise them. I observe, however, that if the actual state of things in France is less unblushing than it is made to appear in some of our realistic novels, it is surely, throughout Europe, less refined than English and Russian romances would lead us to believe. We are more frank in these matters. I do not know that this is a mark of superiority; but our realism, more sensual perhaps, is also more disenchanting. Northern writers surely do not recoil from depicting the suffering, cruelty, and squalor of human life; but it cannot be denied that they diminish their own power by avoiding a certain class of infamies. They do not tell the whole truth. You will never find in them such pages as certain of those of Flaubert or Maupassant. They are well able to show us the world as infinitely sad and pitiful; but hesitate to exhibit it as simply disgusting, which nevertheless it often is. Their pessimism is never as radical as they pretend.

This prudishness, this reserve, this incurable scrupulousness is explained by that religious spirit with which they are still impregnated; and thus we arrive at this truism, that the differences of literatures are rooted in the fundamental differences of race.

The books of Ibsen and Eliot remain, in spite of the intellectual emancipation of these writers, Protestant books. For to abandon, after unrestricted examination, as Eliot and Ibsen have done, a religion of which unrestricted examination is an inherent attribute, is not, properly speaking, to abandon at all. Only that can be really thrown off which is really a yoke: insurrection is only veritably made against a religion which interdicts freedom of spirit. In the other religions one may remain by expanding them. It is only where prohibition is radical that schism can be absolute. That which Protestant liberty forbids is not intellectual enfranchisement, but if I may say so, enfranchisement of language and manner. Among Protestant peoples, where the faithful soul depends only upon his conscience, and allows no intermediary between himself and God, the universal habits of thought and discussion which result, cause a mingling of religious sentiment and anxiety in all their literature, — even profane, — and unbelievers retain at least the manner and tone of believers. On the contrary, among us emancipated Catholics — or even practicing Catholics whom sacramental confession absolves in part from the care of administering our own conscience — there is a religious or rather ecclesiastical literature with which we are but little acquainted, and a literature entirely profane and laic; each one playing its own part. To certain reflections on the inner nature of souls, certain bits of moral casuistry, certain effusions of religious sentiment, which strike us in Eliot and Ibsen, we could find analogous examples only in the works of priests and monks, whom we ignore, or in Bossuet, Lacordaire, or Veuillot, where it does not occur to us to look for them. Our two literatures do not mingle, and thereby the secular loses something of moral depth. . . .

Finally, we see in what measure these foreigners have been of service to us. We have welcomed their idealism through weariness or disgust with naturalism. It is true that they have led us to put more exactness and sincerity into the expression of ideas and sentiments which were formerly familiar to us; to give precision to our romanticism, and at the same time to moderate our realism.

But once again, if we have heartily and readily accepted this foreign literature, is it not proved that in reality we possess, if not the cosmopolitan spirit, at least the cosmopolitan manners? An Englishman travels over the whole world, and remains everywhere an Englishman. We do not quit our own firesides; but from this corner we adapt ourselves without difficulty to the moods and manner of thought of all nations, even the most remote. Yes! ours are the writers whom I term the true cosmopolitans; for a cosmopolitan — that is to say, a European — literature should be common and intelligible to all the people of Europe, and can only become cosmopolitan by the order, symmetry, and lucidity which have for centuries been accepted as our national qualities. They are so still; as is proved by the large human sympathy which we are to-day supposing that we discover among foreigners, but which nevertheless has always been one of our most eminent characteristics. We love to approve; ours is perhaps the only nation disposed to prefer others to itself. But this very enthusiasm with which we have fostered and ex-tolled the tender humanity of the Russian romance and the Norwegian drama — does it not prove that we ourselves possess the same quality, and that in them we have only *recognized* it? . . .

These exchanges — this give-and-take of ideas between nations — have existed in all times, more especially since the closeness of commercial relations has involved that of intellectual relations as well. At times we have borrowed from other peoples, and have impressed upon that which we took a European character. Such are the appropriations of Corneille or Le Sage from the Spaniards. At times, and oftener, being inquisitive and kindly, we have taken from them unconsciously that which we ourselves had previously loaned them. Thus, in the eighteenth century we discovered the novels of Richardson, who had imitated Marivaux. Thus we have found again in Lessing that which was in Diderot, and in Goethe much that was in Jean Jacques; and we have believed that we owed to the Germans and English the romanticism which we ourselves had originated. For is not romanticism more than mediæval decoration, or in the drama more than the suppression of the three unities, or the mingling of tragedy and comedy? It is the feeling for nature, the recognition of the rights of passion; it is the spirit of revolt, the exaltation of the individual: all, things of which the germs and more than the germs were in the "Nouvelle Héloise," in the "Confessions," and in the "Lettres de la Montagne."

In this constant circulation of ideas, we are less and less certain to whom they belong. Each nation imposes upon them its own character, and each of the characters seems necessarily the most original and the best.

It is only of the present moment that I write, and who knows how fleeting that may be? This restless septentriomania — how long will it endure? Does it not already begin to languish? And as to the rest, — to come to the regulating of this debit and credit account opened between races, does it not remain to be seen whether the pietism of George Eliot, the contradictory and rebellious idealism of Ibsen, the mystic fatalism of Tolstoï, are necessarily superior to the humanitarianism or the realism of French authors? Who can affirm that the ardor of our scientific faith and revolutionizing charity, moderately subjective as they are and inclined rather to social reform, do not compensate in the sight of God for the greater aptitude of the Northern races for meditation and subjective perfection?

Who will swear that largely and humanly understood, the positive philosophy, to call it by its name, — the philosophy of Taine, that which is held to be responsible for the brutalities and aridities of naturalistic literature, — does not represent a more advanced moment in human development than Protestant and septentrional religiosity? Do not books like those of J. H. Rosny, to cite no others, presage the reconciliation of two sorts of intelligence which among us have been too often separated? And do we not recognize in them both the enthusiasm for science and the enthusiasm for moral beauty, and see already how these two religions accord and become fruitful? Who lives shall see! Meantime, make haste to enjoy these writers from regions of snows and fogs; enjoy them while they are in favor, while they are believed in, and while they can still influence you, — as it is best to avail one's self of the methods in vogue, so long as they can cure.

For it may be that a reaction of the Latin spirit is at hand.

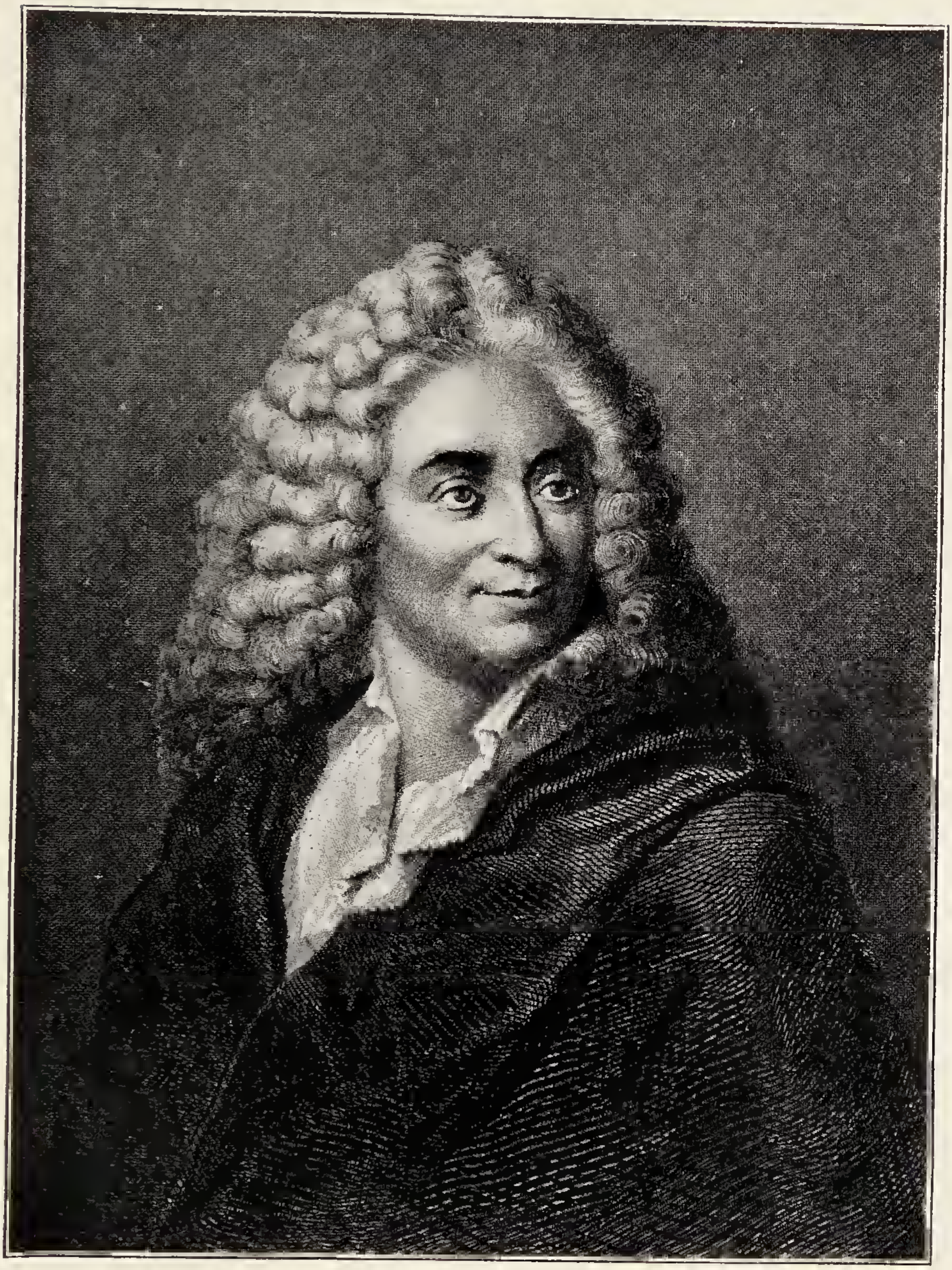
ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE.

Alain René Le Sage, a noted French novelist and dramatist, born at Sarzeau, Brittany, May 8, 1668; died at Boulogne, Nov. 17, 1747. He was educated at the Jesuits' College at Vannes, went to Paris in 1692, married in 1694, and adopted literature as his profession in preference to law. In 1707 he won his first successes by a play, "Crispin Rival de son Maître," and a romance, "Le Diable Boiteux," known in English translations as "The Devil on Two Sticks," and "Asmodeus." In another play, "Turcaret," he attacked the farmers of the revenue. Vols. I. and II. of the famous "Gil Blas de Santillane" appeared in 1715, Vol. III. in 1724, Vol. IV. not till 1735. The later works of Le Sage (besides over 100 comic operas) are: "Roland l'Amoureux" (1717–1721), an imitation of Boiardo; an abridged translation of Aleman's "Guzman de Alfarache;" "Aventures de Robert, dit le Chevalier de Beauchesne" (1732); "Histoire d'Estévanille Gonzales" (1734), from the Spanish; "Une Journée des Parques" (1735); "Le Bachelier Salamanque" (1736), and "Mélange amusant" (1743).

Gil Blas Enters the Service of Dr. Sangrado.

(From "Gil Blas.")

I determined to throw myself in the way of Signor Arias de Londona, and to look out for a new berth in his register; but as I was on my way to No Thoroughfare, who should come across me but Dr. Sangrado, whom I had not seen since the day of my master's death. I took the liberty of touching my hat. He kenned me in a twinkling, though I had changed my dress; and with as much warmth as his temperament would allow him, "Heyday!" said he, "the very lad I wanted to see; you have never been out of my thought. I have occasion for a clever fellow about me, and pitched upon you as the very thing, if you can read and write." "Sir," replied I, "if that is all you require, I am your man." "In that case," rejoined he, "we need look no further. Come home with me: it will be all com-



ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE

fort; I shall behave to you like a brother. You will have no wages, but everything will be found you. You shall eat and drink according to the true faith, and be taught to cure all diseases. In a word, you shall rather be my young Sangrado, than my footman."

I closed in with the doctor's proposal, in the hope of becoming an Esculapius under so inspired a master. He carried me home on the spur of the occasion, to install me in my honorable employment; which honorable employment consisted in writing down the name and residence of the patients who sent for him in his absence. There had indeed been a register for this purpose, kept by an old domestic; but she had not the gift of spelling accurately, and wrote a most perplexing hand. This account I was to keep. It might truly be called a bill of mortality; for my members all went from bad to worse during the short time they continued in this system. I was a sort of bookkeeper for the other world, to take places in the stage, and to see that the first come were the first served. My pen was always in my hand, for Doctor Sangrado had more practice than any physician of his time in Valladolid. He had got into reputation with the public by a certain professional slang, humored by a medical face, and some extraordinary cases more honored by implicit faith than scrupulous investigation.

He was in no want of patients, nor consequently of property. He did not keep the best house in the world: we lived with some little attention to economy. The usual bill of fare consisted of peas, beans, boiled apples or cheese. He considered this food as best suited to the human stomach; that is to say, as most amenable to the grinders, whence it was to encounter the process of digestion. Nevertheless, easy as was their passage, he was not for stopping the way with too much of them; and to be sure, he was in the right. But though he cautioned the maid and me against repletion in respect of solids, it was made up by free permission to drink as much water as we liked. Far from prescribing us any limits in that direction, he would tell us sometimes: "Drink, my children: health consists in the pliability and moisture of the parts. Drink water by pailfuls: it is a universal dissolvent; water liquefies all the salts. Is the course of the blood a little sluggish? this grand principle sets it forward: too rapid? its career is checked." Our doctor was so orthodox on this head that though advanced in years, he drank nothing himself but water. He defined old age to be a natural consumption which dries us up and wastes us away: on this principle he deplored the ignorance of those who call wine "old men's milk." He maintained that wine wears them out and corrodes them; and pleaded with all the force of his eloquence against that liquor, fatal in common both to the young and old, — that friend with the serpent in his bosom, — that pleasure with a dagger under its girdle.

In spite of these fine arguments, at the end of a week a looseness ensued, with some twinges, which I was blasphemous enough to saddle on the universal dissolvent and the new-fangled diet. I stated my symptoms to my master, in the hope that he would relax the rigor of his regimen and qualify my meals with a little wine; but his hostility to that liquor was inflexible. "If you have not philosophy enough," said he, "for pure water, there are innocent infusions to strengthen the stomach against the nausea of aqueous quaffings. Sage, for example, has a very pretty flavor; and if you wish to heighten it into a debauch, it is only mixing rosemary, wild poppy, and other simples with it, — but no compounds."

In vain did he crack off his water, and teach me the secret of composing delicious messes. I was so abstemious that, remarking my moderation, he said: — "In good sooth, Gil Blas, I marvel not that you are no better than you are: you do not drink enough, my friend. Water taken in a small quantity serves only to separate the particles of bile and set them in action; but our practice is to drown them in a copious drench. Fear not, my good lad, lest a superabundance of liquid should either weaken or chill your stomach; far from thy better judgment be that silly fear of unadulterated drink. I will insure you against all consequences; and if my authority will not serve your turn, read Celsus. That oracle of the ancients makes an admirable panegyric on water; in short, he says in plain terms that those who plead an inconstant stomach in favor of wine, publish a libel on their own viscera, and make their constitution a pretense for their sensuality."

As it would have been ungenteel in me to run riot on my entrance into the career of practice, I affected thorough conviction; indeed I thought there was something in it. I therefore went on drinking water on the authority of Celsus, or to speak in scientific terms, I began to drown the bile in copious drenches of that unadulterated liquor; and though I felt myself more out of order from day to day, prejudice won the cause against experience. It is evident therefore that I was in the right road to the practice of physic. Yet I could not always be insensible to the qualms which increased in my frame, to that degree as to determine me on quitting Doctor Sangrado. But he invested me with a new office which changed my tone. "Hark you, my child," said he to me one day: "I am not one of those hard and ungrateful masters, who leave their household to grow gray in service without a suitable reward. I am well pleased with you, I have a regard for you; and without waiting till you have served your time, I will make your fortune. Without more ado, I will initiate you in the healing art, of which I have for so many years been at the head. Other physicians make the science to consist of various unintelligible branches; but I will shorten the road for you, and dispense with the drudgery of studying natural philosophy, pharmacy, botany, and anatomy. Remember, my friend, that bleeding and drinking warm water are the two grand principles, — the true secret of curing all the distempers incident to humanity. Yes, this marvelous secret which I reveal to you, and which Nature, beyond the reach of my colleagues, has failed in rescuing from my pen, is comprehended in these two articles; namely, bleeding and drenching. Here you have the sum total of my philosophy; you are thoroughly bottomed in medicine, and may raise yourself to the summit of fame on the shoulders of my long experience. You may enter into partnership at once, by keeping the books in the morning and going out to visit patients in the afternoon. While I dose the nobility and clergy, you shall labor in your vocation among the lower orders; and when you have felt your ground a little, I will get you admitted into our body. You are a philosopher, Gil Blas, though you have never graduated; the common herd of them, though they have graduated in due form and order, are likely to run out the length of their tether without knowing their right hand from their left."

I thanked the doctor for having so speedily enabled me to serve as his deputy; and by way of acknowledging his goodness, promised to follow his system to the end of my career, with a magnanimous indifference about the aphorisms of Hippocrates. But that engagement was not to be taken to the letter. This tender attachment to water went against the grain, and I had a scheme for drinking wine every day snugly among the patients. I left off wearing my own suit a second time, to take up one of my master's and look like an experienced practitioner. After which I brought my medical theories into play, leaving those it might concern to look to the event. I began on an alguazil in a pleurisy; he was condemned to be bled with the utmost rigor of the law, at the same time that the system was to be replenished copiously with water. Next I made a lodgment in the veins of a gouty pastry-cook, who roared like a lion by reason of gouty spasms. I stood on no more ceremony with his blood than with that of the alguazil, and laid no restriction on his taste for simple liquids. My prescriptions brought me in twelve rials: an incident so auspicious in my professional career, that I only wished for the plagues of Egypt on all the hale subjects of Valladolid. . . .

I was no sooner at home than Doctor Sangrado came in. I talked to him about the patients I had seen, and paid into his hands eight remaining rials of the twelve I had received for my prescriptions.

"Eight rials!" said he, as he counted them: "mighty little for two visits! But we must take things as we find them." In the spirit of taking things as he found them, he laid violent hands on six, giving me the other two. "Here, Gil Blas," continued he, "see what a foundation to build upon. I make over to you the fourth of all you may bring me. You will soon feather your nest, my friend; for by the blessing of Providence, there will be a great deal of ill health this year."

I had reason to be content with my dividend; since, having determined to keep back the third part of what I received in my rounds, and afterwards touching another fourth of the remainder, — then half of the whole, if arithmetic is anything more than a deception, would become my perquisite. This inspired me with new zeal for my profession. The next day, as soon as I had dined, I resumed my medical paraphernalia and took the field once more. I visited several patients on the list, and treated their several complaints in one invariable routine. Hitherto things went on under the rose; and no individual, thank Heaven, had risen up in rebellion against my prescriptions. But let a physician's cures be as extraordinary as they will, some quack or other is always ready to rip up his reputation. I was called in to a grocer's son in a dropsy. Whom should I find there before me but a little black-looking physician, by name Doctor Cuchillo, introduced by a relation of the family. I bowed round most profoundly, but dipped lowest to the personage whom I took to have been invited to a consultation with me. He returned my compliment with a distant air; then, having stared me in the face for a few seconds, — "Signor Doctor," said he, "I beg pardon for being inquisitive: I thought I was acquainted with all my brethren in Valladolid, but I confess your physiognomy is altogether new. You must have been settled but a short time in town." I avowed myself a young practitioner, acting as yet under the direction of Doctor Sangrado. "I wish you joy," replied he politely: "you are studying under a great man. You must doubtless have seen a vast deal of sound practice, young as you appear to be." He spoke this with so easy an assurance that I was at a loss whether he meant it seriously, or was laughing at me. While I was conning over my reply, the grocer, seizing on the opportunity, said, "Gentlemen, I am persuaded of your both being perfectly competent in your art: have the goodness without ado to take the case in hand, and devise some effectual means for the restoration of my son's health."

Thereupon the little pulse-counter set himself about reviewing the patient's situation; and after having dilated to me on all the symptoms, asked me what I thought the fittest method of treatment. "I am of opinion," replied I, "that he should be bled once a day, and drink as much warm water as he can swallow." At these words, our diminutive doctor said to me, with a malicious simper, "And so you think such a course will save the patient?" "Not a doubt of it," exclaimed I in a confident tone: "it must produce that effect, because it is a certain method of cure for all distempers. Ask Signor Sangrado." "At that rate," retorted he, "Celsus is altogether in the wrong; for he contends that the readiest way to cure a dropsical subject is to let him almost die of hunger and thirst." "Oh, as for Celsus," interrupted I, "he is no oracle of mine; as fallible as the meanest of us: I often have occasion to bless myself for going contrary to his dogmas." "I discover by your language," said Cuchillo, "the safe and sure method of practice Doctor Sangrado instills into his pupils. Bleeding and drenching are the extent of his resources. No wonder so many worthy people are cut off under his directions." — "No defamation!" interrupted I with some acrimony: "a member of the faculty had better not be throwing stones. Come, come, my learned doctor, patients can get to the other world without bleeding and warm water; and I question whether the most deadly of us has ever signed more passports than yourself. If you have any crow to pluck with Signor Sangrado, write against him; he will answer you, and we shall soon see who will have the best of the battle." "By all the saints in the calendar!" swore he in a transport of passion, "you little know whom you are talking to. I have a tongue and a fist, my friend; and am not afraid of Sangrado, who with all his arrogance and affectation is but a ninny." The size of the little death-dealer made me hold his anger cheap. I gave him a sharp retort; he sent back as good as I brought, till at last we came to cuffs. We had pulled a few handfuls of hair from each other's head before the grocer and his kinsman could part us. When they had brought this about, they fee'd me for my attendance and retained my antagonist, whom they thought the more skillful of the two.

Another adventure succeeded close on the heels of this. I went to see a huge chanter in a fever. As soon as he heard me talk of warm water, he showed himself so averse to this specific as to fall into a fit of swearing. He abused me in all possible shapes, and threatened to throw me out at window. I was in a greater hurry to get out of his house than to get in. I did not choose to see any more patients that day, and repaired to the inn where I had agreed to meet Fabricio. He was there first. As we found ourselves in a tippling humor, we drank hard, and returned to our employers in a pretty pickle; that is to say, so-so in the upper story. Signor Sangrado was not aware of my being drunk, because he took the lively gestures which accompanied the relation of my quarrel with the little doctor for an effect of the agitation not yet subsided after the battle. Besides, he came in for his share in my report; and feeling himself nettled by Cuchillo, — "You have done well, Gil Blas," said he, "to defend the character of our practice against this little abortion of the faculty. So he takes upon him to set his face against watery drenches in dropsical cases? An ignorant fellow! I maintain, I do, in my own person, that the use of them may be reconciled to the best theories. Yes, water is a cure for all sorts of dropsies, just as it is good for rheumatisms and the green-sickness. It is excellent, too, in those fevers where the effect is at once to parch and to chill; and even miraculous in those disorders ascribed to cold, thin, phlegmatic, and pituitous humors. This opinion may appear strange to young practitioners like Cuchillo, but it is right orthodox in the best and soundest systems; so that if persons of that description were capable of taking a philosophical view, instead of crying me down, they would become my most zealous advocates."

In his rage, he never suspected me of drinking: for to exasperate him still more against the little doctor, I had thrown into my recital some circumstances of my own addition. Yet engrossed as he was by what I had told him, he could not help taking notice that I drank more water than usual that evening.

In fact, the wine had made me very thirsty. Any one but Sangrado would have distrusted my being so very dry as to swallow down glass after glass; but as for him, he took it for granted in the simplicity of his heart that I began to acquire a relish for aqueous potations. "Apparently, Gil Blas," said he, with a gracious smile, "you have no longer such a dislike to water. As heaven is my judge, you quaff it off like nectar! It is no wonder, my friend; I was certain you would take a liking to that liquor." "Sir," replied I, "there is a tide in the affairs of men: with my present lights I would give all the wine in Valladolid for a pint of water." This answer delighted the doctor, who would not lose so fine an opportunity of expatiating on the excellence of water. He undertook to ring the changes once more in its praise; not like a hireling pleader, but as an enthusiast in the cause. "A thousand times," exclaimed he, "a thousand and a thousand times of greater value, as being more innocent than our modern taverns, were those baths of ages past, whither the people went, not shamefully to squander their fortunes and expose their lives by swilling themselves with wine, but assembled there for the decent and economical amusement of drinking warm water. It is difficult to admire enough the patriotic forecast of those ancient politicians who established places of public resort where water was dealt out gratis to all comers, and who confined wine to the shops of the apothecaries, that its use might be prohibited save under the direction of physicians. What a stroke of wisdom! It is doubtless to preserve the seeds of that antique frugality, emblematic of the golden age, that persons are found to this day, like you and me, who drink nothing but water, and are persuaded they possess a prevention or a cure for every ailment, provided our warm water has never boiled; for I have observed that water when it is boiled is heavier, and sits less easily on the stomach."

While he was holding forth thus eloquently, I was in danger more than once of splitting my sides with laughing. But I contrived to keep my countenance; nay, more, to chime in with the doctor's theory. I found fault with the use of wine, and pitied mankind for having contracted an untoward relish for so pernicious a beverage. Then, finding my thirst not sufficiently allayed, I filled a large goblet with water, and after having swilled it like a horse, — "Come, sir," said I to my master, "let us drink plentifully of this beneficial liquor. Let us make those early establishments of dilution you so much regret, live again in your house." He clapped his hands in ecstasy at these words, and preached to me for a whole hour about suffering no liquid but water to pass my lips. To confirm the habit, I promised to drink a large quantity every evening; and to keep my word with less violence to my private inclinations, I went to bed with a determined purpose of going to the tavern every day.

Gil Blas Becomes the Archbishop's Favorite, and the Channel of All His Favors.

I had been after dinner to get together my baggage, and take my horse from the inn where I had put up; and afterwards returned to supper at the archbishop's palace, where a neatly furnished room was got ready for me, and such a bed as was more likely to pamper than to mortify the flesh. The day following, his Grace sent for me quite as soon as I was ready to go to him. It was to give me a homily to transcribe. He made a point of having it copied with all possible accuracy. It was done to please him; for I omitted neither accent, nor comma, nor the minutest tittle of all he had marked down. His satisfaction at observing this was heightened by its being unexpected. "Eternal Father!" exclaimed he in a holy rapture, when he had glanced his eye over all the folios of my copy, "was ever anything seen so correct? You are too good a transcriber not to have some little smattering of the grammarian. Now tell me with the freedom of a friend: in writing it over, have you been struck with nothing that grated upon your feelings? Some little careless idiom, or some word used in an improper sense?" "Oh, may it please your Grace," answered I with a modest air, "it is not for me, with my confined education and coarse taste, to aim at making critical remarks. And though ever so well qualified, I am satisfied that your Grace's works would come out pure from the essay." The successor of the Apostles smiled at my answer. He made no observation on it; but it was easy to see through all his piety that he was an arrant author at the bottom: there is something in that dye that not heaven itself can wash out.

I seemed to have purchased the fee simple of his good graces by my flattery. Day after day did I get a step farther in his esteem; and Don Ferdinand, who came to see him very often, told me my footing was so firm that there could be no doubt but my fortune was made. Of this my master himself gave me a proof some little time afterwards; and the occasion was as follows: — One evening in his closet he rehearsed before me, with appropriate emphasis and action, a homily which he was to deliver the next day in the cathedral. He did not content himself with asking me what I thought of it in the gross, but insisted on my telling him what passages struck me most. I had the good fortune to pick out those which were nearest to his own taste, — his favorite commonplaces. Thus, as luck would have it, I passed in his estimation for a man who had a quick and natural relish of the real and less obvious beauties in a work. "This indeed," exclaimed he, "is what you may call having discernment and feeling in perfection! Well, well, my friend! it cannot be said of you, —

'Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.'"[1]

In a word, he was so highly pleased with me as to add in a tone of extraordinary emotion, "Never mind, Gil Blas! henceforward take no care about hereafter: I shall make it my business to place you among the favored children of my bounty. You have my best wishes; and to prove to you that you have them, I shall take you into my inmost confidence."

These words were no sooner out of his mouth, than I fell at his Grace's feet, quite overwhelmed with gratitude. I embraced his elliptical legs with almost pagan idolatry, and considered myself as a man on the high-road to a very handsome fortune. "Yes, my child," resumed the archbishop, whose speech had been cut short by the rapidity of my prostration, "I mean to make you the receiver-general of all my inmost ruminations. Hearken attentively to what I am going to say. I have a great pleasure in preaching. The Lord sheds a blessing on my homilies; they sink deep into the hearts of sinners; set up a glass in which vice sees its own image, and bring back many from the paths of error into the high-road of repentance. What a heavenly sight, when a miser, scared at the hideous picture of his avarice drawn by my eloquence, opens his coffers to the poor and needy, and dispenses the accumulated store with a liberal hand! The voluptuary too is snatched from the pleasures of the table; ambition flies at my command to the wholesome discipline of the monastic cell; while female frailty, tottering on the brink of ruin, with one ear open to the siren voice of the seducer and the other to my saintly correctives, is restored to domestic happiness and the approving smile of heaven, by the timely warnings of the pulpit. These miraculous conversions, which happen almost every Sunday, ought of themselves to goad me on in the career of saving souls. Nevertheless, to conceal no part of my weakness from my monitor, there is another reward on which my heart is intent, — a reward which the seraphic scrupulousness of my virtue to little purpose condemns as too carnal, — a literary reputation for a sublime and elegant style. The honor of being handed down to posterity as a perfect pulpit orator has its irresistible attractions. My compositions are generally thought to be equally powerful and persuasive; but I could wish of all things to steer clear of the rock on which good authors split who are too long before the public, and to retire from professional life with my reputation in undiminished luster. To this end, my dear Gil Blas," continued the prelate, "there is one thing requisite for your zeal and friendship. Whenever it shall strike you that my pen begins to contract, as it were, the ossification of old age, whenever you see my genius in its climacteric, do not fail to give me a hint. There is no trusting to one's self in such a case: pride and conceit were the original sin of man. The probe of criticism must be intrusted to an impartial stand-by, of fine talents and unshaken probity. Both those requisites center in you: you are my choice, and I give myself up to your direction." — "Heaven be praised, my lord," said I, "there is no need to trouble yourself with any such thoughts yet. Besides, an understanding of your Grace's mold and caliber will last out double the time of a common genius; or to speak with more certainty and truth, it will never be the worse for wear, if you live to the age of Methusalem. I consider you as a second Cardinal Ximenes, whose powers, superior to decay, instead of flagging with years seemed to derive new vigor from their approximation with the heavenly regions." "No flattery, my friend!" interrupted he. "I know myself to be in danger of failing all at once. At my age one begins to be sensible of infirmities, and those of the body communicate with the mind. I repeat it to you, Gil Blas, as soon as you shall be of opinion that my head is not so clear as usual, give me warning of it instantly. Do not be afraid of offending by frankness and sincerity: to put me in mind of my own frailty will be the strongest proof of your affection for me. Besides, your very interest is concerned in it; for if it should, by any spite of chance towards you, come to my ears that the people say in town, 'His Grace's sermons produce no longer their accustomed impression; it is time for him to abandon his pulpit to younger candidates,' — I do assure you, most seriously and solemnly, you will lose not only my friendship, but the provision for life that I have promised you. Such will be the result of your silly tampering with truth."

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[1] "You would have sworn he was born in the wit-dulling air of Bœotia."

Here my patron left off to wait for my answer, which was an echo of his speech and a promise of obeying him in all things. From that moment there were no secrets from me; I became the prime favorite. All the household, except Melchior de la Ronda, looked at me with an eye of envy. It was curious to observe the manner in which the whole establishment, from the highest to the lowest, thought it necessary to demean themselves towards his Grace's confidential secretary; there was no meanness to which they would not stoop to curry favor with me: I could scarcely believe they were Spaniards. I left no stone unturned to be of service to them, without being taken in by their interested assiduities. . . .

Two months after this worthy gentleman had left us, in the luxuriant harvest of my highest favor, a lowering storm came suddenly over the episcopal palace: the archbishop had a stroke of apoplexy. By dint of immediate applications and good nursing, in a few days there was no bodily appearance of disease remaining. But his reverend intellects did not so easily recover from their lethargy. I could not help observing it to myself in the very first discourse that he composed. Yet there was not such a wide gap between the merits of the present and the former ones as to warrant the inference that the sun of oratory was many degrees advanced in its post-meridian course. A second homily was worth waiting for, because that would clearly determine the line of my conduct. Alas, and well-a-day! when that second homily came, it was a knock-down argument. Sometimes the good prelate moved forward, and sometimes he moved backward; sometimes he mounted up into the garret, and sometimes dipped down into the cellar. It was a composition of more sound than meaning; something like a superannuated schoolmaster's theme when he attempts to give his boys more sense than he possesses of his own, or like a capuchin's sermon which only scatters a few artificial flowers of paltry rhetoric over a barren desert of doctrine.

I was not the only person whom the alteration struck. The audience at large, when he delivered it, as if they too had been pledged to watch the advances of dotage, said to one another in a whisper all around the church, "Here is a sermon with symptoms of apoplexy in every paragraph." "Come, my good Coryphæus of the public taste in homilies," said I then to myself, "prepare to do your office. You see that my lord archbishop is going very fast, — you ought to warn him of it, not only as his bosom friend on whose sincerity he relies, but lest some blunt fellow should anticipate you and bolt out the truth in an offensive manner; in that case you know the consequence: you would be struck out of his will, where, no doubt, you have a more convertible bequest than the licentiate Sedillo's library."

But as reason, like Janus, looks at things with two faces, I began to consider the other side of the question: the hint seemed difficult to wrap up so as to make it palatable. Authors in general are stark mad on the subject of their own works, and such an author might be more testy than the common herd of the irritable race; but that suspicion seemed illiberal on my part, for it was impossible that my freedom should be taken amiss when it had been forced upon me by so positive an injunction. Add to this, that I reckoned upon handling the subject skillfully, and cramming discretion down his throat like a high-seasoned epicurean dish. After all my pro and con, finding that I risked more by keeping silence than by breaking it, I determined to venture on the delicate duty of speaking my mind.

Now there was but one difficulty, — a difficulty indeed! — how to open the business Luckily the orator himself extricated me from that embarrassment, by asking what they said of him in the world at large, and whether people were tolerably well pleased with his last discourse. I answered that there could be but one opinion about his homilies; but that it should seem as if the last had not quite struck home to the hearts of the audience, like those which had gone before. "Do you really mean what you say, my friend?" replied he, with a sort of wriggling surprise. "Then my congregation are more in the temper of Aristarchus than of Longinus!" "No, may it please your Grace," rejoined I: "quite the contrary. Performances of that order are above the reach of vulgar criticism: there is not a soul but expects to be saved by their influence. Nevertheless, since you have made it my duty to be sincere and unreserved, I shall take the liberty of just stating that your last discourse is not written with quite the overpowering eloquence and conclusive argument of your former ones. Does not your Grace feel just as I do on the subject?"

This ignorant and stupid frankness of mine completely blanched my master's cheek; but he forced a fretful smile, and said, "Then, good Master Gil Blas, that piece does not exactly hit your fancy?" "I did not mean to say that, your Grace," interrupted I, looking very foolish. "It is very far superior to what any one else could produce, though a little below par with respect to your own works in general." "I know what you mean," replied he. "You think I am going down-hill, do you not? Out with it at once. It is your opinion that it is time for me to think of retiring?" "I should never have had the presumption," said I, "to deliver myself with so little reserve, if it had not been your Grace's express command. I act in entire obedience to your Grace's orders; and I most obsequiously implore your Grace not to take offense at my boldness." "I were unfit to live in a Christian land," interrupted he, with stammering impatience, — "I were unfit to live in a Christian land if I liked you the less for such a Christian virtue as sincerity. A man who does not love sincerity sets his face against the distinguishing mark between a friend and a flatterer. I should have given you infinite credit for speaking what you thought, if you had thought anything that deserved to be spoken. I have been finely taken in by your outside show of cleverness, without any solid foundation of sober judgment!"

Though completely unhorsed, and at the enemy's mercy, I wanted to make terms of decent capitulation, and to go unmolested into winter quarters; but let those who think to appease an exasperated author, and especially an author whose ear has been long attuned to the music of his own praises, take warning by my fate. "Let us talk no more on the subject, my very young friend," said he. "You are as yet scarcely in the rudiments of good taste, and utterly incompetent to distinguish between gold and tinsel. You are yet to learn that

I never in all my life composed a finer homily than that unfortunate one which had not the honor of your approbation. The immortal part of me, by the blessing of heaven on me and my congregation, is less weighed down by human infirmity than when the flesh was stronger. We all grow wiser as we grow older, and I shall in future select the people about me with more caution; nor submit the castigation of my works but to a much abler critic than yourself. Get about your business!" pursued he, giving me an angry shove by the shoulders out of his closet; "go and tell my treasurer to pay you a hundred ducats, and take my priestly blessing in addition to that sum. God speed you, good Master Gil Blas! I heartily pray that you may do well in the world! There is nothing to stand in your way but the want of a little better taste."

The Vintner's Story.

(From "The Devil upon Two Sticks.")

"Under the closet there is a dungeon that serves for a lodging to a young vintner." — "What, my host again?" cried Leandro; "sure these people have a mind to poison all the world." "This man's case is not the same," replied Asmodeus: "he was seized yesterday, and is likewise claimed by the Inquisition. I will in few words relate to you the subject of his commitment.

"An old soldier, by his courage, or rather patience, having mounted to the post of a sergeant in his company, came to raise recruits in this city. He inquired for a lodging at an inn, where he was answered that they had indeed empty rooms, but that they could not recommend any of them to him, because the house was haunted every night by a spirit, which treated all strangers very ill that were rash enough to lodge there. This did not at all balk the sergeant. 'Put me in what chamber you please,' said he, 'but give me a candle, wine, pipes, and tobacco; and as for the spirit, never trouble yourself about it, — ghosts have a respect for men of war who are grown old in the service.'

"As he seemed so resolute, he was shown into a chamber, where all that he desired was brought to him. He fell to drinking and smoking till midnight, and no spirit had yet disturbed the profound silence that reigned in the house. One would have imagined he feared this new guest; but betwixt one and two, the sergeant all of a sudden heard a terrible noise like the rattling of old iron, and immediately saw entering his chamber an apparition clothed in black and laden all round with iron chains. Our smoker, not in the least affrighted at this sight, drew his sword, advanced towards the spirit, and with the flat side of it gave him a very severe blow on the head.

"The apparition, not much used to meet with such bold guests, cried out; and perceiving the soldier going to begin with him again, he most humbly prostrated himself at his feet. 'Mr. Sergeant,' said he, 'for God's sake do not give me any more; but have mercy on a poor devil that casts himself at your feet. I conjure you by St. James, who, as you are, was a great soldier.' 'If you are willing to save your life,' answered the soldier, 'you must tell me who you are, and speak without the least prevarication; or else this moment I cut you down the middle, as your knights of old were used to serve the giants they encountered.' At these words, the ghost, finding what sort of man he had to do with, resolved to own all.

"'I am the principal servant of this inn,' replied the spirit; 'my name is Guillermo; I am in love with my master's only daughter, and she does not dislike me: but the father and mother having a better match in view, the girl and I have agreed, in order to compel them to make me their son-in-law, that I shall every night act the part which I now do. I wrap myself up in a long black cloak and hang the jack-chain about my neck. Thus equipped, I run up and down the house from the cellar to the garret, and make all the noise which you have heard. When I am at my master's and mistress's chamber-door, I stop and cry out: "Do not hope that I will ever let you rest till you marry Juanna to Guillermo, your upper drawer." After having pronounced these words with a hoarse, broken voice, I continue my noise, and at a window enter the closet where Juanna lies alone, to give her an account of what I have done. — Mr. Sergeant,' continued Guillermo, 'you see I have told you the whole truth. I know that after this confession you may ruin me by discovering it to my master; but if you please to serve instead of undoing me, I swear that my acknowledgments.' —

"'Alas, what service can I do thee?' interrupted the soldier. 'You need do no more,' returned Guillermo, 'than to say to-morrow that you have seen the spirit, that it so terribly affrighted you' — 'How? terribly affrighted!' interrupted the soldier; 'would you have Sergeant Annibal Antonio Quebrantador own such a thing as fear? I had rather ten thousand devils should'— 'That's not absolutely necessary,' interrupted Guillermo; 'and after all it is not much matter what you say, provided you second my design. And when I have married Juanna and am settled, I promise to treat you and all your friends nobly for nothing every day.'— 'You are a very tempting person, Mr. Guillermo,' said the soldier. 'You propose to me to support a tribe: it is a serious affair, which requires mature deliberation; but the consequences hurry me on. So continue your noise; give your account to Juanna, and I will take care of the rest.'

"Accordingly, next morning he said to his landlord and landlady: 'I have seen the spirit and have talked with it. It is a very honest fellow. "I am," said he, "the great-grandfather of the master of this house. I had a daughter whom I promised to the father of the grandfather of this drawer. However, neglecting the word I had given him, I married her to another, and died soon after, and ever since am tormented as the punishment of my perjury, and shall never be at rest till one of my family shall marry one of Guillermo's; and it is for this reason I walk here every night. Yet it is to no purpose that I bid them marry Juanna to their head drawer. The son of my grandson and his wife turn the deaf ear to all I can say. But tell them, if you please, Mr. Sergeant, that if they do not immediately comply with my desires, I shall proceed to action and will torment them both in an extraordinary manner."'

"The host, being silly enough, was terrified at this discourse; but the hostess, yet more silly than her husband, fancying that the spirit was always at her heels, consented to the match, and Guillermo married Juanna the next day, and set up in another part of the town. Sergeant Quebrantador did not fail to visit him often; and he, in acknowledgment of the service he had done him, gave him as much wine as he cared for. This so pleased the soldier that he brought thither not only all his friends, but listed his men there, and made all his recruits drunk.

"But at last Guillermo, grown weary of satiating such a crew of drunkards, told his mind to the soldier; who, without ever thinking that he had exceeded his agreement, was so unjust as to call Guillermo a little ungrateful rascal. The host answered; the sergeant replied; and the dialogue ended with several strokes with the flat side of the sword, which Guillermo received. Several persons passing by took the vintner's part; the sergeant wounded three or four, but was suddenly fallen on by a crowd of alguazils, who seized him as a disturber of the public peace and carried him to prison. He there declared what I have told you: and upon his deposition, the officers have also seized Guillermo; the father-in-law requires the annulling of the marriage; and the Holy Office being informed that Guillermo is rich, have thought fit to take cognizance of it."

"As I hope to be saved," said Don Cleofas, "this same Holy Inquisition is very alert. The moment they see the least glimpse of profit"—

"Softly," interrupted the cripple; "have a care what freedom you take with this tribunal, for it has its spies everywhere, even of things that were never spoken. I myself dare not speak of it without trembling."

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING.

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, a celebrated German dramatist and critic, born at Kamenz in 1729; died at Brunswick in 1781. At the age of seventeen he was sent to the University of Leipzic to study theology. But he found the stage more attractive than the pulpit, and wrote several dramatic pieces. At twenty he went to Berlin, when he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He early conceived the project of freeing German literature from the prevalent imitation of that of France, and giving it a new and original character. In conjunction with Nicolai he founded the *Literaturbriefe*, a periodical. About 1763 he produced the admirable drama "Minna von Barnhelm." In 1772 he put forth the tragedy "Emilia Galotti;" this still remains one of the best tragedies on the German stage. In 1776 he published "Laocoön" a treatise upon Painting and Poetry. In 1779 he put forth the dramatic poem "Nathan the Wise." His latest work, published in 1780, was "The Education of the Human Race." All the foregoing have been excellently translated into English. A complete edition of his "Works," in 30 vols., was published at Berlin in 1771–1794.

From "Nathan the Wise."

Saladin —
Draw nearer, Jew! Still nearer! Close to me,
And have no fear!
Nathan — Let that be for thy foe!
Saladin — Thy name is Nathan.
Nathan — Yes.
Saladin — Nathan the Wise?
Nathan — No.
Saladin — Well! if not by thee thyself so called,
The people call thee so.
Nathan — Maybe, the people.
Saladin — Thou dost not think, forsooth, that I
The people's voice do scornfully disdain?
Indeed, I have long wished to know the man
The people call the Wise.
Nathan — What if they mean

By wise that he is only shrewd, and knows
His own advantage craftily to gain?
Saladin —His true advantage meanest thou thereby?
Nathan —Then the most selfish were the shrewdest too;
Then were indeed "crafty" and "wise" the same.
Saladin —I hear thee prove what thou wouldst contradict.
Man's truest gain, which people do not know,
Thou knowest or at least has sought to know;
This thou hast pondered, and 'tis this alone
That makes man wise.
Nathan — And which each deems himself
To be.
Saladin — And now of modesty enough!
To hear it evermore, where one expects
Dry reason, sickens. [*He springs up.*
To the matter now!
But be honest, yes, be honest!
Nathan — Sultan,
It surely is my wish to serve thee so,
That worthy of thy further custom I
May still remain.
Saladin — To serve me? how?
Nathan — The best
Of all shalt thou receive, and have it at
The fairest price.
Saladin — What dost thou speak of, Jew?
Not of thy wares! The chafferer with thee
Shall be my sister. [*Aside:* That for the eavesdropper.]
With thee as merchant have I naught to do.
Nathan —Then doubtless thou thyself wouldst know what I
Have on my journey, of the foe, who seems
To stir again, observed or happened on?
If plainly I —
Saladin — That too is not my drift
With thee. Of that I know already what
I require. — In short —
Nathan — Command me, Sultan.
Saladin —In something else that's wholly different
I now desire thy teaching. — Since thou art
So wise, pray tell me once what faith, what law
Has seemed to thee most genuine.
Nathan — Sultan,
I am a Jew.
Saladin — And I a Mussulman.
Between us is the Christian. Of these three

Religions, one alone can be the true.
A man like thee remains not standing there,
Where merely chance of birth has cast his lot;
Or if he there remain, then he remains
Through insight, reason, or through better choice.
Come now, impart to me thy insight, let
Me hear the reasons which I've lacked the time
Minutely to examine. Let me know —
Of course in strictest confidence — the grounds
That have availed to fix thy final choice,
That I may make it mine. How? Thou dost start?
Dost weigh me with thy eye? It may well be
That I'm the first of Sultans who e'er had
A whim like this, which yet methinks is not
Unworthy of a Sultan. — Is't not so?
Give answer! Speak! Or wishest thou to have
A moment to reflect? I give it thee.
Reflect, quickly reflect. I shall return
Without delay.
[*Retires to an adjoining room.*]

Nathan — Hm! hm! How very strange!
How dazed I am! What does the Sultan want?
What? I thought 'twas money, and he wishes — Truth.
And wishes it cast down and unalloyed,
As though 'twere coin — yes, ancient coin—that's weighed.
And that perhaps might do; but coin so new,
Which by the stamp alone is made to pass,
And may be counted out upon the board, —
That it is surely not. Can truth be put
Into the head like coin into a bag?
Who then is here the Jew? Is't I or he?
How then? If he in truth demand the truth?
For the distrust that he employs the truth
But as a trap, would be too mean! Too mean?
And what then for a magnet is too mean?
He rushed into the house and burst the door,
'Tis true — people should knock and listen first,
If they approach as friends. I must proceed
With care. But how? To be a downright Jew
Will never do. And not to be at all
A Jew, will do still less. If I'm no Jew,
Might he then ask why not a Mussulman?
That's it! That can save me! Not children only
Are fed with tales. — He comes. Well, let him come.

SALADIN *returns.*

Saladin —
[*Aside* — Here then the field is clear.] I've not returned
Too soon for thee? Are thy reflections ended?
If so, speak out. There's none that hears us here.
Nathan — Would the whole world might hear us.
Saladin — Is Nathan
So certain of his cause? Ha! that I call
A wise man! never to conceal the truth!
For it to hazard all — body and life,
Estate and blood!
Nathan — If it be needful, yes!
Or be of use.
Saladin — Henceforth then I may hope
That I rightly bear one of my titles:
"Reformer of the world and of the law."
Nathan — Faith, 'tis a splendid title; yet before,
O Sultan, I may quite confide in thee,
Permit me to relate a tale.
Saladin — Why not?
I'm always fond of tales if they're well told.
Nathan — To tell them well is not my strongest point.
Saladin — Again so proudly modest? Make haste! the tale!
Nathan — In olden times a man lived in the East,
Who from a loving hand possessed a ring
Of priceless worth. An opal was the stone,
In which a hundred brilliant colors played,
And which the hidden virtue also had
Of making him who wore it, in this trust,
Pleasing to God and well beloved by man.
What wonder then that this man in the East
The ring upon his finger always kept,
And so disposed that it should be for aye
An heirloom in his house? He left the ring
Bequeathed unto the dearest of his sons,
Ordaining that he too the ring should leave
To that one of his sons whom he most loved,
And that this dearest one, without regard
To birth, by virtue of the ring alone
Should ever be the house's head and prince.
Thou understandest, Sultan?
Saladin — Yes; go on!
Nathan — Thus the ring came, from son to son, at last
To one who was the father of three sons,
Who all alike were dutiful to him,
And all of whom he therefore could not help

But love alike. Only from time to time
Now this one, now the other, now the third —
As each might chance to be alone with him,
And his effusive heart the other two
Did not divide — seemed worthier of the ring,
Which through fond weakness he'd to each of them
Promised in turn. Thus it went on as long
As it would do. But when he neared his death,
The kindly father was most sore perplexed.
It gave him pain to grieve two of his sons,
Who on his word relied. What should he do?
In secret to a jeweler he sends,
And orders him to make two other rings
According to the pattern of the first.
And bids him spare nor cost nor toil, that they
May prove to be alike and just like it.
The jeweler in this succeeds so well,
That when he brings the rings, the model ring
Not e'en the father longer can discern.
With joy he calls his sons, each one apart,
And gives to each his blessing and his ring —
And dies. Thou hear'st me, Sultan?
Saladin [*who has turned away astonished*] — Yes, I hear!
Make haste and bring thy story to an end.
Will it be —
Nathan — Already I have ended;
For what is still to follow, comes of course.
Scarce was the father dead, when each son comes
And brings his ring, and each would of the house
Be lord. They search, they quarrel, they accuse:
In vain; the right ring could not now be proved, —
[*After a pause, in which he awaits the Sultan's answer*]
Almost as little as to us can be
The right belief.
Saladin — How so? And that shall be
The answer to my question?
Nathan — It shall serve
Merely as my excuse, if I presume
Not to discriminate between the rings
The father ordered made with the intent
That they should indiscriminate remain.
Saladin — The rings! Sport not with me! I should have thought
That the religions, which I named to thee,
Were easy to distinguish, e'en to dress
And e'en to meat and drink.

Nathan — But only not
As to the grounds on which they're thought to rest.
For are they not all based on history,
Traditional or written? And history
Must be received on trust — is it not so?
In whom now are we likeliest to trust?
In our own people, surely; in those men
Whose blood we are, and who from infancy
Have proved their love and never us deceived,
Unless 'twere wholesomer to be deceived.
How can I my forefathers less believe
Than thou dost thine? Or on the other hand,
Can ask of thee to say thy fathers lied,
In order not to contradict my own?
The same is true of Christians — is it not?

Saladin [*aside*] —
Now by the living God, the man is right,
And I'm struck dumb.

Nathan — Now to our rings let us
Return. As I have said, the sons brought suit
Against each other, and before the judge
Each truly swore that he'd received the ring
Directly from his father's hand, and swore —
Not the less true — that also long before
He had by him been solemnly assured
That he one day the ring's prerogative
Should certainly enjoy. And each declared
The father ne'er could have been false to him.
Ere such a loving father he'd suspect,
He'd sooner charge his brothers with foul play,
Though hitherto of them the very best
He always had been ready to believe;
And now he wished to find the traitors out,
That he might on them be avenged.

Saladin — And now
The judge? I long to hear what thou wilt make
The judge reply. Relate!

Nathan — The judge spoke thus: —
"If you the father cannot soon produce,
Then I dismiss you from my judgment-seat.
Think you that to solve riddles I sit here?
Or wait you till the right ring opes its mouth?
Yet stay! I hear the right ring doth possess
The magic power of making one beloved,
To God and man well pleasing. That alone

Must now decide. For surely the false rings
Will fail in *that*. Now whom love two of you
The most? Make haste and speak! Why are you mute?
It's only inward that the rings do work,
Not outward? Does each one love himself the most?
Deceived deceivers are you then all three!
And of your rings all three are not the true.
Presumably the true ring being lost,
The father to conceal or to repair
The loss had three rings made for one."
Saladin — Grand! grand!
Nathan — And thereupon the judge went on to say: —
"If you'll, instead of sentence, take advice,
This is my counsel: Let the matter rest
Just as it lies. If each of you has had
A ring presented by his father, then
Let each believe his own the genuine ring.
'Tis possible the father did not wish
To suffer any longer in his house
The one ring's tyranny! And certainly,
As he all three did love, and all alike,
He would not willingly oppress the two
To favor one. Well, then! Let each one strive
To imitate that love, so pure and free
From prejudice! Let each one vie with each
In showing forth the virtue of the stone
That's in his ring! Let him assist its might
With gentleness, forbearance, love of peace,
And with sincere submission to his God!
And if the virtues of the stones remain,
And in your children's children prove their power,
After a thousand years have passed
Let them appear again before this seat.
A wiser man than I will then sit here
And speak. Depart!" Thus said the modest judge.

ON LOVE OF TRUTH.

(From "Eine Duplik.")

I KNOW not whether it be a duty to offer up fortune and life to the truth: certainly the courage and resolution necessary to such a sacrifice are not gifts which we can bestow upon ourselves. But I know it *is* a duty, if one undertake to teach the truth, to teach the whole of it or none at all, to teach it clearly and roundly, without enigmas or reserves, and with perfect confidence in its efficacy and utility; and the gifts required for such a decision *are* in our power. Whoever will not acquire these, or when acquired will not use them, shows that he has a very poor opinion of the human intellect; and he deserves to lose the confidence of his hearers, who, while he frees them from some gross errors, yet withholds the entire truth, and thinks to satisfy them by a compromise with falsehood. For the greater the error, the shorter and straighter the way to the truth. On the other hand, subtle error can prevent our recognition of its nature, and forever blind us to the truth.

The man who is faithless to Truth in threatening dangers, may yet love her much; and Truth forgives him his infidelity for the sake of his love. But whosoever thinks of prostituting Truth under all sorts of masks and rouge, may indeed be her pimp, but he has never been her lover.

Not the truth of which any one is, or supposes himself to be, possessed, but the upright endeavor he has made to arrive at truth, makes the worth of the man. For not by the possession but by the pursuit of truth are his powers expanded, wherein alone his ever-growing perfection consists. Possession makes us easy, indolent, proud.

If God held all truth shut in his right hand, and in his left nothing but the ever-restless search after truth, although with the condition of for ever and ever erring, and should say to me, "Choose!" I should bow humbly to his left hand and say, "Father, give! pure truth is for Thee alone!"

The Meaning of Heresy.

What is called a heretic has a very good side. It is a man who wishes to see with his own eyes. The only question is whether he has good eyes. In certain ages the name of heretic is the best title that a scholar can transmit to posterity; far better than that of sorcerer, magian, exorcist, for these serve to conceal many an impostor.

The Differing Spheres of Poetry and Painting.

(From "Laocoön.")

If it be true that painting uses for its imitations wholly different means or signs from poetry, — namely, forms and colors in space instead of articulate tones in time, — if it be incontestable that these signs must bear a suitable relation to the thing signified, then coexistent signs can represent only coexistent objects, and successive signs only successive objects.

Coexistent objects are called bodies; consequently bodies with their visible attributes are the proper objects of painting.

Successive objects are called in general actions; consequently actions are the proper objects of poetry.

Bodies exist, however, not only in space, but also in time. They continue, and at every moment of their duration appear differently and in different relations to each other. Each of these momentary appearances and relations is the effect of a preceding and can be the cause of a succeeding one, and therefore the center of an action; consequently painting can imitate actions, but only suggestively through bodies.

On the other hand, actions cannot exist in themselves, but must inhere in certain beings. So far as these beings are bodies or are regarded as bodies, poetry describes bodies, but only suggestively through actions.

Painting can use in its coexistent compositions only a single moment of the action; and must therefore choose the most pregnant one, which will render what precedes and follows most comprehensible.

In like manner poetry in its progressive imitations can use only a single property of bodies; and must therefore choose the one that awakens the most sensible image of the body, for the purpose to which it is to be put.

Hence the rule of singleness in picturesque epithets and of frugality in descriptions of material objects.

I should have less confidence in this dry deduction, if it were not fully confirmed by the practice of Homer; or if it were not rather the practice of Homer, from which I have derived it. The grand style of the Greeks can be determined and elucidated only by these principles, which are also justified by the opposite style of so many modern poets, who wish to vie with the painter in provinces in which they are necessarily surpassed by him. . . .

Homer has usually but one stroke for one thing. A ship is to him now the black ship, now the hollow ship, now the swift ship, at most the well-rowed black ship. Further than this he does not indulge in any word-painting of the ship. But he makes a minute picture of the starting, the sailing, or the landing of the ship; a picture from which the painter who wishes to put it all on canvas would be obliged to make half a dozen pictures.

THE LIMITATIONS OF "WORD-PAINTING."

WHAT I have been saying of corporeal objects in general applies even more forcibly to beautiful ones.

Physical beauty results from the harmony of a number of parts which can be embraced in one glance. It is therefore essential that those parts should be close together; and since things whose parts are close together are the proper subjects of painting, that art alone can represent physical beauty.

The poet, who can only set down one after another the elements of the beautiful object, should therefore abstain wholly from the description of physical beauty by itself. He ought to feel that these elements arranged in sequence cannot possibly produce the same effect as if in juxtaposition; that the comprehensive glance we try to throw back over them at the end of the enumeration produces no harmonious picture; and that it transcends the power of human imagination to realize the effect of a given pair of eyes, a given nose, and a given mouth together, unless we can call to mind a like combination in nature or art.

Here again Homer is the model of models. He says — Nireus was handsome; Achilles was very handsome; Helen was of god-like beauty. But he is now here enticed into giving a minuter detail of their beauties. Yet the whole poem is based on Helen's loveliness. How a modern poet would have reveled in specifications of it!

Even Constantine Manasses tried to adorn his bare Chronicle with a portrait of Helen. I feel grateful to him for the attempt; for really I should not know where else to turn for so striking an example of the folly of venturing on what Homer's wise judgment refrained from undertaking. When I read in his book —

"She was a woman passing fair, fine-browed, finest complexioned,
Fine-cheeked, fine-featured, full-eyed, snowy-skinned,
Quick-glancing, dainty, a grove full of graces,
White-armed, voluptuous, breathing out frank beauty,
The complexion very fair, the cheeks rosy,
The countenance most charming, the eye blooming;
Beauty unartificial, unrouged, her own skin,
Dyed the brightest rose-color a warmer glow,
As if one stained ivory with splendid purple.
Her neck long, passing white, whence in legend
The Swan-born they termed the beautiful Helen," —

it is like seeing stones rolled up a mountain, on whose crest they are to be built into a noble structure, but all of which roll down the other side. What picture does this huddle of words leave with us? How did Helen look? No two readers in a thousand would have the same mental image of her. . . .

Virgil, by imitating Homer's self-restraint, has achieved a fair success. His Dido is only the very beautiful (*pulcherrima*) Dido. All the other details he gives refer to her rich ornaments and superb apparel. . . . If on this account any one turned against him what the old artist said to one of his pupils who had painted an elaborately dressed Helen, — "You have painted her rich because you could not paint her lovely," — Virgil would answer: "I am not to blame that I could not paint her lovely. The fault is in the limitations of my art, and it is to my credit that I have kept within them."

LESSING'S ESTIMATE OF HIMSELF.

(In the Concluding Number of the "Hamburg Dramaturgy.")

I AM neither an actor nor a poet. People have honored me occasionally with the latter title, but it is because they have misunderstood me. The few dramatic attempts which I have ventured upon do not justify this generosity. Not every one who takes a brush in his hand and dabbles in colors is a painter. The earliest of these attempts of mine were dashed off in those years when desire and dexterity are easily mistaken for genius. If there is anything tolerable in those of a later date, I am conscious that I owe it all to criticism alone. I do not feel in myself that living fountain that rises by its own strength, and by its own force shoots up in jets so rich, so fresh, so pure! I am obliged to press it all up out of myself with forcing-pump and pipes. I should be so poor, so cold, and so short-sighted if I had not learned in some measure modestly to borrow foreign treasures, to warm myself at another's fire, and to strengthen my sight with the lenses of art. I have therefore always been ashamed and vexed when I have read or heard anything derogatory to criticism. Criticism, it is said, stifles genius; whereas I flatter myself I have received from it something very nearly akin to genius. I am a lame man, who cannot be edified by a lampoon against crutches.

Criticism, we may add, is like the crutch too in this respect, — that it helps the cripple move from place to place, but can never make a racer of him. If through criticism I have produced something better than a man of my talents could have produced without its aid, still it costs me so much time, I must be so free from other pursuits and so uninterrupted by involuntary diversions, I must have all my reading so at command, must be able at every step so quietly to run over all the observations I have ever made of manners and passions, that no one in the world could be more unsuited than I, to be a worker whose task it should be to supply a theater with novelties.

CHARLES JAMES LEVER.

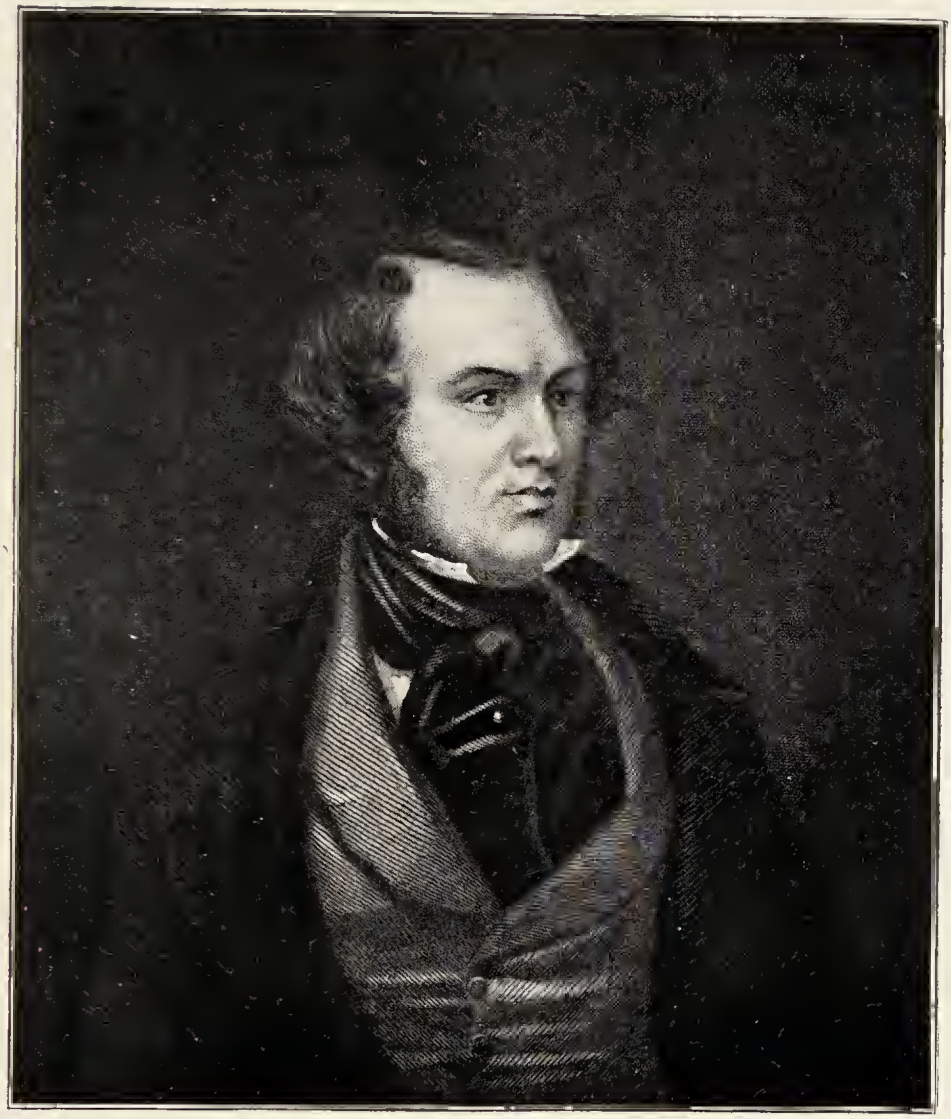
Charles James Lever, an Irish novelist, born at Dublin, Aug. 31, 1806; died near Trieste, June 1, 1872. He studied medicine at home and Göttingen, and practiced for some years. In 1837 he was appointed physician to the British Embassy at Brussels, and completed "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer" (1840). Its success turned him to literature as a profession. "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," appeared in 1841. In 1842–1845 he lived in Dublin, and edited the *University Magazine;* then he retired to the Continent, residing mostly in Florence. He was vice-consul at Spezia from 1858–1867, and consul at Trieste from 1867. Among his other books are: "Tom Burke of Ours" (1844); "The O'Donoghue" (1845); "The Knight of Gwynne" (1847); "Roland Cashel" (1849); "The Daltons" (1852); "The Dodd Family Abroad" (1853); "The Nevilles of Garretstown" (1854); "The Commissioner" (1856); "Con Cregan" (1857); "The Martins of Cro' Martin" (1857); "The Mystic Heirs of Randolph Abbey" (1858); "Davenport Dunn" (1859); "Gerald Fitzgerald" (1860); "A Day's Ride," "A Life's Romance" (1861); "Barrington" (1862); "Luttrell of Arran" (1865); "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke" (1867); "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly" (1868); "That Boy of Norcott's" (1869); "A Rent in the Cloud" (1870); "Lord Kilgobbin" (1872).

The Wager.

(From "Charles O'Malley.")

I was sitting at breakfast with Webber, when Power came in hastily.

"Ha, the very man!" said he. "I say, O'Malley, here's an invitation for you from Sir George, to dine on Friday. He desired me to say a thousand civil things about his not having made you out, regrets that he was not at home when you called yesterday, and all that. By Jove, I know nothing like the favor you stand in; and, as for Miss Dashwood, faith the fair Lucy blushed and tore her glove in the most approved style when the old General began his laudations of you."



CHARLES LEVER

"Pooh, nonsense," said I; "that silly affair in the west."

"Oh, very probably; there's reason the less for your looking so excessively conscious. But I must tell you, in all fairness, that you have no chance: nothing short of a dragoon will go down."

"Be assured," said I, somewhat nettled, "my pretensions do not aspire to the fair Miss Dashwood."

"*Tant mieux et tant pis, mon cher.* I wish to heaven mine did; and, by St. Patrick, if I only played the knight-errant half as gallantly as yourself, I should not relinquish my claims to the Secretary-at-War himself."

"What the devil brought the old General down to your wild regions?" inquired Webber.

"To contest the county."

"A bright thought, truly. When a man was looking for a seat, why not try a place where the law is occasionally heard of?"

"I am sure I can give you no information on that head; nor have I ever heard how Sir George came to learn that such a place as Galway existed."

"I believe I can enlighten you," said Power. "Lady Dashwood — rest her soul — came west of the Shannon; she had a large property somewhere in Mayo, and owned some hundred acres of swamp, with some thousand starving tenantry thereupon, that people dignified as an estate in Connaught. This first suggested to him the notion of setting up for the county; probably supposing that the people who never paid in rent might like to do so in gratitude. How he was undeceived, O'Malley there can inform us. Indeed, I believe the worthy General, who was confoundedly hard up when he married, expected to have got a great fortune, and little anticipated the three Chancery suits he succeeded to, nor the fourteen rent-charges to his wife's relatives that made up the bulk of the dower.

"It was an unlucky hit for him when he fell in with the old maid at Bath; and had she lived, he might have gone to the Colonies. But the Lord took her one day, and Major Dashwood was himself again. The Duke of York, the story goes, saw him at Hounslow during a review — was much struck with his air and appearance — made some inquiries — found him to be of excellent family and irreproachable conduct — made him aid-de-camp — and, in fact, made his fortune. I do not believe that, while doing so kind, he could by possibility have done a more popular thing. Every man in the army rejoiced at his good fortune; so that, after all, though he has had some hard rubs, he has come well through, the only vestige of his unfortunate matrimonial connection being a correspondence kept up by a maiden sister of his late wife with him. She insists upon claiming the ties of kindred upon about twenty family eras during the year, when she regularly writes a most loving and ill-spelled epistle, containing the latest information from Mayo, with all particulars of the Macan family, of which she is a worthy member. To her constant hints of the acceptable nature of certain small remittances, the poor General is never inattentive, but to the pleasing prospect of a visit in the flesh from Miss Judy Macan the good man is dead. In fact, nothing short of being broke by a general court-martial could at all complete his sensations of horror at such a stroke of fortune; and I am not certain, if choice were allowed him, that he would not prefer the latter."

"Then he has never yet seen her?" said Webber.

"Never," replied Power; "and he hopes to leave Ireland without that blessing, the prospect of which, however remote and unlikely, has, I know well, more than once terrified him since his arrival."

"I say, Power, and has your worthy General sent me a card for his ball?"

"Not through me, Master Frank."

"Well, now, I call that devilish shabby, do you know. He asks O'Malley there from *my* chambers, and never notices the other man, the superior partner in the firm. Eh, O'Malley, what say you?"

"Why, I didn't know you were acquainted."

"And who said we were? It was his fault though entirely that we were not. I am, as I have ever been, the most easy fellow in the world on that score — never give myself airs to military people — endure anything, everything — and you see the result — hard, ain't it?"

"But, Webber, Sir George must really be excused in this matter. He has a daughter — a most attractive, lovely daughter — just at that budding, unsuspecting age when the heart is most susceptible of impressions; and where, let me ask, could she run such a risk as in the chance of a casual meeting with the redoubted lady-killer, Master Frank Webber? If he has not sought you out, then here be his apology."

"A very strong case, certainly," said Frank; "but still had he confided his critical position to my honor and secrecy, he might have depended on me; now, having taken the other line of" —

"Well, what then?"

"Why, he must abide the consequences. I'll make fierce love to Louisa; isn't that the name?"

"Lucy, so please you."

"Well, be it so — to Lucy — talk the little girl into a most deplorable attachment for me."

"But how, may I ask, and when?"

"I'll begin at the ball, man."

"Why, I thought you said you were not going."

"There you mistake seriously. I merely said that I had not been invited."

"Then, of course," said I, "Webber, you can't think of going, in any case, on *my* account."

"My very dear friend, I go entirely upon my own. I not only shall go, but I intend to have the most particular notice and attention paid me. I shall be prime favorite with Sir George — kiss Lucy" —

"Come, come; this is too strong."

"What do you bet I don't? There now; I'll give you a pony apiece I do. Do you say done?"

"That you kiss Miss Dashwood, and are not kicked down stairs for your pains; are those the terms of the wager?" inquired Power.

"With all my heart. That I kiss Miss Dashwood, and am not kicked down-stairs for my pains."

"Then I say done."

"And with you, too, O'Malley."

"I thank you," said I, coldly; "I'm not disposed to make such a return for Sir George Dashwood's hospitality as to make an insult to his family the subject of a bet."

"Why, man, what are you dreaming of? Miss Dashwood will not refuse my chaste salute. Come, Power, I'll give you the other fifty."

"Agreed," said he; "at the same time, understand me distinctly — that I hold myself perfectly eligible to winning the wager by my own interference; for, if you do kiss her, by Jove, I'll perform the remainder of the compact."

"So I understand the agreement," said Webber, arranging his curls before the looking-glass. "Well, now, who's for Howth? the drag will be here in half an hour."

"Not I," said Power; "I must return to the barracks."

"Nor I," said I, "for I shall take this opportunity of leaving my card upon Sir George Dashwood."

"I have won my fifty, however," said Power, as we walked out into the courts.

"I am not quite certain"—

"Why, the devil, he would not risk a broken neck for that sum; besides if he did, he loses the bet."

"He's a devilish keen fellow."

"Let him be. In any case, I am determined to be on my guard here."

So chatting, we strolled along to the Royal Hospital, when having dropped my pasteboard, I returned to the College.

I have often dressed for a storming party with less trepidation than I felt on the evening of Sir George Dashwood's ball.

. . . .

It need not be wondered at if the brilliant *coup d'œil* of the ball-room, as I entered, struck me with astonishment, accustomed as I had hitherto been to nothing more magnificent than an evening party of squires and their squiresses, or the annual garrison ball at the barracks. The glare of wax lights, the well-furnished saloons, the glitter of uniforms, and the blaze of jeweled and satined dames, with the clang of military music, was a species of enchanted atmosphere, which, breathing for the first time, rarely fails to intoxicate. Never before had I seen so much beauty; lovely faces, dressed in all the seductive flattery of smiles, were on every side; and, as I walked from room to room, I felt how much more fatal to a man's peace and heart's ease the whispered words and silent glances of those fair damsels, than all the loud gayety and boisterous freedom of our country belles, who sought to take the heart by storm and escalade.

As yet I had seen neither Sir George nor his daughter, and, while I looked on every side for Miss Lucy Dashwood, it was with a beating and anxious heart I longed to see how she would bear comparison with the blaze of beauty around.

Just at this moment a very gorgeously dressed hussar stepped from a door-way beside me, as if to make a passage for some one, and the next moment she appeared, leaning upon the arm of another lady. One look was all that I had time for, when she recognized me.

"Ah, Mr. O'Malley — how happy — has Sir George — has my father seen you?"

"I only arrived this moment; I trust he is quite well?"

"Oh yes, thank you" —

"I beg your pardon with all humility, Miss Dashwood," said the hussar, in a tone of the most knightly courtesy, "but they are waiting for us."

"But, Captain Fortescue, you must excuse me one moment more. Mr. Lechmere, will you do me the kindness to find out Sir George? Mr. O'Malley — Mr. Lechmere." Here she said something in French to her companion, but so rapidly that I could not detect what it was, but merely heard the reply — "*pas mal*" — which, as the lady continued to canvass me most deliberately through her eyeglass, I suppose referred to me. "And now Captain Fortescue" — and with a look of most courteous kindness to me, she disappeared in the crowd.

The gentleman to whose guidance I was intrusted was one of the aid-de-camps, and was not long in finding Sir George. No sooner had the good old General heard my name, than he held out both hands, and shook mine most heartily.

"At last, O'Malley, at last I am able to thank you for the greatest service ever man rendered me. He saved Lucy, my lord, rescued her under circumstances where anything short of his courage and determination must have cost her her life."

"Ah! very pretty, indeed," said a stiff old gentleman addressed, as he bowed a most superbly-powdered scalp before me; "most happy to make your acquaintance."

"Who is he?" added he, in nearly as loud a tone to Sir George.

"Mr. O'Malley, of O'Malley castle."

"True, I forgot — why is he not in uniform?"

"Because, unfortunately my lord, we don't own him; he's not in the army."

"Ha, ha! thought he was."

"You dance, O'Malley, I suppose? I'm sure you'd rather be over there than hearing all my protestations of gratitude, sincere and heartfelt as they really are."

"Lechmere, introduce my friend Mr. O'Malley; get him a partner."

I had not followed my new acquaintance many steps, when Power came up to me. "I say, Charley," cried he, "I have been tormented to death by half the ladies in the room, to present you to them, and have been in quest of you this half hour. Your brilliant exploit in savage land has made you a regular *preux chevalier;* and, if you don't trade on that adventure to your most lasting profit, you deserve to be — a lawyer. Come along here; Lady Muckleman, the Adjutant-General's lady and chef, has four Scotch daughters you are to dance with; then I am to introduce you in all form to the Dean of something's niece ; she is a good-looking girl, and has two livings in a safe county. Then there's the Town-Major's wife, and, in fact, I have several engagements from this to supper time."

"A thousand thanks for all your kindnesses in prospective, but I think, perhaps, it were right I should ask Miss Dashwood to dance, if only as a matter of form; you understand?"

"And if Miss Dashwood should say, 'With pleasure, sir,' only as a matter of form; you understand," said a silvery voice beside me. I turned and saw Lucy Dashwood, who, having overheard my very free and easy suggestion, replied to me in this manner.

I here blundered out my excuses. What I said and what I did not say, I cannot now remember; but, certainly, it was her turn now to blush, and her arm trembled within mine as I led her to the top of the room. In the little opportunity which our quadrille presented for conversation, I could not help remarking that, after the surprise of her first meeting with me, Miss Dashwood's manner became gradually more and more reserved, and that there was an evident struggle between her wish to appear grateful for what had occurred with a sense of the necessity of not incurring a greater degree of intimacy. Such was my impression, at least, and such the conclusion I drew from a certain quiet tone in her manner, that went further to wound my feelings, and mar my happiness, than any other line of conduct toward me could possibly have effected.

Our quadrille over, I was about to conduct her to a seat, when Sir George came hurriedly up, his face greatly flushed, and betraying every semblance of high excitement.

"Dear papa, has anything occurred? pray, what is it?" inquired she.

He smiled faintly, and replied: "Nothing very serious, my dear, that I should alarm you in this way; but, certainly, a more disagreeable *contretemps* could scarcely occur."

"Do tell me; what can it be?"

"Read this," said he, presenting a very dirty-looking note, which bore the mark of a red wafer, most infernally plain upon its outside.

Miss Dashwood unfolded the billet, and after a moment's silence, instead of participating, as he expected, in her father's feeling of distress burst out a-laughing, while she said: "Why, really, papa, I do not see why this should put you out much, after all. Aunt may be somewhat of a character, as her note evinces, but after a few days"—

"Nonsense, child; there is nothing in this world I have such a dread of as that confounded woman — and to come at such a time."

"When does she speak of paying her visit?"

"I knew you had not read the note," said Sir George, hastily; "she's coming here to-night, is on her way this instant, perhaps. What is to be done? If she forces her way in here, I shall go deranged outright. O'Malley, my boy, read this note; and you will not feel surprised if I appear in the humor you see me."

I took the billet from the hands of Miss Dashwood, and read as follows:

"Dear Brother, — When this reaches your hand I'll not be far off — I am on my way up to town, to be under Dr. Dease for the ould complaint. Crowley mistakes my case entirely, he says it's nothing but religion and wind. Father Magrath, who understands a good deal about females, thinks otherwise — but God knows who's right. Expect me to tea, and with love to Lucy, believe me yours, in haste, Judith Macan.

"Let the sheets be well aired in my room; and if you have a spare bed, perhaps we could prevail upon Father Magrath to stop too."

I scarcely could contain my laughter till I got to the end of this very free and easy epistle; when at last I burst forth in a hearty fit, in which I was joined by Miss Dashwood.

From the account Power had given me in the morning, I had no difficulty in guessing that the writer was the maiden sister of the late Lady Dashwood, and for whose relationship Sir George had ever testified the greatest dread, even at the distance of two hundred miles; and for whom, in any nearer intimacy, he was in nowise prepared.

"I say, Lucy," said he, "there's only one thing to be done;

if this horrid woman does arrive, let her be shown to her room, and for the few days of her stay in town, we'll neither see nor be seen by any one."

Without waiting for a reply, Sir George was turning away to give the necessary directions, when the door of the drawing-room was flung open, and the servant announced, in his loudest voice, "Miss Macan." Never shall I forget the poor General's look of horror as the words reached him; for, as yet, he was too far to catch even a glimpse of its fair owner. As for me, I was already so much interested in seeing what she was like, that I made my way through the crowd toward the door. It is no common occurrence that can distract the various occupations of a crowded ball-room, where, amid the crash of music and the din of conversation, goes on the soft, low voice of insinuating flattery, or the light flirtation of a first acquaintance; every clique, every coterie, every little group of three or four, has its own separate and private interests, forming a little world of its own, and caring and heeding nothing that goes on around; and, even when some striking character or illustrious personage makes his *entrée*, the attention he attracts is so momentary that the buzz of conversation is scarcely, if at all, interrupted, and the business of pleasure continues to flow on. Not so now, however. No sooner had the servant pronounced the magical name of Miss Macan, than all seemed to stand still. The spell thus exercised over the luckless General seemed to have extended to his company, for it was with difficulty that any one could continue his train of conversation, while every eye was directed toward the door. About two steps in advance of the servant, who still stood, door in hand, was a tall, elderly lady, dressed in an antique brocade silk, with enormous flowers gaudily embroidered upon it. Her hair was powdered, and turned back, in the fashion of fifty years before; while her high pointed and heeled shoes completed a costume that had not been seen for nearly a century. Her short, skinny arms were bare, and partly covered by a falling shower of old point lace, while on her hands she wore black silk mittens; a pair of green spectacles scarcely dimmed the luster of a most peering pair of eyes, to whose effect a very palpable touch of rouge certainly added brilliancy. There stood this most singular apparition, holding before her a fan about the size of a modern tea-tray, while, at each repetition of her name by the servant, she courtesied deeply, returning the while upon the gay crowd before her a very curious look of maidenly modesty at her solitary and unprotected position.

As no one had ever heard of the fair Judith, save one or two of Sir George's most intimate friends, the greater part of the company were disposed to regard Miss Macan as some one who had mistaken the character of the invitation, and had come in a fancy dress. But this delusion was but momentary, as Sir George, armed with the courage of despair, forced his way through the crowd, and taking her hand affectionately, bid her welcome to Dublin. The fair Judy, at this, threw her arms about his neck, and saluted him with a hearty smack that was heard all over the room.

"Where's Lucy, brother? let me embrace my little darling," said the lady, in an accent that told more of Miss Macan than a three-volume biography could have done; "there she is, I'm sure; kiss me, my honey."

This office Miss Dashwood performed with an effort at courtesy really admirable; while, taking her aunt's arm, she led her to a sofa.

It needed all the poor General's tact to get over the sensation of this most *malapropos* addition to his party; but, by degrees, the various groups renewed their occupations, although many a smile, and more than one sarcastic glance at the sofa, betrayed that the maiden aunt had not escaped criticism.

Power, whose propensity for fun very considerably outstripped his sense of decorum to his commanding officer, had already made his way toward Miss Dashwood, and succeeded in obtaining a formal introduction to Miss Macan.

"I hope you will do me the favor to dance next set with me, Miss Macan?"

"Really, Captain, it's very polite of you; but you must excuse me; I was never anything great in quadrilles; but if a reel, or a jig" —

"Oh, dear, aunt, don't think of it, I beg of you."

"Then I'm certain you waltz?" said Power.

"What do you take me for, young man? I hope I know better; I wish Father Magrath heard you ask me that question, and for all your lace jacket" —

"Dearest aunt, Captain Power didn't mean to offend you; I'm certain he" —

"Well, why did he dare to — *sob, sob* — did he see anything light about me? that he — *sob, sob, sob* — oh, dear, oh, dear! is it for this I came up from my little peaceful place in the west? — *sob*, *sob*, *sob* — General, George, dear Lucy, my love, I'm taken bad. Oh, dear, oh, dear — is there any whisky negus?"

Whatever sympathy Miss Macan's sufferings might have excited in the crowd about her before, this last question totally routed them, and a most hearty fit of laughter broke forth from more than one of the bystanders.

At length, however, she was comforted, and her pacification completely effected by Sir George setting her down to a whist-table. From this moment I lost sight of her for above two hours. Meanwhile, I had little opportunity of following up my intimacy with Miss Dashwood, and, as I rather suspected that, on more than one occasion, she seemed to avoid our meeting, I took especial care, on my part, to spare her the annoyance.

For one instant only had I any opportunity of addressing her, and then there was such an evident embarrassment in her manner that I readily perceived how she felt circumstanced, and that the sense of gratitude to one whose further advances she might have feared, rendered her constrained and awkward. Too true, said I, she avoids me; my being here is only a source of discomfort and pain to her; therefore, I'll take my leave, and, whatever it may cost me, never to return. With this intention, resolving to wish Sir George a very good-night, I sought him out for some minutes. At length I saw him in a corner conversing with the old nobleman to whom he had presented me early in the evening.

"True, upon my honor, Sir George," said he; "I saw it myself, and she did it just as dexterously as the oldest blackleg in Paris."

"Why, you don't mean to say that she cheated?"

"Yes, but I do, though — turned the ace every time. Lady Herbert said to me: 'Very extraordinary it is — four by honors again.' So I looked, and then I perceived it — a very old trick it is; but she did it beautifully. What's her name?"

"Some western name, I forget it," said the poor General, ready to die with shame.

"Clever old woman, very," said the old Lord, taking a pinch of snuff, "but revokes too often."

Supper was announced at this critical moment, and before I had further thought of my determination to escape, I felt myself hurried along in the crowd toward the staircase. The party immediately in front of me were Power and Miss Macan, who now appeared reconciled, and certainly testified most openly their mutual feelings of good-will.

"I say, Charlie," whispered Power, as I came along, "it is capital fun — never met anything equal to her; but the poor General never will live through it, and I'm certain of ten days' arrest for this night's proceeding."

"Any news of Webber?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, I fancy I can tell something of him; for I heard of some one presenting himself, and being refused the *entrée*, so that Master Frank has lost his money. Sit near us, I pray you, at supper; we must take care of the dear aunt for the niece's sake, eh?"

Not seeing the force of this reasoning, I soon separated myself from them, and secured a corner at a side-table. Every supper on such an occasion as this, is the same scene of soiled white muslin, faded flowers, flushed faces, torn gloves, blushes, blanc-mange, cold chicken, jelly, sponge-cakes, spooney young gentlemen doing the attentive, and watchful mammas calculating what precise degree of propinquity in the crush is safe or seasonable for their daughters, to the mustached and unmarrying lovers beside them. There are always the same set of gratified elders, like the benchers in King's Inn, marched up to the head of the table, to eat, drink, and be happy — removed from the more profane looks and soft speeches of the younger part of the creation.

Then there are the *oi polloi* of outcasts, younger sons of younger brothers, tutors, governesses, portionless cousins, and curates, all formed in a phalanx round the side-table, whose primitive habits and simple tastes are evinced by their all eating off the same plate and drinking from nearly the same wine-glass. Too happy if some better-off acquaintance at the long table invites them to "wine," though the ceremony on their part is limited to the pantomime of drinking. To this miserable *tiers état* I belonged, and bore my fate with unconcern; for, alas! my spirits were depressed and my heart heavy. Lucy's treatment of me was every moment before me, contrasted with her gay and courteous demeanor to all save myself; and I longed for the moment to get away.

Never had I seen her looking so beautiful; her brilliant eyes were lit with pleasure, and her smile was enchantment itself. What would I not have given for one moment's explanation, as I took my leave forever? — one brief avowal of my love, my unalterable, devoted love; for which I sought not or expected return, but merely that I might not be forgotten.

Such were my thoughts, when a dialogue quite near me aroused me from my reverie. I was not long in detecting the speakers, who, with their backs turned to us, were seated at the great table, discussing a very liberal allowance of pigeon pie, a flask of champagne standing between them.

"Don't now! don't, I tell ye, it's little ye know Galway, or you wouldn't think to make up to me squeezing my foot."

"Upon my soul, you're an angel, a regular angel; I never saw a woman suit my fancy before."

"Oh, behave now, Father Magrath says" —

"Who's he?"

"The priest, no less."

"Oh! confound him."

"Confound Father Magrath, young man."

"Well, then, Judy, don't be angry; I only meant that a dragoon knows rather more of these matters than a priest."

"Well, then, I'm not so sure of that. But anyhow I'd have you to remember it ain't a Widow Malone you have beside you."

"Never heard of the lady," said Power.

"Sure it's a song — poor creature — it's a song they made about her in the North Cork, when they were quartered down in our country."

"I wish to Heaven you'd sing it."

"What will you give me, then, if I do?"

"Anything — everything — my heart, my life."

"I wouldn't give a trauneen for all of them; give me that old green ring on your finger, then."

"It's yours," said Power, placing it gracefully upon Miss Macan's finger, "and now for your promise."

"Maybe my brother might not like it."

"He'd be delighted," said Power, "he dotes on music."

"Does he, now?"

"On my honor he does."

"Well, mind you get up a good chorus, for the song has one, and here it is."

"Miss Macan's song," said Power, tapping the table with his knife. "Miss Macan's song," was reëchoed on all sides, and before the luckless General could interfere, she had begun. How to explain the air, I know not, for I never heard its name, but at the end of each verse, a species of echo followed the last word, that rendered it irresistibly ridiculous:

"THE WIDOW MALONE."

"DID ye hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone!
Oh! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!

Of lovers she had full a score,
Or more;
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mrs. Malone,
'Twas known
No one ever could see her alone.
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,
How quare!
It's little for blushin' they care
Down there;
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses, at laste,
'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone,
My own';
'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone.'

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!

Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh,
For why?
But 'Lucius,' says she,
'Since you've made now so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone.'
Ohone!
'You may marry your Mary Malone.'

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort it's not very long,
But strong:
If for widows you die,
Larn to *kiss*, *not* to *sigh*;
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone!
Oh, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone."

Never did song create such a sensation as Miss Macan's, and certainly her desires as to the chorus were followed to the letter; for the "Widow Malone, ohone!" resounded from one end of the table to the other, amid one universal shout of laughter. None could resist the ludicrous effect of her melody, and even poor Sir George, sinking under the disgrace of his relationship, which she had contrived to make public by frequent allusions to her dear brother the "General," yielded at last, and joined in the mirth around him.

"I insist on a copy of the 'Widow,' Miss Macan," said Power.

"To be sure; give me a call to-morrow; let me see, about two, Father Magrath won't be at home," said she, with a coquettish look.

"Where, pray, may I pay my respects?"

"No. 22 South Anne street — very respectable lodgings. I'll write the address in your pocket-book."

Power produced a card and pencil, while Miss Macan wrote a few lines, saying, as she handed it:

"There, now, don't read it here before the people; they'll think it mighty indelicate in me to make an appointment."

Power pocketed the card, and the next minute Miss Macan's carriage was announced.

Sir George Dashwood, who little flattered himself that his fair guest had any intention of departure, became now most considerately attentive — reminded her of the necessity of muffling against the night air — hoped she should escape cold, and wished a most cordial good-night, with a promise of seeing her early the following day.

Notwithstanding Power's ambition to engross the attention of the lady, Sir George himself saw her to her carriage, and only returned to the room as a group was collected around the gallant Captain, to whom he was relating some capital traits of his late conquest; for such he dreamed she was.

"Doubt it who will," said he, "she has invited me to call on her to-morrow — written her address on my card — told me the hour when she is certain of being alone. See here!" At these words he pulled forth the card, and handed it to Lechmere.

Scarcely were the eyes of the other thrown upon the writing, when he said; "So, this isn't it, Power."

"To be sure it is, man," said Power; "Anne street is devilish seedy; but that's the quarter."

"Why, confound it, man," said the other, "there's not a word of that here."

"Read it out," said Power, "proclaim aloud my victory."

Thus urged, Lechmere read:

> "Dear P., — Please pay to my credit, and soon, mark ye, the two ponies lost this evening. I have done myself the pleasure of enjoying your ball, kissed the lady, quizzed the papa, and walked into the cunning Fred Power.
>
> "Yours,
>
> "Frank Webber.
>
> "The Widow Malone, ohone, is at your service."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, his astonishment could not have equaled the result of this revelation. He stamped, swore, raved, laughed, and almost went deranged. The joke was soon spread through the room, and from Sir George to poor Lucy, now covered with blushes at her part in the transaction, all was laughter and astonishment.

"Who is he? that is the question," said Sir George, who, with all the ridicule of the affair hanging over him, felt no common relief at the discovery of the imposition.

"A friend of O'Malley's," said Power, delighted, in his defeat, to involve another with himself.

"Indeed!" said the General, regarding me with the look of a very mingled cast.

"Quite true, sir," said I, replying to the accusation that his manner implied, "but equally so that I neither knew of his plot nor recognized him when here."

"I am perfectly sure of it, my boy," said the General; "and, after all, it was an excellent joke, carried a little too far, it is true; eh, Lucy?"

But Lucy either heard not, or affected not to hear; and, after some little further assurance that he felt not the least annoyed, the General turned to converse with some other friends; while I, burning with indignation against Webber, took a cold farewell of Miss Dashwood, and retired.

QUATRE BRAS AND WATERLOO.

I PUT spurs to my horse, cleared the road at once, and dashing across the open space to the left of the wood, rode on in the direction of the horsemen. When I came within the distance of three hundred yards I examined them with my glass, and could plainly detect the scarlet coats and bright helmets. Ha, thought I, the First Dragoon Guards, no doubt. Muttering to myself thus much, I galloped straight on, and waving my hand as I came near, announced that I was the bearer of an order. Scarcely had I done so, when four horsemen, dashing spurs in their steeds, plunged hastily out from the line, and before I could speak surrounded me, while the foremost called out, as he flourished his saber above my head: "*Rendez vous prisonnier.*" At the same moment I was seized on each side, and led back a captive into the hands of the enemy.

"We guess you mistake, captaine," said the French officer before whom I was brought. "We are the regiment of Berg, and our scarlet uniform cost us dearly enough yesterday."

This allusion, I afterward learned, was in reference to a charge by a cuirassier regiment, which, in mistaking them for English, poured a volley into them, and killed and wounded above twenty of their number.

Those who have visited the field of Quatre Bras will remember that on the left of the high road, and nearly at the extremity of the Bois de Boussu, stands a large Flemish farmhouse, whose high pitched roof, pointed gables, and quaint old-fashioned chimneys, remind one of the architecture so frequently seen in Tenier's pictures. The house, which with its dependencies of stables, granaries, and out-houses, resembles a little

QUATRE-BRAS

village, is surrounded by a large straggling orchard of aged fruit-trees, through which the approach from the high road leads. The interior of this quaint dwelling, like all those of its class, is only remarkable for a succession of small, dark, low-ceiled rooms, leading one into another; their gloomy aspects increased by the dark oak furniture, the heavy armories, and old-fashioned presses, carved in the grotesque tastes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Those who visit it now may mark the traces of cannon shot here and there through the building; more than one deep crack will attest the force of the dread artillery; still the traveler will feel struck with the rural peace and quietude of the scene; the speckled oxen that stand lowing in the deep meadows; the splash of the silvery trout as he sports in the bright stream that ripples along over its gravelly bed; the cawing of the old rooks in the tall beech-trees; but, more than all, the happy laugh of children — speak of the spot as one of retired and tranquil beauty; yet when my eyes opened upon it on the morning of the seventeenth of June, the scene presented features of a widely different interest. The day was breaking as the deep, full sound of the French bugle announced the reveille; forgetful of where I was, I sprang from my bed and rushed to the window; the prospect before me at once recalled me to my recollection, and I remembered that I was a prisoner. The exciting events around me left me but little time and as little inclination to think over my old misfortunes; and I watched, with all the interest of a soldier, the movements of the French troops in the orchard beneath.

A squadron of dragoons, who seemed to have passed the night beside their horses, lay stretched or seated in all the picturesque groupings of a bivouac; some already up and stirring; others leaned half listlessly upon their elbows, and looked as if unwilling to believe the night was over; and some stretched in deep slumber woke not with the noise and tumult around them. The room in which I was confined looked out upon the road to Charleroi; I could, therefore, see the British troops; and, as the French army had fallen back during the night, only an advanced guard maintaining the position, I was left to my unaided conjectures as to the fortune of the preceding day of battle. What a period of anxiety and agitation was that morning to me, and what I would not have given to learn the result of the action at the moment of my capture! Stubborn as our resistance had been, we were evidently getting the worst of it; and, if the

Guards had not arrived in time, I knew we must have been beaten.

I walked up and down my narrow room, tortured and agonized by my doubts, now stopping to reason over the possibilities of success, now looking from the window to try if, in the gesture and bearing of those without, I could conjecture anything that passed. Too well I knew the reckless character of the French soldiers, in defeat as in victory, to put much confidence in their bearing. While, however, I watched them with an eager eye, I heard the tramp of horsemen coming along the paved causeway.

From the moment my ear caught the sound to that of their arrival at the gate of the orchard, but few minutes elapsed; their pace was, indeed, a severe one, and, as they galloped through the narrow path that led to the farm-house, they never drew rein till they reached the porch. The party consisted of about a dozen persons, whose plumed hats bespoke them staff officers; but their uniforms were concealed beneath their great coats. As they came along the pickets sprang to their feet, and the guard at the door beneath presented arms; this left no doubt upon my mind that some officer of rank was among them, and, as I knew that Ney himself commanded on the preceding day, I thought it might be he. The sound of voices beneath informed me that the party occupied the room under that in which I was, and, although I listened attentively, I could hear nothing but the confused murmur of persons conversing together without detecting even a word. My thoughts now fell into another channel, and, as I ruminated over my odd position, I heard the noise of the sentry at my door as he brought his musket to the shoulder, and the next moment an officer in the uniform of the chasseur of the guard entered. Bowing politely as he advanced to the middle of the room, he addressed me thus:

"You speak French, sir?" and as I replied in the affirmative, continued:

"Will you then have the goodness to follow me this way?"

Although burning with anxiety to learn what had taken place, yet somehow I could not bring myself to ask the question. A secret pride mingled with my fear that all had not gone well with us, and I durst not expose myself to hear of our defeat from the lips of an enemy. I had barely time to ask into whose presence I was about to be ushered, when, with a slight smile of a strange meaning, he opened the door and introduced me into the saloon. Although I had seen at least twelve or fourteen horsemen arrive, there were but three persons in the room as I entered. One of these, who sat writing at a small table near the window, never lifted his head on my entrance, but continued assiduously his occupation.

Another, a tall, fine-looking man, of some sixty years or upward, whose high bald forehead and drooping mustache, white as snow, looked in every way the old soldier of the empire, stood leaning upon his saber, while the third, whose stature, somewhat below the middle size, was yet cast in a strong and muscular mold, stood with his back to the fire, holding on his arms the skirts of a gray surtout, which he wore over his uniform; his legs were cased in the tall *bottes à l'ecuyer*, worn by the *chasseur au cheval*, and on his head a low cocked hat, without plume or feather, completed his costume. There was something which, at the very moment of my entrance, struck me as uncommon in his air and bearing, so much so that when my eyes had once rested on his pale but placid countenance, his regular, handsome, but somewhat stern features, I totally forgot the presence of the others, and looked only at him.

"What's your rank, sir?" said he hurriedly, and with a tone which bespoke command.

"I have none at present, save" —

"Why do you wear epaulets, then, sir?" said he harshly, while from his impatient look and hurried gesture I saw he put no faith in my reply.

"I am an aid-de-camp to General Picton, but without regimental rank."

"What was the British force under arms yesterday?"

"I do not feel myself at liberty to give you any information as to the number or the movements of our army."

"*Diantre! Diantre!*" said he, slapping his boot with his horsewhip, "do you know what you've been saying there, eh? Cambronne, you heard him, did you?"

"Yes, sire; and if your Majesty would permit me to deal with him, I would have his information, if he possesses any, and that ere long, too."

"Eh, *gaillard*," said he, laughing, as he pinched the old General's ear in jest, "I believe you, with all my heart."

The full truth flashed upon my mind. I was in the presence of the Emperor himself. As, however, up to this moment, I was unconscious of his presence, I resolved now to affect ignorance of it throughout.

"Had you dispatches, sir?" said he, turning toward me with a look of stern severity.

"Were any dispatches found upon him when he was taken?" This latter question was directed to the aid-de-camp who introduced me, and who still remained at the door.

"No, sire, nothing was found upon him except this locket."

As he said these words, he placed in Napoleon's hands the keepsake which St. Croix had left with me years before in Spain, and which, as the reader may remember, was a miniature of the Empress Josephine.

The moment the Emperor threw his eyes upon it, the flush which excitement had called into his cheek, disappeared at once; he became pale as death — his very lips as bloodless as his wan cheek.

"Leave me, Lefevre; leave me, Cambronne, for a moment; I will speak with this gentleman alone."

As the door closed upon them he leaned his arm upon the mantel-piece, and with his head sunk upon his bosom, remained some moments without speaking.

"*En mauvais augure*," muttered he within his teeth, as his piercing gaze was riveted upon the picture before him. "*Voilà la troisième fois; peut-être la dernière.*" Then suddenly rousing himself, he advanced close to me, and seizing me by the arm with a grasp like iron, inquired:

"How came you by this picture? The truth, sir; mark me, the truth."

Without showing any sign of feeling hurt at the insinuation of his question, I detailed, in as few words as I could, the circumstance by which the locket became mine. Long before I had concluded, however, I could mark that his attention flagged and finally wandered far away from the matter before him.

"Why will you not give me the information I look for? I seek for no breach of faith. The campaign is all but over. The Prussians were beaten at Ligny, their army routed, their artillery captured, ten thousand prisoners taken. Your troops and the Dutch were conquered yesterday, and they are in full retreat on Brussels. By to-morrow evening I shall date my bulletin from the palace at Lacken. Antwerp will be in my possession within twenty-four hours. Namar is already mine. Cambronne, Lefevre," cried he, "*Cet homme-là ne sait rien*," pointing to me as he spoke. "Let us see the other." With this he motioned slightly with his hand, as a sign for me to withdraw, and the next moment I was once more in the solitude of my prison-room, thinking over the singular interview I had just had with the great Emperor.

How anxiously pass the hours of one who, deprived of other means of information, is left to form his conjectures by some passing object, or some chance murmur. The things which in the ordinary course of life are passed by unnoticed and unregarded, are now matters of moment; with what scrutiny he examines the features of those whom he does not question; with what patient ear he listens to each passing word; thus, to me, a prisoner, the hours went by tardily, yet anxiously; no saber clanked; no war-horse neighed; no heavy-booted cuirassier tramped in the court-yard beneath my window, without setting a hundred conjectures afloat as to what was about to happen. For some time there had been a considerable noise and bustle in and about the dwelling. Horsemen came and went continually. The sounds of galloping could be heard along the paved causeway; then the challenge of the sentry at the gate; then the nearer tread of approaching steps and many voices speaking together, would seem to indicate that some messenger had arrived with dispatches. At length all the sounds became hushed and still; no longer were the voices heard; and, except the measured tread of the heavy cuirassier, as he paced on the flags beneath, nothing was to be heard. My state of suspense, doubly greater now than when the noise and tumult suggested food for conjecture, continued now till toward noon, when a soldier in undress brought me some breakfast, and told me to prepare speedily for the road.

Scarcely had he left the room when the rumbling noise of wagons was heard below, and a train of artillery carts moved into the little court-yard, loaded with wounded men. It was a sad and frightful sight to see those poor fellows, as, crammed side by side in the straw of the *charette* they lay, their ghastly wounds opening with every motion of the wagon, while their wan, pale faces were convulsed with agony and suffering; of every rank, from the sous-lieutenant to the humble soldier, from every arm of the service, from the heavy cuirassier of the guard to the light and intrepid tirailleur, they were there. I well remember one, an artilleryman of the guard, whom, as they lifted him forth from the cart, presented the horrifying spectacle of one, both of whose legs had been carried away by a cannon shot; pale, cold, and corpse-like, he lay in their arms; his head fell heavily to one side, and his arms fell passively, as in death. It was at this moment a troop of lancers, the advance guard of D'Erlons' division, came trotting up the road; the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" burst from them as they approached; its echo rang within the walls of the farm-house, when suddenly the dying man, as though some magic touch had called him back to life and vigor, sprang up erect between his bearers, his filmy eye flashed fire, a burning spot of red coloring his bloodless cheeks; he cast one wild and hurried look around him, like one called back from death to look upon the living; and, as he waved his blood-stained hand above his head, shouted in a heart-piercing cry, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The effort was his last. It was the expiring tribute of allegiance to the chief he adored. The blood spouted in cataracts from his half-closed wounds, a convulsive spasm worked through his frame, his eyes rolled fearfully, as his outstretched hands seemed striving to clutch some object before him — and he was dead. Fresh arrivals of wounded continued to pour in; and now I thought I could detect at intervals the distant noise of a cannonade; the wind, however, was from the southward, and the sounds were too indistinct to be relied on.

"*Allons! Allons! mon cher,*" said a rough but good-humored looking fellow, as he strode into my room: he was the Quartermaster of Milhaud's dragoons, under whose care I was now placed, and came to inform me that we were to set out immediately.

Monsieur Bonnard was a character in his way; and if it were not so near the conclusion of my history, I should like to present him to my readers. As it is I shall merely say he was a thorough specimen of one class of his countrymen — a loud talker, louder swearer, a vaporing, boasting, overbearing, good-natured, and even soft-hearted fellow, who firmly believed that Frenchmen were the climax of the species, and Napoleon the climax of Frenchmen. Being a great *bavard*, he speedily told me all that had taken place during the last two days. From him I learned that the Prussians had really been beaten at Ligny, and had fallen back, he knew not where; they were, however, he said, hotly pursued by Grouchy with thirty-five thousand men, while the Emperor himself was now following the British and Dutch armies with seventy thousand more.

"You see," continued he, "*l'affaire est finie:* who can resist the Emperor?"

These were sad tidings for me, and although I did not place implicit confidence in my informant, I had still my fears that much of what he said was true.

"And the British, now," said I, "what direction have they taken?"

"Bah! they're in retreat on Brussels, and will probably capitulate to-morrow."

"Capitulate?"

"*Oui, oui: ne vous fachez pas, camarade*," said he, laughing. "What could you do against Napoleon? you did not expect to beat him, surely? But come, we must move on; I have my orders to bring you to Planchenoit this evening, and our horses are tired enough already."

"Mine, methinks, should be fresh," said I.

"*Parbleu non*," replied he; "he has twice made the journey to Frasnes this morning with dispatches for Marshal Ney; the Emperor is enraged with the Marshal for having retreated last night, having the wood in his possession; he says he should have waited till daybreak, and then fallen upon your retreating columns. As it is, you are getting away without much loss. *Sacristie*, that was a fine charge!" These last words he muttered to himself, adding, between his teeth, "sixty-four killed and wounded."

"What was that? who were they?" said I.

"Our fellows," replied he frankly; "the Emperor ordered up two twelve-pounders, and eight squadrons of lancers; they fell upon your light dragoons in a narrow part of the high road. But suddenly we heard a noise in front; your hussars fell back, and a column of your heavy dragoons came thundering down upon us. *Parbleu!* they swept over us as if we were broken infantry; and there! there!" said he, pointing to the court-yard, from whence the groans of the wounded still rose, "there are the fruits of that terrible charge."

I could not restrain an outbreak of triumphant pleasure at this gallant feat of my countrymen.

"Yes, yes," said the honest Quartermaster, "it was a fine thing; but a heavy reckoning is at hand. But come now, let us take the road."

In a few moments more I found myself seated upon a heavy Norman horse, whose lumbering demi-peak saddle was nearly cleft in two by a saber cut.

"Ay, ay," said Monsieur Bonnard, as he saw my eye fixed on the spot, "it was one of your fellows did that, and the same cut clove poor Pierre from the neck to the seat."

"I hope," said I, laughing, "the saddle may not prove an unlucky one."

"No, no," said the Frenchman seriously; "it has paid its debt to fate."

As we pressed on our road, which, broken by the heavy guns and plowed up in many places by the artillery, was nearly impassable, we could distinctly hear, from time to time, the distant boom of the large guns, as the retiring and pursuing armies replied to each other; while behind us, but still a long way off, a dark mass appeared on the horizon; they were the advancing columns of Ney's division.

"Have the troops come in contact more than once this morning?"

"Not closely," said the Quartermaster; "the armies have kept a respectful distance; they were like nothing I can think of," said the figurative Frenchman, "except two hideous serpents wallowing in mire, and vomiting at each other whole rivers of fire and flame."

As we approached Planchenoit, we came up to the rear-guard of the French army; from them we learned that Ney's division, consisting of the Eighth Corps, had joined the Emperor; that the British were still in retreat, but that nothing of any importance had occurred between the rival armies; the French merely firing their heavy guns from time to time, to ascertain by the reply the position of the retreating forces; the rain poured down in torrents; gusts of cold and stormy wind swept across the wide plains, or moaned sorrowfully through the dense forest. As I rode on by the side of my companion, I could not help remarking how little the effects of a fatiguing march and unfavorable weather were apparent on those around me. The spirit of excited gayety pervaded every rank; and, unlike the stern features which the discipline of our service enforces, the French soldiers were talking, laughing, and even singing as they marched; the canteens passed freely from hand to hand, and jests and toasts flew from front to rear along the dark columns; many carried their loaves of dark rye bread on the tops of their bayonets; and to look upon that noisy and tumultuous mass as they poured along, it would have needed a practiced eye to believe them the most disciplined of European armies.

The sun was just setting, as mounting a ridge of land beside the high road, my companion pointed with his finger to a small farm-house, which, standing alone in the plain, commands an extensive view on every side of it.

"There," said he, "there is the *quartier-général;* the Emperor sleeps there to-night; the King of Holland will afford him a bed to-morrow night."

The dark shadows of the coming night were rapidly falling as I strained my eyes to trace the British position. A hollow rumbling sound announced the movement of artillery to our front.

"What is it, Arnotte?" said the Quartermaster to a dragoon officer who rode past.

"It is nothing," replied the other, laughing, "but a *ruse* of the Emperor; he wishes to ascertain if the enemy are in force, or if we have only a strong rear guard before us."

As he spoke fifteen heavy guns opened their fire, and the still air reverberated with a loud thunder; the sound had not died away, the very smoke lay yet heavily upon the moist earth, when forty pieces of British cannon rang out their answer, and the very plain trembled beneath the shock.

"Ha! they are there, then," exclaimed the dragoon as his eyes flashed with ecstasy. "Look! see! the artillery are limbering up already. The Emperor is satisfied."

And so it was; a dark column of twelve hundred horse that accompanied the guns into the plain now wheeled slowly round, and wound their long track far away to the right. The rain fell in torrents; the wind was hushed, and, as the night fell in darkness, the columns moved severally to their destinations. The bivouacs were formed; the watch-fires were lighted, and seventy thousand men and two hundred pieces of cannon occupied the heights of Planchenoit.

"My orders are to bring you to La Caillou," said the Quartermaster; "and if you can only spur your jaded horse into a trot we shall soon reach it."

About a hundred yards from the little farm-house stood a small cottage of a peasant. Here some officers of Marshal Soult's staff had taken up their quarters; and thither my guide now bent his steps.

"*Comment! Bonnard,*" said an aid-de-camp as we rode up, "another prisoner. *Sacre bleu!* we shall have the whole British staff among us. You are in better luck than your countryman, the General, I hope," said the aid-de-camp; "his is a sad affair, and I am sorry for it, too; he's a fine, soldier-like looking fellow."

"Pray, what has happened?" said I. "To what do you allude?"

"Merely to one of your people who has just been taken with some letters and papers of Bourmont's in his possession. The Emperor is in no very amicable humor toward that traitor, and resolves to pay off some of his debt on his British correspondent."

"How cruel! how unjust!"

"Why, yes, it is hard, I confess, to be *fusillé* for the fault of another. *Mais, que voulez-vous?*"

"And when is this atrocious act to take place?"

"By daybreak to-morrow," said he, bowing as he turned toward the hut. "Meanwhile, let me counsel you, if you would not make another of the party, to reserve your indignation for your return to England."

"Come along," said the Quartermaster. "I find they have got quarters for you in the granary of the farm. I'll not forget you at supper-time."

So saying, he gave his horse to an orderly, and led me by a little path to the back entrance of the dwelling. Had I time or inclination for such a scene, I might have lingered long to gaze at the spectacle before me. The guard held their bivouac around the quarters of the Emperor; and here, beside the watch-fires, sat the bronzed and scarred veterans who had braved every death and danger from the Pyramids to the Kremlin. On every side I heard the names of those whom history has already consigned to immortality; and as the fitful blaze of a wood-fire flashed from within the house, I could mark the figure of one who, with his hands behind his back, walked leisurely to and fro, his head leaned a little forward, as though in deep thought; but as the light fell upon his pale and placid features, there was nothing there to indicate the stormy strife of hope and fear that raged beneath. From the rapid survey I took round, I was aroused by an officer, who, saluting me, politely desired me to follow him. We mounted a flight of stone steps, which, outside the wall of the building, led to the upper story of a large, but ruined granary: here a sentry was posted, who, permitting us to pass forward, I found myself in a small, mean-looking apartment, whose few articles of coarse furniture were dimly lighted by the feeble glimmer of a lamp. At the further end of the room sat a man, wrapped in a large blue cavalry cloak, whose face, covered with his hands as he bent downward, was completely concealed from view; the noise of the opening door did not appear to arouse him, nor did he notice my approach. As I entered, a faint sigh broke from him, as he turned his back upon the light; but he spoke not a word.

I sat for some time in silence, unwilling to obtrude myself upon the sorrows of one to whom I was unknown; and, as I walked up and down the gloomy chamber, my thoughts became riveted so completely upon my own fortunes, that I ceased to remember my fellow prisoner. The hours passed thus lazily along, when the door suddenly opened, and an officer in the dress of a lancer of the guard stood for an instant before me, and then, springing forward, clasped me by both hands, and called out:

"Charles, *mon ami, c'est bien toi?*"

The voice recalled to my recollection what his features, altered by time and years, had failed to do. It was Jules St. Croix, my former prisoner in the Peninsula. I cannot paint the delight with which I saw him again; his presence, now, while it brought back the memory of some of my happiest days, also assured me that I was not friendless.

His visit was a brief one; for he was in attendance on Marshal Lobau's staff. In the few minutes, however, of his stay, he said:

"I have a debt to pay, Charles, and have come to discharge it. In an hour hence I shall leave this with dispatches for the left of our line; before I go, I'll come here with two or three others, as it were to wish you good-night; I'll take care to carry a second cloak and a foraging cap; I'll provide a fast horse; you shall accompany us for some distance. I'll see you safe across our pickets. For the rest you must trust to yourself. *C'est arrangé; n'est ce pas?*"

One firm grasp of his hand, to which I responded by another, followed, and he was gone.

Everything concurred to show me that a tremendous battle must ensue on the morrow, if the British forces but held their position. It was then with a feeling of excitement approaching to madness that I saw my liberty before me; that once more I should join in the bold charge and the rude shock of arms, hear the wild cry of my gallant countrymen, and either live to triumph with them in victory, or wait not to witness our defeat. Thus flew my hopes as with increasing impatience I waited St. Croix's coming, and with anxious heart listened to every sound upon the stairs which might indicate his approach. At length he came: I heard the gay and laughing voices of his companions as they came along; the door opened, and affecting the familiarity of old acquaintance, to deceive the sentry, they all shook me by the hand, and spoke in terms of intimacy.

"Labedoyere is below," said St. Croix, in a whisper; "you must wait here a few moments longer, and I'll return for you; put on the cloak and cap, and speak not a word as you pass out. The sentry will suppose that one of our party has remained behind; for I shall call out as if speaking to him as I leave the room."

The voice of an officer calling in tones of impatience for the party to come down, cut short the interview, and again assuring me of their determination to stand by me, they left the chamber, and descended into the court. Scarcely had the door closed behind them, when my fellow prisoner, whom I had totally forgotten, sprang on his legs, and came towards me. His figure screening the lamp-light as he stood, prevented my recognizing his features; but the first tones of his voice told me who he was.

"Stay, sir," cried he, as he placed his hand upon my arm; "I have overheard your project. In an hour hence you will be free. Can you — will you perform a service for one who will esteem it not the less, that it will be the last that man can render me? The few lines that I have written here with my pencil are for my daughter."

I could bear no more, and called out in a voice broken as his own:

"Oh, be not deceived, sir. Will you, even in an hour like this, accept a service from one whom you have banished from your house?"

The old man started as I spoke; his hand trembled till it shook my very arm, and, after a pause and with an effort to seem calm and collected, he added:

"My hours are few. Some dispatches of General Bourmont with which the Duke intrusted me, were found in my possession. My sentence is a hurried one — and it is death! By to-morrow's sunrise" —

"Stay, stay," said I: "you shall escape; my life is in no danger. I have, as you see, even friends among the staff; besides, I have done nothing to compromise or endanger my position."

"No, sir," said he sternly, "I will not act such a part as this. The tears you have seen in these old eyes are not for myself. I fear not death. Better it were it should have come upon the field of glorious battle, but as it is, my soldier's honor is intact, untainted."

"You refuse the service on account of him who proffers it," said I, as I fell heavily upon a seat, my head bowed upon my bosom.

"Not so, not so, my boy," replied he kindly; "the near approach of death, like the fading light of day, gives us a longer and a clearer view before us. I feel that I have wronged you; that I have imputed to you the errors of others; but, believe me, if I have wronged you, I have punished my own heart; for, Charles, I have loved you like a son."

"Then prove it," said I, "and let me act toward you as toward a father; you will not? you refuse me still? Then, by Heaven, I remain to share your fate. I well know the temper of him who sentenced you, and that, by one word of mine, my destiny is sealed forever."

"No, no, boy; this is but rash and insane folly. Another year or two, nay, perhaps a few months more, and in the common course of nature I had ceased to be; but you, with youth, with fortune, and with hope" —

"Oh, not with hope," said I, in a voice of agony.

"Nay, say not so," replied he calmly, while a sickly smile played sadly over his face; "you will give this letter to my daughter, you will tell her that we parted as friends should part; and if, after that, when time shall have smoothed down her grief, and her sorrow be rather a dark dream of the past than a present suffering; if, then, you love her, and if" —

"Oh, tempt me not thus," said I, as the warm tears gushed from my eyes, "lead me not thus astray from what my honor tells me I should do. Hark! they are coming already. I hear the clank of their sabers; they are mounting the steps; not a moment is to be lost. Do you refuse me still?"

"I do," replied he, firmly; "I am resolved to bide my fate."

"Then so do I," cried I, as, folding my arms, I sat down beside the window, determined on my course.

"Charley, Charley," said he, stooping over me, "my friend, the last hope, the protector of my child" —

"I will not go," said I, in a hollow whisper.

Already they were at the door, I heard their voices as they challenged the sentry; I heard his musket as he raised it to his shoulder. The thought flashed across me; I jumped up, and throwing the loose mantle of the French dragoon around him, and replacing his own with the foraging cap of St. Croix, I sprang into a corner of the room, and, seating myself so as to conceal my face, waited the result. The door opened, the party entered, laughing and talking together.

"Come, Eugene," said one, taking Sir George by the arm, "you have spent long enough time here to learn the English language. We shall be late at the outpost. *Messieurs les Anglais*, good-night, good-night."

This was repeated by the others as they passed out with Sir George Dashwood among them, who, seeing that my determination was not to be shaken, and that any demur on his part must necessarily compromise both, yielded them to a *coup de main*, what he never would have consented to, from an appeal to his reason. The door closed; their steps died away in the distance. Again a faint sound struck my ear; it was the challenge of the sentry beneath, and I heard the tramp of horses' feet. All was still, and in a burst of heartfelt gratitude I sunk upon my knees, and thanked God that he was safe.

So soundly did I sleep that not before I was shaken several times by the shoulder could I awake on the following morning.

"I thought there were two prisoners here," said a gruff voice, as an old mustached-looking veteran cast a searching look about the room. "However, we shall have enough of them before sunset. Get — get up. *Monsieur le Duc de Dalmatie* desires some information you can give him."

As he said this, he led me from the room, and, descending the flight of stone steps, we entered the court-yard. It was but four o'clock, the rain still falling in torrents; yet every one was up and stirring.

"Mount this horse," said my gruff friend, "and come with me to the left; the Marshal has already gone forward."

The heavy mist of the morning, darkened by the lowering clouds which almost rested on the earth, prevented our seeing above a hundred yards before us; but the hazy light of the watch-fires showed me the extent of the French position, as it stretched away along the ridge toward the Halle road; we rode forward at a trot, but in the deep clayey soil we sunk at each moment to our horses' fetlocks; I turned my head as I heard the tramp and splash of the horsemen behind, and perceived that I was followed by two dragoons, who, with their carbines on the rest, kept their eyes steadily upon me to prevent any chance of escape. In a slight hollow of the ground before us, stood a number of horsemen who conversed together in a low tone as we came up.

"There, that is the Marshal," said my companion, in a whisper, as we joined the party.

"Yes, Monsieur le Duc," said an engineer-colonel, who stood beside Soult's horse, with a colored plan in his hand — "Yes, that is the *château du Gourmont*, yonder. It is, as you perceive, completely covered by the rising ground marked here; they will, doubtless, place a strong artillery force in this quarter."

"Ah! who is this?" said the Marshal, turning his eyes suddenly upon me, and then casting a look of displeasure around him, lest I should have overheard any portion of their conversation. "You are deficient in cavalry, it would appear, sir!" said he to me.

"You must feel, Monsieur le Duc," said I, calmly, "how impossible it is for me, as a man of honor and a soldier, to afford you any information as to the army I belong to."

"I do not see that, sir; you are a prisoner in our hands; your treatment — your fortune — your very life depends on us. Besides, sir, when French officers fall into the power of your people, I have heard they meet not very ceremonious treatment."

"Those who say so, say falsely," said I, "and wrong both your countrymen and mine. In any case"—

"The Guards are an untried force in your service," said he, with a mixture of inquiry and assertion.

I replied not a word.

"You must see, sir," continued he, "that all the chances are against you. The Prussians beaten, the Dutch discouraged, the Belgians only waiting for victory to incline to our standard, to desert your ranks and pass over to ours: while your troops, scarcely forty thousand, nay, I might say, not more than thirty-five thousand. Is it not so?"

Here was another question so insidiously conveyed that even a change of feature on my part might have given the answer. A half smile, however, and a slight bow, was all my reply, while Soult muttered something between his teeth, which called forth a laugh from those around him.

"You may retire, sir, a little," said he dryly to me.

Not sorry to be freed from the awkwardness of my position, I fell back to the little rising ground behind. Although the rain poured down without ceasing, the rising sun dispelled, in part, the heavy vapor, and by degrees different portions of the wide plain presented themselves to view; and, as the dense masses of fog moved slowly along, I could detect, but still faintly, the outline of the large, irregular building, which I had heard them call the *château de Gourmont*, and from which I could hear the clank of masonry, as at intervals, the wind bore the sounds toward me. These were the sappers *crenelling* the walls for musketry; and this I could now perceive was looked upon as a position of no small importance. Surrounded by a straggling orchard of aged fruit-trees, the chateau lay some hundred yards in advance of the British line, commanded by two eminences, one of which, in the possession of the French, was already occupied by a park of eleven guns; of the other I knew nothing, except the passing glance I had obtained of its position on the map.

The second corps, under Jerome Bonaparte, with Foy and Kellerman's brigade of light artillery, stretched behind us. On the right of these came D'Erlon's corps, extending to a small wood, which my companion told me was Frischermont; while Lobau's division was stationed to the extreme right, toward St. Lambert, to maintain the communication with Grouchy at Wavre, or, if need be, to repel the advance of the Prussians, and prevent their junction with the Anglo-Dutch army. The Imperial Guard with the cavalry formed the reserve. Such was in substance the information given me by my guide, who seemed to expatiate with pleasure over the magnificent array of battle, while he felt a pride in displaying his knowledge of the various divisions and their leaders.

"I see the Marshal moving toward the right," said he; "we had better follow him."

It was now about eight o'clock, as from the extremity of the line I could see a party of horsemen advancing at a sharp canter.

"That must be Ney," said my companion. "See how rashly he approaches the English lines!"

And so it was. The party in question rode fearlessly down the slope, and did not halt until they reached within about three hundred yards of what appeared a ruined church.

"What is that building yonder?"

"That — that," replied he, after a moment's thought, "that must be La Haye Sainte; and yonder, to the right of it, is the road to Brussels. There, look now! your people are in motion. See! a column is moving toward the right, and the cavalry are defiling on the other side of the road. I was mistaken; that cannot be Ney. *Sacre Dieu!* it was the Emperor himself, and here he comes."

As he spoke a party galloped forward, and pulled up short within a few yards of where we stood.

"Ha!" cried he as his sharp glance fell upon me, "there is my taciturn friend of Quatre Bras. You see, sir, I can dispense with your assistance now; the chess-board is before me;" and then added, in a tone he intended not to be overheard, "Everything depends on Grouchy."

"Well, Haxo," he called out to an officer who galloped up, *chapeau* in hand, "what say you? are they intrenched in that position?"

"No, sire, the ground is open, and in two hours more will be firm enough for the guns to maneuver."

"Now, then, for breakfast," said Napoleon, as with an easy and tranquil smile he turned his horse's head, and cantered gently up the heights toward La Belle Alliance. As he approached the lines the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" burst forth. Regiment after regiment took it up; and from the distant wood of Frischermont to the far left beside Merke-braine, the shout resounded. So sudden, so simultaneous was the outbreak, that he himself, accustomed as he was to the enthusiasm of his army, seemed, as he reined in his horse and looked with a proud and elated eye upon the countless thousands, astounded and amazed. He lifted with slow and graceful action his unplumed hat above his head, and, while he bowed that proud front before which kings had trembled, the acclamation burst forth anew, and rent the very air.

At this moment the sun shone brilliantly out from the dark clouds, and flashed upon the shining blades and glistening bayonets along the line. A dark and lowering shadow hung gloomily over the British position, while the French sparkled and glittered in the sunbeams. His quick glance passed with lightning speed from one to the other; and I thought that, in his look upturned to heaven, I could detect the flitting thought which bade him hope it was an augury. The bands of the

Imperial Guard burst forth in joyous and triumphant strains; and amid the repeated cries of "*l'Empereur! l'Empereur!*" he rode slowly along toward La Belle Alliance.

Napoleon's first intention was to open the battle by an attack upon the extreme right; but Ney, who returned from an observation of the ground, informed him that a rivulet, swollen by the late rains, had now become a foaming torrent, perfectly impassable to infantry. To avoid this difficulty he abandoned his favorite maneuver of a flank movement, and resolved to attack the enemy by the center. Launching his cavalry and artillery by the road to Brussels, he hoped thus to cut the communication of the British with their own left, as well as with the Prussians, for whom he trusted that Grouchy would be more than a match.

The reserves were in consequence all brought up to the center. Seven thousand cavalry and a massive artillery assembled upon the heights of La Belle Alliance, and waited but the order to march. It was eleven o'clock, and Napoleon mounted his horse and rode slowly along the line; again the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" resounded, and the bands of the various regiments struck up their spirit-stirring strains as the gorgeous staff moved along. On the British side all was tranquil; and still the different divisions appeared to have taken up their ground, and the long ridge from Ter-la-Haye to Merke-braine bristled with bayonets. Nothing could possibly be more equal than the circumstances of the field. Each army possessed an eminence whence their artillery might play. A broad and slightly undulating valley lay between both. The ground permitted in all places both cavalry and infantry movements, and except the crumbling walls of the Chateau of Hougoumont, or the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, both of which were occupied by the British, no advantage either by nature or art inclined to either side. It was a fair stand-up fight. It was the mighty tournament, not only of the two greatest nations, but the two deadliest rivals and bitterest enemies, led on by the two greatest military geniuses that the world has ever seen; it might not be too much to say, or ever will see. As for me, condemned to be an inactive spectator of the mighty struggle, doomed to witness all the deep-laid schemes and well-devised plans of attack which were destined for the overthrow of my country's arms, my state was one of torture and suspense. I sat upon the little rising ground of Rossomme; before me, in the valley, where yet the tall corn waved in ripe luxuriance, stood the quiet and peaceful looking old Chateau of Hougoumont, and the blossoming branches of the orchard; the birds were gayly singing their songs, the shrill whistle of the fatal musketry was to be heard, and through my glass I could detect the uniform of the soldiers who held the position, and my heart beat anxiously and proudly as I recognized the Guards. In the orchard and garden were stationed some riflemen, at least their dress and the scattered order they assumed bespoke them such.

While I looked the tirailleurs of Jerome's division advanced from the front of the line, and, descending the hill in a sling trot, broke into scattered parties, keeping up as they went a desultory and irregular fire. The English skirmishers, less expert in this particular service, soon fell back, and the head of Reil's brigade began their march toward the chateau. The English artillery is unmasked and opens its fire. Kellerman advances at a gallop his twelve pieces of artillery; the chateau is concealed from view by the dense smoke, and, as the attack thickens, fresh troops pour forward, the artillery thundering on either side; the entire line of both armies stand motionless spectators of the terrific combat, while every eye is turned toward that devoted spot from whose dense mass of cloud and smoke the bright glare of artillery is flashing, as the crashing masonry, the burning rafters, and the loud yell of battle add to the frightful interest of the scene. For above an hour the tremendous attack continues without cessation; the artillery stationed upon the height had now found its range, and every ringing shot tells upon the tottering walls; some wounded soldiers return faint and bleeding from the conflict, but there are few who escape. A crashing volley of firearms is now heard from the side where the orchard stands; a second, and a third succeed, one after the other, as rapid as lightning itself. A silence follows, when after a few moments a deafening cheer bursts forth, and an aid-de-camp gallops up to say that the orchard has been carried at the point of the bayonet, the Nassau sharp-shooters, who held it, having after a desperate resistance retired before the irresistible onset of the French infantry. "*À vous, maintenant?*" said General Foy, as he drew his saber, and rode to the head of his splendid division, which, anxious for the word to advance, were standing in the valley. "*En avant! mes braves,*" cried he, while pointing to the chateau with his sword, he dashed boldly forward. Scarcely had he advanced a hundred yards when a cannon-shot *ricocheting* as it went, struck his horse in the counter and rolled him dead on the plain; disengaging himself from the lifeless animal, he at once sprang to his feet and hurried forward. The column was soon hid from my view, and I was left to mourn over the seemingly inevitable fate that impended over my gallant countrymen.

In the intense interest which chained me to this part of the field, I had not noticed till this moment that the Emperor and his staff were standing scarcely thirty yards from where I was. Napoleon, seated upon a gray, almost white, Arabian, had suffered the reins to fall loosely on the neck, as he held with both hands his telescope to his eye; his dress, the usual green coat, with white facings, the uniform of the *chasseurs à cheval*, was distinguished merely by the cross of the legion; his high boots were splashed and mud-stained, from riding through the deep and clayey soil; his compact and clean-bred charger looked also slightly blown and heated, but he himself — and I watched his features well — looked calm, composed, and tranquil. How anxiously did I scrutinize that face; with what a throbbing heart did I canvass every gesture, hoping to find some passing trait of doubt, of difficulty, or of hesitation; but none was there; unlike one who looked upon the harrowing spectacle of a battle-field, whose all was depending on the game before him; gambling with one throw his last, his only stake, and that the empire of the world. Yet could I picture to myself one who felt at peace within himself; naught of reproach, naught of regret to move or stir his spirit, whose tranquil bark had glided over the calm sea of life, unruffled by the breath of passion; I should have fancied such was he.

Beside him sat one whose flashing eye and changing features looked in every way his opposite; watching with intense anxiety the scene of the deadly struggle round the chateau, every look, every gesture told the changing fortune of the moment; his broad and brawny chest glittered with orders and decorations, but his heavy brow and lowering look flashed almost black with excitement, could not easily be forgotten. It was Soult, who in his quality of Major-General accompanied the Emperor throughout the day.

"They have lost it again, sir," said the Marshal passionately, "and see, they are forming beneath the cross-fire of the artillery;

the head of the column keeps not its formation two minutes together; why does he not move up?"

"Domont, you know the British; what troops are those in the orchard? They use the bayonet well."

The officer addressed pointed his glass for a moment to the spot, then turning to the Emperor, replied, as he touched his hat: "They are the Guards, sire."

During this time Napoleon spoke not a word; his eye ever bent upon the battle, he seemed to pay little if any attention to the conversation about him. As he looked, an aid-de-camp, breathless and heated, galloped up.

"The columns of attack are formed, sire; everything is ready, and the Marshal only waits the order."

Napoleon turned upon his saddle, and, directing his glass towards Ney's division, looked fixedly for some moments at them. His eye moved from front to rear slowly, and at last, carrying his telescope along the line, he fixed it steadily upon the far left. Here, toward St. Lambert a slight cloud seemed to rest on the horizon, as the Emperor continued to gaze steadfastly at it: every glass of the staff was speedily turned in that direction.

"It is nothing but a cloud; some exhalation from that quarter," whispered one.

"To me," said another, "they look like trees, part of the Bois de Wavre."

"They are men," said the Emperor, speaking for the first time. "*Est-ce Grouchy? Est-ce Blucher?*"

Soult inclines to believe it to be the former, and proceeds to give his reasons; but the Emperor, without listening, turns toward Domont and orders him, with his division of light cavalry and Subervic's brigade, to proceed thither at once. If it be Grouchy, to establish a junction with him; to resist, should it prove to be the advanced guard of Marshal Blucher. Scarcely is the order given when a column of cavalry wheeling fours about unravels itself from the immense mass, and seems to serpentine like an enormous snake between the squares of the mighty army! The pace increases at every moment, and at length we see them merge from the extreme right and draw up, as if on parade, about half a mile from the wood. This movement, which, by its precision and beauty, had attracted our entire attention, not only from the attack upon Hougoumont, but also an incident which had taken place close beside us.

This was the appearance of a Prussian hussar, who had been taken prisoner between Wavre and Planchenoit; he was the bearer of a letter from Bulow to Wellington, announcing his arrival at St. Lambert, and asking for orders.

This at once explains the appearance on the right, but the prisoner also adds that the three Prussian corps were also at Wavre, having pushed their patrols two leagues from that town, without even encountering any portion of the force under the command of Grouchy. For a moment not a word is spoken. A silence like a panic pervades the staff; the Emperor himself is the first to break it.

"This morning," said he, turning toward Soult, "the chances were ninety to one in our favor. Bulow's arrival has already lost us thirty of the number; but the odds are still sufficient, if Grouchy but repair the *horrible fault* he has committed."

He paused for a moment, and, as he lifted up his open hands, and turned a look of indignant passion toward the staff, added in a voice, the sarcasm of whose tone there is no forgetting:

"*Il s'amuse à Gembloux!* Still," said he, speaking rapidly, and with more energy than I had hitherto noticed, "Bulow may not be entirely cut off. Let an officer approach. Take this letter, sir," giving as he spoke Bulow's letter to Lord Wellington, "give this letter to Marshal Grouchy; tell him that at this moment he should be before Wavre; tell him that already, had he obeyed his orders — But no, tell him to march at once, to press forward his cavalry, to come up in two hours — in three at furthest. You have but five leagues to ride; see, sir, that you reach him within an hour."

As the officer hurries away at the top of his speed, an aid-de-camp from General Dumont confirms the news; they are the Prussians whom he has before him. As yet, however, they are debouching from the wood, and have attempted no forward movement.

"What's Bulow's force, Marshal?"

"Thirty thousand, sire."

"Let Lobau take ten thousand, with the cuirassiers of the Young Guard, and hold the Prussians in check."

"*Maintenant pour les autres.*" This he said with a smile, as he turned his eyes once more toward the field of battle. The aid-de-camp of Marshal Ney, who, bareheaded and expectant, sat waiting for orders, presented himself to view. The Emperor turned toward him, as he said, with a clear, firm voice:

"Tell the Marshal to open the fire of his batteries; to carry La Haye Sainte with the bayonet, and leaving an infantry division for its protection, to march against La Papelotte and La Haye. They must be carried by the bayonet."

The aid-de-camp was gone; Napoleon's eye followed him as he crossed the open plain, and was lost in the dense ranks of the dark columns. Scarcely five minutes elapsed when eighty guns thundered out together, and as the earth shook and trembled beneath, the mighty movement of the day began its execution. From Hougoumont, where the slaughter and the carnage continued unslackened and unstayed, every eye was now turned toward the right. I knew not what troops occupied La Haye Sainte, or whether they were British who crowned the heights above it; but in my heart, how fervently did I pray that it might be so. Oh! in that moment of suspense and agonizing doubt, what would I not have given to know that Picton himself and the fighting Fifth were there; that behind that ridge, the Grays, the Royals, and the Enniskillens, sat motionless, but burning to advance; that the breath of the battle waved among the tartans of the Highlanders, and blew upon the flashing features of my own island countrymen. Had I known this, I could have marked the onset with a less failing spirit.

"There goes Marcognet's division," said my companion, springing to his legs; "they're moving to the right of the road. I should like to see the troops that will stand before them."

So saying, he mounted his horse, and, desiring me to accompany him, rode to the height beside La Belle Alliance. The battle was now raging from the chateau de Hougoumont to St. Lambert, where the Prussian tirailleurs, as they issued from the wood, were skirmishing with the advanced posts of Lobau's brigade. The attack upon the center, however, engrossed all my attention, and I watched the dark columns as they descended into the plain, while the incessant roll of the artillery played about them. To the right of Ney's attack, D'Erlon advanced with three divisions, and the artillery of the Guard. Toward this part of the field my companion moved. General Le Vasseur desired to know if the divisions on the Brussels road were English or Hanoverian troops, and I was sent for to answer the question. We passed from square to square until at length we found ourselves upon the flank of D'Erlon's division. Le Vasseur, who at the head of his cuirassiers, waited but the order to charge, waved impatiently with his sword for us to approach.

We were now to the right of the high road, and about four hundred yards from the crest of the hill, where, protected by a slight hedge, Picton, with Kempt's brigade, waited the attack of the enemy.

Just at this moment an incident took place which, while in itself one of the most brilliant achievements of the day, changed in a signal manner my own fortunes. The head of D'Erlon's column pressed with fixed bayonets up the gentle slope. Already the Belgian infantry gave way before them. The brave Brunswickers, overwhelmed by the heavy cavalry of France, began to waver; then are broken; and at last retreat in disorder up the road, a whirlwind of pursuing squadrons thundering behind them. "*En avant! en avant! toujours la victoire est à nous*," is shouted madly through the impatient ranks; and the artillery is called up to play upon the British squares; upon which, fixed and immovable, the cuirassiers have charged without success. Like a thunderbolt, the flying artillery dashes to the front; but scarcely has it reached the bottom of the ascent, when, from the deep ground, the guns become imbedded in the soil; the wheels refuse to move. In vain the artillery drivers whip and spur their laboring cattle. Impatiently the leading file of the column prick with their bayonets the struggling horses. The hesitation is fatal; for Wellington, who, with eagle glance, watches from an eminence beside the high road the advancing column, sees the accident. An order is given; and, with one fell swoop, the heavy cavalry brigade pour down. Picton's division deploys into line; the bayonets glance about the ridge; and, with a shout that tells above the battle, on they come, the fighting Fifth. One volley is exchanged; but the bayonet is now brought to the charge, and the French division retreat in close column, pursued by their gallant enemy.

Scarcely had the leading divisions fallen back, and the rear pressed down upon, or thrown into disorder, when the cavalry trumpets sound a charge; the bright helmet of the Enniskilleners come flashing in the sunbeams, and the Scotch Grays, like a white-crested wave, are rolling upon the foe. Marcognet's division is surrounded; the dragoons ride them down on every side: the guns are captured, the drivers cut down, and two thousand prisoners are carried off. A sudden panic seems to seize upon the French, as cavalry, infantry, and artillery are hurled back on each other. Vainly the French attempt to rally; the untiring enemy press madly on; the household brigade, led on by Lord Uxbridge, come thundering down the road, riding down with their gigantic force the mailed cuirassiers of France. Borne along with the retreating torrents, I was carried on amid the densely commingled mass. The British cavalry, which, like the lightnings that sever the thunder-cloud, pierce through in every direction, plunged madly upon us. The roar of battle grew louder, as hand to hand they fought. Milhaud's heavy dragoons, with the Fourth Lancers, came up at a gallop. Picton pressed forward, waving his plumed hat above his head; his proud eye flashed with the fire of victory. That moment is his last. Struck in the forehead by a musket ball, he falls dead from the saddle; and the wild yell of the Irish regiments, as they ring his death-cry, are the last sounds which he hears. Meanwhile the Life Guards are among us; prisoners of rank are captured on every side; and I, seizing the moment, throw myself among the ranks of my countrymen, and am borne to the rear with the retiring squadrons.

As we reached the crest of the hill above the road, a loud cheer in the valley beneath us burst forth, and from the midst of the dense smoke a bright and pointed flame shot up toward the sky. It was the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, which the French had succeeded in setting fire to with hot shot; for some time past the ammunition of the corps that held it had failed, and a dropping, irregular musketry was the only reply to the incessant rattle of the enemy. As the smoke cleared away we discovered that the French had carried the position; and, as no quarter was given in that deadly hand-to-hand conflict, not one returned to our ranks to tell the tale of their defeat.

"This is the officer that I spoke of," said the aid-de-camp, as he rode up to where I was standing, bareheaded and without a sword. "He has just made his escape from the French lines, and will be able to give your lordship some information."

The handsome features and gorgeous costume of Lord Uxbridge were known to me; but I was not aware till afterward that a soldier-like, resolute-looking officer beside him was General Graham. It was the latter who first addressed me.

"Are you aware, sir," said he, "if Grouchy's force is arrived?"

"They had not; on the contrary, sir, shortly before I escaped, an aid-de-camp was dispatched to Gembloux to hasten his coming. And the troops, for they must be troops, were debouching from the wood yonder; they seem to form a junction with the corps to the right; they are the Prussians. They arrived there before noon from St. Lambert, and are part of Bulow's corps. Count Lobau and his division of ten thousand men were dispatched about an hour since to hold them in check."

"This is great news," said Lord Uxbridge. "Fitzroy must know it at once."

So saying, he dashed spurs into his horse, and soon disappeared amid the crowd on the hill-top.

"You had better see the Duke, sir," said Graham; "your information is too important to be delayed. Captain Calvert, let this officer have a horse; his own is too tired to go much further."

"And a cap," added I, in an undertone, "for I have already found a saber."

By a slight circuitous route we reached the road upon which a mass of dismounted artillery-carts, baggage-wagons and tumbrils were heaped together as a barricade against the attack of the French dragoons, who more than once had penetrated to the very crest of our position. Close to this, and on a little rising ground, from which a view of the entire field extended, from Hougoumont to the far left, the Duke of Wellington stood surrounded by his staff. His eye was bent upon the valley before him, where the advancing columns of Ney's attack still pressed onward; while the fire of sixty great guns poured death and carnage into his lines. The second Belgian division, routed and broken, had fallen back upon the Twenty-seventh regiment, who had merely time to throw themselves into square, when Milhaud's cuirassiers, armed with a terrible long, straight sword, came sweeping down upon them. A line of impassable bayonets, a living *cheveaux-de-frise* of the best blood of Britain, stood firm and motionless before the shock. The French *mitraille* played mercilessly on the ranks; but the chasms were filled up like magic, and in vain the bold horsemen of Gaul galloped round the bristling files. At length the word "fire!" was heard within the square, and, as the bullets at pistol range rattled upon them, the cuirass afforded them no defense against the deadly volley. Men and horses rolled indiscriminately upon the earth; then would come a charge of our dashing squadrons, who, riding recklessly upon the foe, were in their turn to be repulsed by numbers and fresh attacks poured down upon our unshaken infantry.

"That column yonder is wavering; why does he not bring

QUATRE-BRAS

"A line of impassable bayonets, a living CHEVAUX-DE-FRISE of the best blood of Britain, stood firm"

From a Painting by Mrs. Elizabeth Butler Thompson

up his supporting squadrons?" inquired the Duke, pointing to a Belgian regiment of Light Dragoons, who were formed in the same brigade with the Seventh Hussars.

"He refuses to oppose his light cavalry to cuirassiers, my lord," said an aid-de-camp, who just returned from the division in question.

"Tell him to march his men off the ground," said the Duke, with a quiet and impassive tone.

In less than ten minutes the regiment was seen to defile from the mass, and take the road to Brussels, to increase the panic of that city, by circulating and strengthening the report that the English were beaten, and Napoleon in full march upon the capital.

"What's Ney's force? can you guess, sir?" said Lord Wellington, turning to me.

"About twelve thousand men, my lord."

"Are the Guard among them?"

"No, sir; the Guard are in reserve above La Belle Alliance."

"In what part of the field is Bonaparte?"

"Nearly opposite to where we stand."

"I told you, gentlemen, Hougoumont never was the great attack. The battle must be decided here," pointing, as he spoke, to the plain beneath us, where still Ney poured in his devoted columns, where yet the French cavalry rode down upon our firm square.

As he spoke an aid-de-camp rode up from the valley.

"The Ninety-second require support, my lord; they cannot maintain their positions half an hour longer without it."

"Have they given way, sir?"

"No" —

"Well, then, they must stand where they are. I hear cannon toward the left; yonder, near Frischermont."

At this moment the light cavalry swept past the base of the hill on which we stood, hotly followed by the French Heavy Cuirassier Brigade. Three of our guns were taken, and the cheering of the French infantry, as they advanced to the charge, presaged their hope of victory.

"Do it, then," said the Duke, in reply to some whispered question of Lord Uxbridge; and shortly after the heavy trot of advancing squadrons was heard behind.

They were the Life Guards and the Blues, who with the First

Dragoon Guards and the Enniskillens, were formed in close column.

"I know the ground, my lord," said I to Lord Uxbridge.

"Come along, sir, come along," said he, as he threw his hussar jacket loosely behind him to give freedom to his sword-arm. "Forward, my men, forward, but steady; hold your horses in hand; threes about, and together charge."

"Charge!" he shouted; while as the word flew from squadron to squadron, each horseman bent upon his saddle, and that mighty mass, as though instinct with but one spirit, dashed like a thunderbolt upon the column beneath them. The French, blown and exhausted, inferior besides in weight, both of man and horse, offered but a short resistance. As the tall corn bends beneath the sweeping hurricane, wave succeeding wave, so did the steel-clad squadrons of France fall before the nervous arm of Britain's cavalry. Onward they went, carrying death and ruin before them, and never stayed their course, until the guns were recaptured, and the cuirassiers, repulsed, disordered and broken, had retired beneath the protection of their artillery.

There was, as a brilliant and eloquent writer on the subject mentions, a terrible sameness in the whole of this battle. Incessant charges of cavalry upon the squares of our infantry, whose sole maneuver consisted in either deploying into line to resist the attack of infantry, or falling back into square when the cavalry advanced, performing those two evolutions under the devastating fire of artillery, before the unflinching heroism of that veteran infantry whose glories had been reaped upon the blood-stained fields of Austerlitz, Marengo, and Wagram, or opposing an unbroken front to the whirlwind swoop of infuriated cavalry. Such were the enduring and devoted services demanded from the English troops, and such they failed not to render. Once or twice had temper nearly failed them, and the cry ran through the ranks: "Are we never to move forward? Only let us at them!"

But the word was not yet spoken which was to undam the pent-up torrent, and bear down with unrelenting vengeance upon the now exulting columns of the enemy.

It was six o'clock; the battle had continued with unchanged fortune for three hours. The French, masters of La Haye Sainte, could never advance further into our position. They had gained the orchard of Hougoumont, but the chateau was still held by the British Guards, although its blazing roof and crumbling walls made its occupation rather the desperate stand of unflinching valor than the maintenance of an important position. The smoke which hung upon the field rolled in slow and heavy masses back upon the French lines, and gradually discovered to us the entire force of the army. We quickly perceived that a change was taking place in their position. The troops which on the left stretched far beyond Hougoumont, were now moved nearer to the center. The attack upon the chateau seemed less vigorously supported, while the oblique direction of their right wing, which pivoting upon Planchenoit, opposed a face to the Prussians, all denoting a change in their order of battle. It was now the hour when Napoleon was at last convinced that nothing but the carnage he could no longer support could destroy the unyielding ranks of British infantry; that although Hougoumont had been partially, La Haye Sainte completely won; that upon the right of the road the farm-houses Papelotte and La Haye were nearly surrounded by his troops, which with any other army must prove the forerunner of defeat; yet still the victory was beyond his grasp. The bold stratagems, whose success the experience of a life had proved, were here to be found powerless. The decisive maneuver of carrying one important point of the enemy's lines, of turning him upon the flank, or piercing him through the center were here found impracticable. He might launch his avalanche of grape-shot, he might pour down his crashing columns of cavalry, he might send forth the iron storm of his brave infantry; but though death in every shape heralded their approach, still were others found to fill the fallen ranks, and feed with their heart's blood the unslaked thirst for slaughter. Well might the gallant leader of this gallant host, as he watched the reckless onslaught of the untiring enemy, and looked upon the unflinching few who, bearing the proud badge of Britain, alone sustained the fight, well might he exclaim: "Night or Blucher!"

It was now seven o'clock, when a dark mass was seen to form upon the heights above the French center, and divide into three gigantic columns, of which the right occupied the Brussels road. These were the reserves, consisting of the Old and Young Guards, and amounting to twelve thousand — the *élite* of the French army — reserved by the Emperor for a great *coup-de-main.* These veterans of a hundred battles had been stationed, from the beginning of the day, inactive spectators of the fight; their hour was now come, and with a shout of "*Vive* *l'Empereur!*" which rose triumphantly over the din and crash of battle, they began their march. Meanwhile, aids-de-camp galloped along the lines, announcing the arrival of Grouchy, to reanimate the drooping spirits of the men; for at last, a doubt of victory was breaking upon the minds of those who never before, in the most adverse hour of fortune, deemed *his* star could set that led them on to glory.

"They are coming; the attack will be made on the center, my lord," said Lord Fitzroy Somerset, as he directed his glass upon the column. Scarcely had he spoken when the telescope fell from his hand, as his arm, shattered by a French bullet, fell motionless to his side.

"I see it," was the cool reply of the Duke, as he ordered the Guards to deploy into line, and lie down behind the ridge, which now the French artillery had found the range of, and were laboring at their guns. In front of them the Fifty-second, Seventy-first and Ninety-fifth were formed; the artillery stationed above and partly upon the road, loaded with grape, and waited but the word to open.

It was an awful, a dreadful moment; the Prussian cannon thundered on our left; but, so desperate was the French resistance, they made but little progress; the dark columns of the Guard had now commenced the ascent, and the artillery ceased their fire as the bayonets of the grenadiers showed themselves upon the slope. Then began that tremendous cheer from right to left of our line which those who heard never can forget. It was the impatient, long-restrained burst of unslaked vengeance. With the instinct which valor teaches, they knew the hour of trial was come; and that wild cry flew from rank to rank, echoing from the blood-stained walls of Hougoumont to the far-off valley of La Papelotte. "They come! they come!" was the cry, and the shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" mingled with the outburst of the British line.

Under an overwhelming shower of grape, to which succeeded a charge of cavalry of the Imperial Guard, the head of Ney's column fired its volley and advanced with the bayonet. The British artillery now opened at half range, and although the plunging fire scathed and devastated the dark ranks of the Guards, on they came; Ney himself, on foot, at their head. Twice the leading division of that gallant column turned completely round, as the withering fire wasted and consumed them; but they were resolved to win.

Already they gained the crest of the hill, and the first line of the British were falling back before them. The artillery closes up; the flanking fire from the guns upon the road opens upon them; the head of the column breaks like a shell; the Duke seizes the moment, and advances on foot toward the ridge.

"Up, Guards, and at them!" he cried.

The hour of triumph and vengeance had arrived. In a moment the Guards were upon their feet; one volley was poured in; the bayonets were brought to the charge; they closed upon the enemy; then was seen the most dreadful struggle that the history of war can present. Furious with long-restrained passion, the Guards rushed upon the leading divisions; the Seventy-first, and Ninety-fifth, and Twenty-sixth overlapped them on the flanks. Their Generals fell quickly on every side; Michael, Jamier, and Mallet are killed; Friant lies wounded upon the ground; Ney, his dress pierced and ragged with balls, shouts still to advance; but the leading files waver; they fall back; the supporting division thickens; confusion, panic succeeds; the British press down; the cavalry come galloping up to their assistance; and, at last, pell-mell, overwhelmed and beaten, the French fall back upon the Old Guard. This was the decisive moment of the day — the Duke closed his glass, as he said:

"The field is won. Order the whole line to advance."

On they came, four deep, and poured like a torrent from the height.

"Let the Life Guards charge them," said the Duke; but every aid-de-camp on his staff was wounded, and I myself brought the order to Lord Uxbridge.

Lord Uxbridge had already anticipated his orders, and bore down with four regiments of heavy cavalry upon the French center. The Prussian artillery thundered upon their flank, and at their rear. The British bayonet was in their front; while a panic fear spread through their ranks, and the cry of "*Sauve qui peut!*" resounded on all sides. In vain Ney, the bravest of the brave; in vain Soult, Bertrand, Gourgaud, and Labedoyere burst from the broken, disorganized mass, and called on them to stand fast. A battalion of the Old Guard, with Cambronne at their head, alone obeyed the summons; forming into a square, they stood between the pursuers and their prey, offering themselves a sacrifice to the tarnished honor of their arms; to the order to surrender, they answered with a cry of defiance; and, as our cavalry, flushed and elated with victory, rode round their bristling ranks, no quailing look, no craven spirit was there. The Emperor himself endeavored to repair the disaster; he rode, with lightning speed, hither and thither, commanding, ordering, nay imploring, too; but already the night was falling, the confusion became each moment more inextricable, and the effort was a fruitless one. A regiment of the Guards and two batteries were in reserve behind Planchenoit; he threw them rapidly into position; but the overwhelming impulse of flight drove the mass upon them, and they were carried away upon the torrent of the beaten army. No sooner did the Emperor see this his last hope desert him, than he dismounted from his horse, and, drawing his sword, threw himself into a square, which the first regiment of chasseurs of the Old Guard had formed with a remnant of the battalion; Jerome followed him as he called out:

"You are right, brother; here should perish all who bear the name of Bonaparte."

The same moment the Prussian light artillery rend the ranks asunder, and the cavalry charge down upon the scattered fragments. A few of his staff, who never left him, place the Emperor upon a horse and fly through the death-dealing artillery and musketry. A squadron of the Life Guards, to which I had attached myself, came up at the moment, and as Blucher's hussars rode madly here and there, where so lately the crowd of staff officers had denoted the presence of Napoleon, expressed their rage and disappointment in curses and cries of vengeance.

Cambronne's battalion stood yet unbroken, and seemed to defy every attack that was brought against them. To the second summons of surrender they replied as indignantly as at first; and Vivian's brigade was ordered to charge them. A cloud of British horse bore down on every face of the devoted square; but, firm as in their hour of victory, the heroes of Marengo never quailed; and twice the bravest blood of Britain recoiled, baffled and dismayed. There was a pause for some minutes, and even then, as we surveyed our broken and blood-stained squadrons, a cry of admiration burst from our ranks at the gallant bearing of that glorious infantry. Suddenly the tramp of approaching cavalry was heard; I turned my head and saw squadrons of the Second Life Guards. The officer who led them on was bare-headed ; his long dark hair streaming wildly behind him and upon his pale features, to which not even the headlong enthusiasm of battle had lent one touch of color. He rode straight to where I was standing, his dark eyes fixed upon me, with a look so fierce, so penetrating, that I could not look away ; the features save in this respect, had almost a look of idiocy. It was Hammersly.

"Ha!" he cried at last, "I have sought you out the entire day, but in vain. It is not yet too late. Give me your hand, boy. You once called on me to follow *you*, and I did not refuse; I trust you'll do the same by *me*. Is it not so?"

A terrible perception of his meaning shot through my mind as I clasped his clay-cold hand in mine, and for a moment I did not speak.

"I hoped for better than this," said he bitterly, and as a glance of withering scorn flashed from his eye. "I did trust that he who was preferred before me was at least not a coward."

As the words fell from his lips I nearly leaped from my saddle, and mechanically raised my saber to cleave him on the spot.

"Then follow me," shouted he, pointing with his sword to the glistening ranks before us.

"Come on," said I, with a voice hoarse with passion, while burying my spurs in my horse's flanks, I sprang a full length before him, and bore down upon the enemy. A loud shout, a deafening volley, the agonizing cry of the wounded and the dying were all I heard, as my horse, rearing madly upward, plunged twice into the air, and then fell dead upon the earth, crushing me beneath his cumbrous weight, lifeless and insensible.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

George Henry Lewes, an English philosopher, born in London, April 18, 1817; died there, Nov. 28, 1878. He was educated at home and abroad, and began life as a merchant's clerk, but turned to literature and philosophy, for which he prepared himself by studies in Germany in 1838–1839. He won an early reputation as a thinker and a writer, was literary editor of the *Leader* 1849–1854, founded the *Fortnightly Review* 1865, and conducted it for a year or two. His connection with "George Eliot" began in 1854 and lasted till his death. His own opinions were strongly Positivist. His works include a "Biographical History of Philosophy" (4 vols., 1845), several times reprinted, and partly rewritten in 2 vols. in 1871; two novels, "Ranthorpe" (1847), "Rose, Blanche, and Violet" (1848); "The Spanish Drama, Lope de Vega and Calderon" (1846); "Life of Robespierre" (1849); "The Noble Heart, a Tragedy" (1850); "Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences" (1853); "Life and Works of Goethe" (1855); "Seaside Studies" (1857); "Physiology of Common Life" (1860); "Studies in Animal Life" (1861); "Aristotle: a chapter from the History of Science" (1864); "Problems of Life and Mind," the first volume of which appeared in 1873, and the second in 1875. His researches in anatomy and physiology bore fruit in papers "On the Spinal Cord" (1858), and "On the Nervous System" (1859), read before the British Association.

Goethe in Italy.

The long yearning of his life was at last fulfilled: he was in Italy. Alone, and shrouded by an assumed name from all the interruptions with which the curiosity of admirers would have perplexed the author of "Werther," but which never troubled the supposed merchant Herr Möller, he passed amid orange-trees and vineyards, cities, statues, pictures, and buildings, feeling himself "at home in the wide world, no longer an exile." The passionate yearnings of Mignon had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, through the early associations of childhood, and all the ambitions of manhood, till at last they made him sick at heart. For some time previous to his journey he had been unable to look at engravings of Italian scenery, unable even to open a Latin book, because of the overpowering suggestions of the language; so that Herder could say of him that the only Latin author ever seen in his hand was Spinoza. The feeling grew and grew, a mental home-sickness which nothing but Italian skies could cure. We have only to read Mignon's song, "Kennst Du das Land?" which was written before this journey, to perceive how dream-like were his conceptions of Italy, and how restless was his desire to journey there.

And now this deep unrest was stilled. Italian voices were loud around him, Italian skies were above him, Italian art was before him. He felt this journey as a new birth. His whole being was filled with warmth and light. Life stretched itself before him calm, radiant, and strong. He saw the greatness of his aims, and felt within him powers adequate to those aims.

Curious it is to notice his open-eyed interest in all the geological and meteorological phenomena which present themselves; an interest which has excited the sneers of some who think a poet has nothing better to do than to rhapsodize. They tolerate his enthusiasm for Palladio, because Architecture is one of the Arts; and forgive the enthusiasm which seized him in Vicenza, and made him study Palladio's works as if he were about to train himself for an architect; but they are distressed to find him, in Padua, once more occupied with "cabbages," and tormented with the vague conception of a Typical Plant, which will not leave him. Let me confess, however, that some cause for disappointment exists. The poet's yearning is fulfilled; and yet how little literary enthusiasm escapes him! Italy is the land of History, Literature, Painting, and Music; its highways are sacred with associations of the Past; its by-ways are centers of biographic and artistic interest. Yet Goethe, in raptures with the climate, and the beauties of Nature, is almost silent about Literature, has no sense of Music, and no feeling for History. He passes through Verona without a thought of Romeo and Juliet; through Ferrara without a word of Ariosto, and scarcely a word of Tasso. In this land of the Past, it is the Present only which allures him. He turns aside in disgust from the pictures of crucifixions, martyrdoms, emaciated monks, and all the hospital pathos which makes galleries hideous; only in Raphael's healthier beauty, and more human conceptions, can he take delight. He has no historic sense enabling him to qualify his hatred of superstition by recognition of the painful religious struggles which, in their evolutions, assumed these superstitious forms. He considers the pictures as things of the present, and because their motives are hideous he is disgusted. But a man of more historic feeling would, while marking his dislike of such conceptions, have known how to place them in their serial position in the historic development of mankind.

From Venice he passed rapidly through Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, Arezzo, Perugia, Foligno, and Spoleto, reaching Rome on the 28th October.

In Rome, where he stayed four months, enjoyment and education went hand in hand. "All the dreams of my youth I now see living before me. Everywhere I go I find an old familiar face; everything is just what I thought it, and yet everything is new. It is the same with ideas. I have gained no new idea, but the old ones have become so definite, living, and connected one with another, that they may pass as new." The riches of Rome are at first bewildering; a long residence is necessary for each object to make its due impression. Goethe lived there among some German artists: Angelica Kaufmann, for whom he had great regard, Tischbein, Moritz, and others. They respected his incognito as well as they could, although the fact of his being in Rome could not long be entirely concealed. He gained, however, the main object of his incognito, and avoided being lionized. He had not come to Italy to have his vanity tickled by the approbation of society; he came for self-culture, and resolutely pursued his purpose.

Art was enough to occupy him; and for Painting he had a passion which renders his want of talent still more noticeable. He visited Churches and Galleries with steady earnestness; studied Winckelmann, and discussed critical points with the German artists. Unhappily he also wasted precious time in fruitless efforts to attain facility in drawing. These occupations, however, did not prevent his completing the versification of "Iphigenia," which he read to the German circle, but found only Angelica who appreciated it; the others having expected something *genialisch*, something in the style of "Götz with the Iron Hand." Nor was he much more fortunate with the Weimar circle, who, as we have already seen, preferred the prose version.

Art thus with many-sided influence allured him, but did not completely fill up his many-sided activity. Philosophic speculations gave new and wondrous meanings to Nature; and the ever-pressing desire to discover the secret of vegetable forms sent him meditative through the gardens about Rome. He felt he was on the track of a law which, if discovered, would reduce to unity the manifold variety of forms. Men who have never felt the passion of discovery may rail at him for thus, in Rome, forgetting, among plants, the quarrels of the Senate and the eloquence of Cicero; but all who have been haunted by a great idea will sympathize with him, and understand how insignificant is the existence of a thousand Ciceros in comparison with a law of Nature.

On the 22d of February Goethe quitted Rome for Naples, where he spent five weeks of hearty enjoyment. Throwing aside his incognito, he mixed freely with society, and still more freely with the people, whose happy, careless *far niente* delighted him.

"If in Rome one must *study*," he writes, "here in Naples one can only *live*." And he lived a manifold life: on the seashore, among the fishermen, among the people, among the nobles, under Vesuvius, on the moonlit waters, on the causeway of Pompeii, in Pausilippo, — everywhere drinking in fresh delight, everywhere feeding his fancy and experience with new pictures. Thrice did he ascend Vesuvius; and as we shall see him during the campaign in France pursuing his scientific observations undisturbed by the cannon, so here also we observe him deterred by no perils from making the most of his opportunity.

Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Capua interested him less than might have been anticipated. "The book of Nature," he says, "is after all the only one which has in every page important meanings." Wandering thus lonely, his thoughts hurried by the music of the waves, the long-baffling, long-soliciting mystery of vegetable forms grew into clearness before him, and the typical plant was no more a vanishing conception, but a principle clearly grasped.

RETURN HOME.

GOETHE came back from Italy greatly enriched, but by no means satisfied. The very wealth he had accumulated embarrassed him, by the new problems it presented, and the new horizons it revealed. He had in Rome become aware that a whole life of study would scarcely suffice to still the craving hunger for knowledge; and he left Italy with deep regret. The return home was thus, in itself, a grief; the arrival was still more painful. Every one will understand this, who has lived for many months away from the circle of old habits and old acquaintances, feeling in the new world a larger existence more consonant with his nature and his aims, and has then returned once more to the old circle, to find it unchanged, — pursuing its old paths, moved by the old impulses, guided by the old lights, — so that he feels himself a *stranger*. To return to a great capital, after such an absence, is to feel ill at ease; but to return from Italy to Weimar! If we, on entering London, after a residence abroad, find the same interests occupying our friends which occupied them when we left, the same family gossip, the same books talked about, the same placards loud upon the walls of the unchanging streets, the world seeming to have stood still while we have lived through so much: what must Goethe have felt coming from Italy, with his soul filled with new experience and new ideas, on observing the quiet, unchanged Weimar? No one seemed to understand him; no one sympathized in his enthusiasm, or in his regrets. They found him changed. He found them moving in the same dull round, like blind horses in a mill.

First, let us note that he came back resolved to dedicate his life to Art and Science, and no more to waste efforts in the laborious duties of office.

The wise Duke released his friend from the Presidency of the Chamber, and from the direction of the War Department, but kept a distinct place for him in the Council, "whenever his other affairs allowed him to attend." The poet remained the adviser of his Prince, but was relieved from the more onerous duties of office. The direction of the Mines, and of all Scientific and Artistic Institutions, he retained; among them that of the Theater.

It was generally found that he had grown colder in his manners since his Italian journey. Indeed, the process of crystallization had rapidly advanced; and beyond this effect of development, which would have taken place had he never left Weimar, there was the further addition of his feeling himself at a different standing-point from those around him. The less they understood him, the more he drew within himself. Those who understood him, Moritz, Meyer, the Duke, and Herder, found no cause of complaint.

During the first few weeks he was of course constantly at Court. His official release made the bond of friendship stronger. Besides, every one was naturally anxious to hear about his travels, and he was delighted to talk of them.

But if Weimar complained of the change, to which it soon grew accustomed, there was one who had deeper cause of complaint, and whose nature was not strong enough to bear it, — the Frau von Stein. Absence had cooled the ardor of his passion. In Rome, to the negative influence of absence was added the positive influence of a new love. He had returned to Weimar, still grateful to her for the happiness she had given him, still feeling for her the affection which no conduct of hers could destroy, and which warmed his heart towards her to the last; but he returned also with little of the passion she had for ten years inspired; he returned with the full conviction that he had outlived it. Nor did her presence serve to rekindle the smoldering embers. Charlotte von Stein was now five-and-forty. It is easy to imagine how much he must have been struck with the change in her. Had he never left her side, this change would have approached with gradual steps, stealthily escaping observation; but the many months' absence removed a veil from his eyes. She was five-and-forty to him as to others. In this perilous position she adopted the very worst course. She found him changed, and told him so, in a way which made him feel more sharply the change in her. She thought him cold, and her resource was — reproaches. The resource was more feminine than felicitous. Instead of sympathizing with him in his sorrow at leaving Italy, she felt the regret as an offense; and perhaps it was; but a truer, nobler nature would surely have known how to merge its own pain in sympathy with the pain of one beloved. He regretted Italy; she was not a compensation to him; she saw this, and her self-love suffered. The coquette who had so long held him captive, now saw the captive freed from her chains. It was a trying moment. But even in the worst aspect of the position, there was that which a worthy nature would have regarded as no small consolation: she might still be his dearest friend; and the friendship of such a man was worth more than the love of another. But this was not to be.

Before the final rupture he went with her to Rudolstadt, and there for the first time spoke with Schiller, who thus writes to

Körner, 12th September, 1788: "At last I can tell you about Goethe, and satisfy your curiosity. The first sight of him was by no means what I had been led to expect. He is of middle stature, holds himself stiffly, and walks stiffly; his countenance is not open, but his eye very full of expression, lively, and one hangs with delight on his glances. With much seriousness, his mien has nevertheless much goodness and benevolence. He is brown-complexioned, and seemed to me older in appearance than his years. His voice is very agreeable, his narrations are flowing, animated, and full of spirit; one listens with pleasure; and when he is in good humor, as was the case this time, he talks willingly and with great interest. We soon made acquaintance, and without the slightest effort; the circle, indeed, was too large, and every one too jealous of him, for me to speak much with him alone, or on any but general topics. . . . On the whole, I must say that my great idea of him is not lessened by this personal acquaintance; but I doubt whether we shall ever become intimate. Much that to me is now of great interest, he has already lived through; he is, less in years than in experience and self-culture, so far beyond me that we can never meet on the way; and his whole being is originally different from mine, his world is not my world, our conceptions are radically different. Time will show."

Could he have looked into Goethe's soul he would have seen that there was a wider gulf between them than he imagined. In scarcely any other instance was so great a friendship ever formed between men who at first seemed more opposed to each other. At this moment Goethe was peculiarly ill-disposed towards any friendship with Schiller, for he saw in him the powerful writer who had corrupted and misled the nation. He told us how pained he was on his return from Italy to find Germany jubilant over Heinse's "Ardinghello," and Schiller's "Robbers" and "Fiesco." He had pushed far from him, and forever, the whole *Sturm und Drang* creed; he had outgrown that tendency, and learned to hate his own works which sprang from it; in Italy he had taken a new direction, hoping to make the nation follow him in this higher region, as it had followed him before. But while he advanced, the nation stood still; he "passed it like a ship at sea." Instead of following him, the public followed his most extravagant imitators. He hoped to enchant men with the calm ideal beauty of an Iphigenia, and the sunny heroism of an Egmont; and found every one enraptured with

Ardinghello and Karl Moor. In this frame of mind it is natural that he should keep aloof from Schiller, and withstand the various efforts made to bring about an intimacy. "To be much with Goethe," Schiller writes in the February following, "would make me unhappy: with his nearest friends he has no moments of overflowingness: I believe, indeed, he is an egoist, in an unusual degree. He has the talent of conquering men, and of binding them by small as well as great attentions: but he always knows how to hold himself free. He makes his existence benevolently felt, but only like a god, without giving himself: this seems to me a consequent and well-planned conduct, which is calculated to insure the highest enjoyment of self-love. . . . Thereby he is hateful to me, although I love his genius from my heart, and think greatly of him. . . . It is quite a peculiar mixture of love and hatred he has awakened in me, a feeling akin to that which Brutus and Cassius must have had for Cæsar. I could kill his spirit, and then love him again from my heart." These sentences read very strangely now we know how Schiller came to love and reverence the man whom he here so profoundly misunderstands, and whom he judges thus from the surface. But they are interesting sentences in many respects; in none more so than in showing that if he, on nearer acquaintance, came to love the noble nature of his great rival, it is a proof that he had seen how superficial had been his first judgment. Let the reader who has been led to think harshly of Goethe, from one cause or another, take this into consideration, and ask himself whether he too, on better knowledge, might not alter his opinion.

"With Goethe," so runs another letter, "I will not compare myself, when he puts forth his whole strength. He has far more genius than I have, and greater wealth of knowledge, a more accurate sensuous perception (*eine sichere Sinnlichkeit*), and to all these he adds an artistic taste, cultivated and sharpened by knowledge of all works of Art." But with this acknowledgment of superiority there was coupled an unpleasant feeling of *envy* at Goethe's happier lot, a feeling which his own unhappy position renders very explicable. "I will let you see into my heart," he writes to Körner. "*Once for all, this man, this Goethe, stands in my way*, and recalls to me so often that fate has dealt hardly with me. How lightly is *his* genius borne by his fate; and how must *I* even to this moment struggle!"

Fate had indeed treated them very differently. Throughout Schiller's correspondence we are pained by the sight of sordid cares, and anxious struggles for existence. He is in bad health, in difficult circumstances. We see him forced to make literature a trade; and it is a bad one. We see him anxious to do hack-work, and translations, for a few dollars, quite cheered by the prospect of getting such work; nay, glad to farm it out to other writers, who will do it for less than he receives. We see him animated with high aspirations, and depressed by cares. He too is struggling through the rebellious epoch of youth, but has not yet attained the clearness of manhood; and no external aids come to help him through the struggle. Goethe, on the contrary, never knew such cares. All his life he had been shielded from the depressing influence of poverty; and now he has leisure, affluence, renown, social position, — little from *without* to make him unhappy. When Schiller therefore thought of all this, he must have felt that fate had been a niggard step-mother to him, as she had been a lavish mother to his rival.

Yet Goethe had his sorrows, too, though not of the same kind. He bore within him the flame of genius, a flame which consumes while it irradiates. His struggles were with himself, and not with circumstances. He felt himself a stranger in the land. Few understood his language; none understood his aims. He withdrew into himself.

There is one point which must be noticed in this position of the two poets, namely, that however great Schiller may be now esteemed, and was esteemed by Goethe after a while, he was not at this moment regarded with anything beyond the feeling usually felt for a rising young author. His early works had indeed a wide popularity; but so had the works of Klinger, Maler Müller, Lenz, Kotzebue, and others, who never conquered the great critics; and Schiller was so unrecognized at this time that, on coming to Weimar, he complains, with surprise as much as with offended self-love, that Herder seemed to know nothing of him beyond his name, not having apparently read one of his works. And Goethe, in the official paper which he drew up recommending Schiller to the Jena professorship, speaks of him as "a Herr Friedrich Schiller, author of an historical work on the Netherlands." So that not only was Schiller's tendency antipathetic to all Goethe then prized, he was not even in that position which commands the respect of antagonists; and Goethe considered Art too profoundly important in the development of mankind, for differences of tendency to be overlooked as unimportant.

Goethe and Schiller.

There are few nobler spectacles than the friendship of two great men; and the History of Literature presents nothing comparable to the friendship of Goethe and Schiller. The friendship of Montaigne and Étienne de la Boëtie was, perhaps, more passionate and entire; but it was the union of two kindred natures, which from the first moment discovered their affinity, not the union of two rivals incessantly contrasted by partisans, and originally disposed to hold aloof from each other. Rivals Goethe and Schiller were and are; natures in many respects directly antagonistic; chiefs of opposing camps, and brought into brotherly union only by what was highest in their natures and their aims.

To look on these great rivals was to see at once their profound dissimilarity. Goethe's beautiful head had the calm victorious grandeur of the Greek ideal; Schiller's the earnest beauty of a Christian looking towards the Future. The massive brow, and large-pupiled eyes, — like those given by Raphael to the infant Christ, in the matchless Madonna di San Sisto, — the strong and well-proportioned features, lined indeed by thought and suffering, yet showing that thought and suffering have troubled, but not vanquished, the strong man, — a certain healthy vigor in the brown skin, make Goethe a striking contrast to Schiller, with his eager eyes, narrow brow, — tense and intense, — his irregular features worn by thought and suffering, and weakened by sickness. The one *looks*, the other *looks out.* Both are majestic; but one has the majesty of repose, the other of conflict. Goethe's frame is massive, imposing; he seems much taller than he is. Schiller's frame is disproportioned, he seems less than he is. Goethe holds himself stiffly erect; the long-necked Schiller "walks like a camel." Goethe's chest is like the torso of the Theseus; Schiller's is bent, and has lost a lung.

A similar difference is traceable in details. "An air that was beneficial to Schiller acted on me like poison," Goethe said to Eckermann. "I called on him one day, and as I did not find him at home, I seated myself at his writing-table to note down various matters. I had not been seated long, before I felt a strange indisposition steal over me, which gradually increased, until at last I nearly fainted. At first I did not know to what cause I should ascribe this wretched and to me unusual state, until I discovered that a dreadful odor issued from a drawer near me. When I opened it, I found to my astonishment that it was full of rotten apples. I immediately went to the window and inhaled the fresh air, by which I was instantly restored. Meanwhile, his wife came in, and told me that the drawer was always filled with rotten apples, because the scent was beneficial to Schiller, and he could not live or work without it."

As another and not unimportant detail, characterizing the healthy and unhealthy practice of literature, it may be added that Goethe wrote in the freshness of morning, entirely free from stimulus; Schiller worked in the feverish hours of night, stimulating his languid brain with coffee and champagne.

In comparing one to a Greek ideal, the other to a Christian ideal, it has already been implied that one was the representative of Realism, the other of Idealism. Goethe has himself indicated the capital distinction between them: Schiller was animated with the idea of Freedom; Goethe, on the contrary, was animated with the idea of Nature. This distinction runs through their works: Schiller always pining for something greater than Nature, wishing to make men Demigods; Goethe always striving to let Nature have free development, and produce the highest forms of Humanity. The Fall of Man was to Schiller the happiest of all events, because thereby men fell away from pure *instinct* into conscious *freedom;* with this sense of freedom came the possibility of Morality. To Goethe this seemed paying a price for Morality which was higher than Morality was worth; he preferred the ideal of a condition wherein Morality was unnecessary. Much as he might prize a good police, he prized still more a society in which a police would never be needed.

Goethe and Schiller were certainly different natures; but had they been so fundamentally opposed as it is the fashion to consider them, they could never have become so intimately united. They were opposite and allied, with somewhat of the same differences and resemblances as are traceable in the Greek and Roman Mars. In the Greek Mythology the God of War had not the prominent place he attained in Rome; and the Greek sculptors, when they represented him, represented him as the victor returning, after conflict, to repose, holding in his hand the olive branch, while at his feet sat Eros. The Roman sculptors, or those who worked for Rome, represented Mars as the God of War in all his terrors, in the very act of leading on to victory. But, different as these two conceptions were, they were both conceptions of the God of War; Goethe may be likened to the one, and Schiller to the other: both were kindred spirits united by a common purpose.

Having touched upon the points of contrast, it will now be needful to say a word on those points of resemblance which served as the basis of their union. It will be unnecessary to instance the obvious points which two such poets must have had in common; the mention of some less obvious will suffice for our present purpose. They were both profoundly convinced that Art was no luxury of leisure, no mere amusement to charm the idle, or relax the careworn; but a mighty influence, serious in its aims although pleasurable in its means; a sister of Religion, by whose aid the great world-scheme was wrought into reality. This was with them no mere sonorous phrase. They were thoroughly in earnest. They believed that Culture would raise Humanity to its full powers; and they, as artists, knew no Culture equal to that of Art. It was probably a perception of this belief that made Karl Grun say, "Goethe was the most ideal Idealist the earth has ever borne; an *æsthetic* Idealist." And hence the origin of the widespread error that Goethe "only looked at life as an artist," i.e., cared only for human nature inasmuch as it afforded him materials for Art; a point which will be more fully examined hereafter. The phases of their development had been very similar, and had brought them to a similar standing-point. They both began rebelliously; they both emerged from titanic lawlessness in emerging from youth to manhood. In Italy the sight of ancient masterpieces completed Goethe's metamorphosis. Schiller had to work through his in the gloomy North, and under the constant pressure of anxieties. He, too, pined for Italy, and thought the climate of Greece would make him a poet. But his intense and historical mind found neither stimulus nor enjoyment in plastic Art. Noble men and noble deeds were the food which nourished his great soul. "His poetic purification came from moral ideals; whereas in Goethe the moral ideal came from the artistic." Plutarch was Schiller's Bible. The ancient masterpieces of poetry came to him in this period of his development, to lead him gently by the hand onwards to the very point where Goethe stood. He read the Greek tragedians in wretched French translations, and with such aid laboriously translated the *Iphigenia* of Euripides. Homer, in Voss's faithful version, became to him what Homer long was to Goethe. And how thoroughly he threw himself into the ancient world may be seen in his poem, *The Gods of Greece*. Like Goethe, he had found his religious opinions gradually separating him more and more from the orthodox Christians; and, like Goethe, he had woven for himself a system out of Spinoza, Kant, and the Grecian sages.

At the time, then, that these two men seemed most opposed to each other, and *were* opposed in feeling, they were gradually drawing closer and closer in the very lines of their development, and a firm basis was prepared for solid and enduring union. Goethe was five-and-forty, Schiller five-and-thirty. Goethe had much to give, which Schiller gratefully accepted; and if he could not in return influence the developed mind of his great friend, nor add to the vast stores of its knowledge and experience, he could give him that which was even more valuable, *sympathy* and *impulse*. He excited Goethe to work. He withdrew him from the engrossing pursuit of science, and restored him once more to poetry. He urged him to finish what was already commenced, and not to leave his work all fragments. They worked together with the same purpose and with the same earnestness, and their union is the most glorious episode in the lives of both, and remains as an external exemplar of a noble friendship.

Of all the tributes to Schiller's greatness which an enthusiastic people has pronounced, there is perhaps nothing which carries a greater weight of tenderness and authority than Goethe's noble praise. It is a very curious fact in the history of Shakspeare, that he is not known to have written a single line in praise of any contemporary poet. The fashion of those days was for each poet to write verses in eulogy of his friends; and the eulogies written by Shakspeare's friends are such as to satisfy even the idolatry of admirers in our day; but there exists no eulogy, no single verse, from him whose eulogy was more worth having than that of all the rest put together. Had literary gossip, pregnant with literary malice, produced the absurd impression that Shakspeare was cold, selfish, and self-idolatrous, this curious fact would have been made a damning proof. I have so often in these pages used Shakspeare as a contrast to Goethe, that it would be wrong not to contrast him also on this point. Of all the failings usually attributed to literary men, Goethe had the least of what could be called jealousy; of all the qualities which sit gracefully on greatness, he had the most of magnanimity. The stream of time will carry down to after ages the memory of several whose names will live only in his praise; and the future students of Literary History will have no fact to note of Goethe similar to that noted of Shakspeare: they will see how enthusiastic was his admiration of his rivals, Schiller, Voss, and Herder, and how quick he was to perceive the genius of Scott, Byron, Béranger, and Manzoni.

But I must quit this attempt to characterize the two rivals, and proceed to narrate their active coöperation in the common work.

While the great world was agitated to its depths by the rapid march of the revolution, the little world of Weimar pursued the even tenor of its way, very much as if nothing concerning the destinies of mankind were then in action. Because Goethe is the greatest figure in Germany, the eyes of all Germans are turned towards him, anxious to see how he bore himself in those days. They see him — not moving with the current of ideas, not actively sympathizing with events; and some of them find no better explanation of what they see than the brief formula that "he was an egotist." If they look, however, at his companions and rivals, they will find a similar indifference. Wieland, the avowed enemy of all despotism, was frightened by the Reign of Terror into demanding a dictatorship. Nor — strange as it may appear — was Schiller, the poet of Freedom, the creator of Posa, more favorable to the French than Goethe himself. The Republic had honored him in a singular way. It had forwarded him the diploma of citizenship; a dignity conferred at the same time on Washington, Franklin, Tom Paine, Pestalozzi, Campe, and Anacharsis Clootz! The diploma signed by Danton and Roland, dated 6th September, 1792, is now preserved in the Library at Weimar, where visitors will notice the characteristic accuracy of the French in the spelling of Schiller's name, — *à Monsieur Gille, publiciste allemand.* This honor Schiller owed to his "Robbers," or, as his admirers called it, "Robert, chef de Brigands." From the very first he had looked with no favorable eye on the Revolution, and the trial of Louis

XVI. produced so deep an impression on him, that he commenced an address to the National Convention, which was, however, outrun by rapid events. Like Wieland, he saw no hope but in a dictatorship.

Such being the position of the leading minds, we are not to wonder if we find them pursuing their avocations just as if nothing were going on in France or elsewhere. Weimar could play no part in European politics. The men of Weimar had their part to play in Literature, through which they saw a possible regeneration. Believing in the potent efficacy of culture, they devoted themselves with patriotism to that. A glance at the condition of German Literature will show how patriotism had noble work to do in such a cause.

The Leipsic Fair was a rival to our Minerva Press; Chivalry-romances, Robber-stories and Specter-romances, old German superstitions, Augustus Lafontaine's sentimental family-pictures, and Plays of the *Sturm und Drang* style, swarmed into the sacred places of Art, like another invasion of the Goths. On the stage Kotzebue was king. The "Stranger" was filling every theater, and moving the sensibilities of a too readily moved pit. Klopstock was becoming more and more oracular, less and less poetical. Jean Paul indeed gave signs of power and originality; but except Goethe and Schiller, Voss, who had written his "Luise" and translated Homer, alone seemed likely to form the chief of a school of which the nation might be proud.

It was in this state of things that Schiller conceived the plan of a periodical, — *Die Horen*, — memorable in many ways to all students of German Literature. Goethe, Herder, Kant, Fichte, the Humboldts, Klopstock, Jacobi, Engel, Meyer, Garve, Matthisson, and others, were to form a phalanx whose irresistible might should speedily give them possession of the land.

Such was the undertaking which formed the first link in the friendship of Goethe and Schiller.

JONAS LIE.

Lie, Jonas Lauritz Idemil, a noted Norwegian novelist and poet; born at Hongsound, near Drammen, Norway, November 6, 1833. He was educated at Bergen and the University of Christiania, adopted the legal profession, and began practice in Kongsvinger. He published a volume of "Poems" in 1866 and not long after gave up his profession, and for a short time was a journalist in Christiania. In 1871 he left Norway, and has since lived abroad, his winter residence being in Paris. In 1870 appeared his first story, "Den Fremsynte" ("The Man with the Second Sight"); in 1871, a volume of short stories, "Fortaellinger;" and in 1872 a novel, "Tremasteren Fremtiden" ("The Three-master 'The Future'"). His subsequent works are "Lodsen og hans Hustru" ("The Pilot and his Wife"), a novel which has been extensively translated (1874); "Faustina Strozzi," a drama in verse (1876); "Thomas Ross" (1878); "Adam Schrader" (1879); "Grabow's Cat," a comedy (1880); "Rutland" (1881); "Gaa paa" ("Go Ahead") (1882); "Livsslaven" ("The Slave for Life") (1883); "Familjen paa Gilje" ("The Family at Gilje") (1883); "En Malström" ("A Whirlpool") (1883); "Kommandörens Döttre" ("The Commodore's Daughters") (1886); "Et Samlir" ("A Wedded Life") (1887); "Maisa Jons" (1888); "Onde Magter" ("Evil Forces") (1890); "Otte Fortaellinger," a volume of stories (1890); "Poems" (1890); "Trold," a collection of sea stories (1891); "Niobe" (1894); "Naar Sol gaar ned" ("At Sunset") (1895); "Dyre Rein" (1896). His life has been written by Arne Garborg, "Jonas Lie, en Udviklingshistorie" (1893).

The Temptation.

(From "Niobe.")

It was late before the doctor started homewards. He had not been able to convince himself that it was a case of diphtheria, but had taken all necessary precautions to isolate the case and prevent contagion.

He was jogging along in his kariol down the ill-kept by-road accompanied by one of the people from the farm, who carried a lantern and led the horse by the rein, while the doctor was enforcing upon him the importance of following the directions he had given with regard to the sick child.

There was no moonlight at this time of the night — it was so dark he could scarcely see the reins, only now and then a glimpse of a half-melted snowdrift. He did not expect to get home till after one.

It had been a relief to him that his thoughts had been occupied by the threatening epidemic, and the precautions which had to be taken to quell it in its birth.

On reaching the main road the man left him; the doctor pulled his muffler higher up round his neck, and fell into a reverie, hearing only in the darkness the slow even trot of his horse, and now and then the clash of his hoofs. . . . Kjel's stiff, terror-stricken face appeared again before him. . . .

He had seen despair written on it, had read in it something which meant " break or bear."

And this point, to which he continually reverted, — the temptation he was exposed to in the savings bank. . . .

This continually increasing anxiety which he tried to shake off, but which always returned accompanied by still further reasons, by still greater probabilities.

Kjel's firm belief in being able to overcome all difficulties — his sanguineness. . . .

No doubt hard driven — worried to death; perhaps the question of means of subsistence staring him every day in the face.

One would not be human — it would not be Kjel, if — —

Only an order for payment by the managing director — — a slight abuse in granting money. . . .

" Oh ! oh ! " he groaned and leant forwards, " Oh, Oh ! "

If Kjel smashed.

The thought had up till then stood before him as something terrible, overwhelming. . . . After all what did it really amount to ? — an ordinary failure — such as happens everywhere in the commercial world in bad times . . . he might have had to give up his house and his position and find something in a subordinate one, sufficient to live upon. Well, that would not kill any one —

But this. . . .

The doctor stared blankly before him as at a dark wall, his fears increasing every moment . . . found guilty of fraudulent practices against the bank which had been intrusted to him — seized, arrested, condemned to a convict prison.

"And we — the convict's father, the convict's mother, the convict's sisters and brothers, wife and child."

He clenched his teeth and shook his fists.

"Poor, poor boy! . . .

"Only thirty-five thousand, and he would be on his legs again — would not be a convict — not a — — "

"Whoa, whoa!" . . . The doctor reined in his horse and sat lost in thought. . . .

"With that everything could be got over . . . with that" . . . He groaned as he leant forward in his kariol.

"Nonsense . . . Am I mad? Why the devil has the horse stopped here in the middle of the road? Gee up!" and he gave the horse a slash with the whip.

"Only thirty-five thousand! Kjel looked so frightfully worried."

"Convict life is no joke — — Little Baard would be turned out of his nest into poverty. . . ."

The roar of the waterfall near the mill began in the darkness to mingle with his thoughts.

"And Kjel who had gone about there so secure and safe, and so much liked among them . . . now — swindler — cheat — the millstone which would drag them all to the bottom — impostor, forger. The savings bank left like an empty gap in the parish after him. . . . The devil knows what I wanted with this cigar."

The kariol rolled along at a rattling pace, while the doctor now and then reined in the horse, and then again urged it on with the whip.

The horse soon fell into an even, but quick, sharp trot.

Near the bridge by the mill, the horse, as was its wont, slackened its pace.

Suddenly, in the darkness among the shavings, gleamed the phosphorescent streak of a couple of matches, which had been lighted and thrown down in passing.

The doctor took a pull or two at his lighted cigar.

"Now — "

He turned hurriedly round, staring in the direction in which he had thrown the matches. . . .

"Nonsense — that 's the look-out of the wind and the shavings. . . ."

The horse now set out with its usual eagerness homewards.

"I really don't see why any one should cry, if an accident did occur," he muttered, as he drove up the hill . . . "the insurance company — the bank — abstract personalities, without any blood in them . . . who have no Borvig and no Bente to wring their hands and die of shame and sorrow — no little Massy to hide the fact that her brother is a convict. . . .

"Nonsense. . . . All bosh and nonsense. . . . Have I lost my senses? . . ."

The cigar which he had chewed to pieces he spat out near the fence outside his house.

He called the farm lad to take the horse and asked for a lantern and a light. He had to go into the small disinfecting room in one of the out-houses and disinfect himself after his visit to the diphtheric patient.

He stood in the carbolized air washing his hands.

"If anything should happen . . ." he thought, beginning to feel anxious.

"Well — if anything should happen — Kjel is in town.

"I think there is something wrong with me to-night — a regular fever . . . standing here and reasoning as if I were the worst. . . . Two miserable matches, which . . ." he pooh-poohed the idea! . . . "This meeting with Kjel has upset me altogether."

. . . .

The doctor woke up with a start, as if suddenly roused from a heavy uneasy sleep or dream, by a gleam of light from the window. . . . A sudden terror took possession of him. The perspiration stood on his brow.

He did not lift his head from the pillow but lay looking at the blind. . . .

"The moon, of course . . . more of those wild notions — got them on the brain. . . . The moon — — "

He lay watching.

It became dark again and the blind could no longer be seen; then it lightened up again — by fits and starts.

"Stuff and nonsense — the moon, of course, which has risen — "

He felt an irresistible desire to get up and look out of the window in the yellow room; but he felt he dared not.

He sat upright in bed. Speak to Bente. . . . No. . . .

One would surely have heard something — some kind of cry or alarm if there was anything wrong.

He began slowly and irresolutely to put on his clothes. It was a respite for the moment.

"What is the matter, Borvig?" asked his wife.

All the doctor's enery returned suddenly — he jumped up and rushed into the yellow room.

"Great heavens! what a strange light through the door — the wall is quite red!" cried Mrs. Borvig; she was up in a moment and struck a match to light the candle.

The doctor stood awhile at the window before he spoke.

"It really seems as if there is some kind of a fire down there," he uttered hoarsely. "Perhaps only a chimney on fire — — You see there isn't much light there now — hardly anything."

Suddenly the fire broke out again in a thick whirling smoke mixed with flames, so that the river with the floating ice, and the sheriff's farm, could be seen quite clearly.

The doctor opened his mouth as if to shriek, but closed it again. He drew his breath with difficulty.

"We must get dressed, Bente — and try and get down there — we must send a horse and boy."

"Heaven preserve us, Borvig, do you see?" shouted his wife.

The doctor stood speechless, seized with an undefined fear.

A yellowish glare was now thrown over the fields with the melting snow. The tenants belonging to the neighboring farms came running out of their houses, and people and horses were seen on the road coming from all directions.

Suddenly the fire seemed to be extinguished, the whirling cloud of smoke became black as pitch, and the landscape was buried in darkness — if only the moon. . . .

"They have got the fire under — they have got it under!" gasped the doctor, seized by a sudden wild hope. "They have got out the engine at the mill and are working it. . . . They will master it, you'll see. . . . There are people enough. . . ."

But suddenly the flames shot up again — higher and higher in the air — like so many fiery tongues against the dark sky, with a shower of sparks from the burning sawdust and shavings.

The doctor breathed quickly, as if the air was too hot for him — he turned round with a gesture of despair, as if trying to shut out the sight from his eyes. . . .

The stacks of deals . . . there could be no doubt that they had caught fire. . . .

Mrs. Borvig walked despairingly round the bedroom, moaning and groaning. . . .

"My God, my God! — from sin to crime. . . ."

"Fortunate for Kjel," said the doctor, "that he is not at home to-night. He went up to town by the evening train."

"Is that true, Borvig — Borvig?" She clung convulsively to him. "And I, who suspected him!"

"Bente — be quiet, be quiet, do you hear. Are you going with me or not? . . .

Down at the saw-mill the doctor was rushing about without his coat — between and on the top of the stacks of planks directing the extinguishing of the fire, while the fire-engine was kept hard at work, and the hose was being plied in vain upon the sea of fire and flames.

His begrimed figure could be seen in the smoke and sparks among the stacks, eager in search of means and ways to stop the conflagration.

He was still there when the deals began to crackle and fall together; at last the flames drove him away.

And after the attempt had been abandoned at one point, he tried persistently to direct the work of extinguishing into the narrow passages between the stacks till the workmen refused to proceed any further into the suffocating heat, protesting that it was not a question of human life.

As the day broke the smoke lay in black, drifting clouds over the river, and the doctor could be seen in torn, scorched clothes at his hopeless work, trying to save a last small corner of the timber-yard.

A. Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States, was born in Hardin County, Ky., Feb. 12, 1809; died by assassination at Washington, April 15, 1865, six weeks after entering upon his second term as President.

Lincoln's boyhood was passed amid the hardships and poverty incident to pioneer life. In 1835 the Black Hawk War broke out and young Lincoln led a company of volunteers against the Indians. Two years later he was elected to the Illinois Legislature and remained a member till 1842. In 1836 he obtained a license to practice law and rose rapidly in his profession. In 1846 he was elected to Congress as a Whig. With the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, in 1854, fresh interest was added to the anti-slavery agitation and Lincoln became a candidate for United States Senator in opposition to Stephen A. Douglas, the acknowledged champion of slavery in Illinois. Douglas was successful, but the ability displayed by Lincoln in the debates of the canvass brought him into national prominence. In February, 1860, Lincoln made a speech on the slavery question at Cooper Institute, New York, which gained him a lasting reputation throughout the country and the world. In 1860 he was elected President of the United States. As chief executive of the nation he opposed the secession of any of the States. On Sept. 22, 1862, he issued a proclamation declaring the freedom on Jan. 1, 1863, of all slaves in the States and parts of States that should then be in rebellion. November 19th of the same year he made his immortal address at the consecration of the battle-field of Gettysburg. On his second inauguration, March 4, 1865, President Lincoln delivered an address which will stand forever as a model of lofty eloquence and sublime morality. On April 3, at the head of the victorious Union army, he entered Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. His last public address was made April 11, 1865. The night of April 14, he fell by an assassin's hand in Ford's Theater, Washington.

Among his most famous utterances are the Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861; the Emancipation Proclamation, Jan. 1, 1863; the Gettysburg speech, Nov. 19, 1863; and the second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865.

FROM HIS SPEECH AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

IN NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1860.

IT is surely safe to assume that the thirty-nine framers of the original Constitution, and the seventy-six members of the Congress which framed the amendments thereto, taken together, do certainly include those who may be fairly called "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." And so assuming, I defy any man to show that any one of them ever, in his whole life, declared that in his understanding any proper division of local from Federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the Federal government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories. I go a step further. I defy any one to show that any living man in the whole world ever did, prior to the beginning of the present century (and I might almost say, prior to the beginning of the last half of the present century), declare that in his understanding any proper division of local from Federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the Federal government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories. To those who now so declare, I give not only "our fathers who framed the government under which we live," but with them all other living men within the century in which it was framed, among whom to search; and they shall not be able to find the evidence of a single man agreeing with them. . . .

But enough! Let all who believe that "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" understood this question just as well and even better than we do now, speak as they spoke, and act as they acted upon it. This is all Republicans ask, all Republicans desire, in relation to slavery. As those fathers marked it, so let it again be marked: as an evil not to be extended, but to be tolerated and protected only because of and so far as its actual presence among us makes that toleration and protection a necessity. Let all the guaranties those fathers gave it be not grudgingly, but fully and fairly maintained. For this Republicans contend; and with this, so far as I know or believe, they will be content.

And now, if they would listen, — as I suppose they will not, — I would address a few words to the Southern people.

I would say to them: You consider yourselves a reasonable and a just people; and I consider that in the general qualities of reason and justice you are not inferior to any other people. Still, when you speak of us Republicans, you do so only to denounce us as reptiles, or at the best as no better than outlaws. You will grant a hearing to pirates or murderers, but nothing like it to "Black Republicans." In all your contentions with one another, each of you deems an unconditional condemnation of "Black Republicanism" as the first thing to be attended to. Indeed, such condemnation of us seems to be an indispensable prerequisite — license, so to speak — among you, to be admitted or permitted to speak at all. Now, can you or not be prevailed upon to pause and to consider whether this is quite just to us, or even to yourselves? Bring forward your charges and specifications, and then be patient long enough to hear us deny or justify.

You say we are sectional. We deny it. That makes an issue; and the burden of proof is upon you. You produce your proof, and what is it? Why, that our party has no existence in your section — gets no votes in your section. The fact is substantially true; but does it prove the issue? If it does, then in case we should, without change of principle, begin to get votes in your section, we should thereby cease to be sectional. You cannot escape this conclusion; and yet, are you willing to abide by it? If you are, you will probably soon find that we have ceased to be sectional, for we shall get votes in your section this very year. . . .

The fact that we get no votes in your section is a fact of your making and not of ours. And if there be fault in that fact, that fault is primarily yours, and remains so until you show that we repel you by some wrong principle or practice. If we do repel you by any wrong principle or practice, the fault is ours; but this brings you to where you ought to have started, — to a discussion of the right or wrong of our principle. If our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section for the benefit of ours, or for any other object, then our principle and we with it are sectional, and are justly opposed and denounced as such. Meet us, then, on the question of whether our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section, and so meet us as if it were possible that something may be said on our side. Do you accept the challenge? No! Then you really believe that the principle which "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" thought so clearly right as to adopt it, and indorse it again and again upon their official oaths, is in fact so clearly wrong as to demand your condemnation without a moment's consideration.

Some of you delight to flaunt in our faces the warning against sectional parties given by Washington in his Farewell Address. Less than eight years before Washington gave that warning, he had, as President of the United States, approved and signed an act of Congress enforcing the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Territory: . . . and about one year after he penned it [that warning] he wrote Lafayette that he considered that prohibition a wise measure; expressing in the same connection his hope that we should at some time have a confederacy of free States. . . .

Again, you say we have made the slavery question more prominent than it formerly was. We deny it. . . . It was not we but you who discarded the old policy of the fathers. We resisted, and still resist, your innovation; and thence comes the greater prominence of the question. Would you have that question reduced to its former proportions? Go back to that old policy. . . . If you would have the peace of the old times, readopt the precepts and policy of the old times.

You charge that we stir up insurrections among your slaves. We deny it; and what is your proof? Harper's Ferry? John Brown? John Brown was no Republican; and you have failed to implicate a single Republican in his Harper's Ferry enterprise. If any member of our party is guilty in that matter, you know it or you do not know it. If you do know it, you are inexcusable for not designating the man and proving the fact. If you do not know it, you are inexcusable for asserting it. . . .

John Brown's effort was peculiar. It was not a slave insurrection. It was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves, in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact, it was so absurd that the slaves, with all their ignorance, saw plainly enough it could not succeed. That affair, in its philosophy, corresponds with the many attempts . . . at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast . . . ventures the attempt, . . . which ends in little else than his own execution. . . .

But you will not abide the election of a Republican president! In that supposed event, you say you will destroy the Union; and then you say the great crime of having destroyed it will be upon us! That is cool. A highwayman holds a pistol to my ear and mutters through his teeth, "Stand and deliver, or I shall kill you, and then you will be a murderer!" . . .

If slavery is right, all words, acts, laws, and constitutions against it are themselves wrong, and should be silenced and swept away. If it is right, we cannot justly object to its nationality — its universality; if it is wrong, they cannot justly insist upon its extension — its enlargement. All they ask we could readily grant, if we thought slavery right; all we ask they could as readily grant if they thought it wrong. Their thinking it right and our thinking it wrong is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy. Thinking it right, as they do, they are not to blame for desiring its full recognition as being right; but thinking it wrong, as we do, can we yield to them? Can we cast our votes with their view and against our own? In view of our moral, social, and political responsibilities, can we do this?

Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation; but can we, while our votes will prevent it, allow it to spread into the national Territories, and to overrun us here in these free States? If our sense of duty forbids this, then let us stand by our duty fearlessly and effectively. Let us be diverted by none of those sophistical contrivances wherewith we are so industriously plied and belabored, — contrivances such as groping for some middle ground between the right and the wrong, vain as the search for a man who should be neither a living man nor a dead man; such as a policy of "don't care," on a question about which all true men do care; such as Union appeals beseeching true Union men to yield to disunionists, — reversing the Divine rule, and calling not the sinners, but the righteous to repentance; such as invocations to Washington, imploring men to unsay what Washington said, and undo what Washington did.

Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

FROM THE FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4TH, 1861.

APPREHENSION seems to exist among the people of the Southern States, that by the accession of a Republican Administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." . . . I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming Administration. I add, too, that all the protection which consistently with the Constitution and the laws can be given, will cheerfully be given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause; as cheerfully to one section as to another. . . .

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or the laws by any hypercritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our national Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the executive branch of the government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet with all this scope of precedent, I now enter upon the same great task for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, *the Union of these States is perpetual.* Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national government, and the Union will endure forever, — it being impossible to destroy it, except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it as a contract be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it — break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

. . . .

It follows then from these views, that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and [that] acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be but necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. . . .

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from — will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right plainly written in the Constitution has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. . . .

I do not forget the position assumed by some, that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court; nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding in any case upon the parties to the suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the government. . . . At the same time, . . . if the policy of the government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, . . . the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal. . . .

Nor is there in this view any assault upon the Court or the judges. . . . One section of our country believes slavery is right and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law ever can be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured; and it would be worse, in both cases, after the separation of the sections than before. The foreign slave trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived without restriction in one section; while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face; and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you. . . .

The chief magistrate derives all his authority from the people; and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also, if they choose; but the executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences, is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations with his eternal truth and justice be on your side of the North or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail, by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

. . . .

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new Administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loathe to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

The Gettysburg Address.

Remarks at the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19th, 1863.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4TH, 1865.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: — At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, — all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war, — seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves; not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God: and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, — shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, — as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, — let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

WILLIAM LINDSEY.

WILLIAM LINDSEY, an American poet and prose-writer, born in Massachusetts in 1858. His works are: "Apples of Istakhar" (1895), a volume of poems; and "Cinder-Path Tales" (1896), stories of athletic sports.

ATHERTON'S LAST "HALF."

(From "Cinder-Path Tales.")[1]

BACK in the mountains of North Carolina, where the air is like a tonic, free from all taint of river mist and swamp malaria, and medicined by the fragrance of pine and hemlock, lives Teddy Atherton.

His house is perched on a spur of the mountains, and can be seen with a good glass from Asheville on a clear day. It has green blinds, tall wooden pillars, and granite steps. It is the pattern that New England builders used to fancy fifty years ago or more, and looks a bit strange in its setting of mountain and forest. Here Teddy spends his time among his books, fishing and hunting, in the company of his dogs, or the society of an occasional friend, truant from business or profession.

For a few weeks only in midsummer he risks the dangers of our east winds, and is seen at the Somerset and Country Clubs, much to the gratification of a host of friends.

He has had me South with him a couple of times, and never goes back without inviting me to dine with him. I always accept, though the pleasure of his society is more than offset by painful recollections. We linger long at the table over my favorite madeira, and we talk of the old days, the old contests, and the old boys, grown now to be stout merchants, lawyers, and I know not what. Some of them have lads who will bring new honor to names already famous on track and field, and some, alas! have been beaten out by that famous runner and certain final winner, old Death himself.

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[1] By permission of Copeland & Day.

Often, as I sit and watch Atherton across the table, there comes into my eyes, not at all accustomed to such a freak, so clear a hint of moisture, that nothing but a mighty volume of smoke saves me from detection.

He is a small man, five feet five or less, and not exceeding eight stone in weight. His closely shaven face is thin and brown, his eyes dark and full of fire, his mouth firm and sensitive. There is nothing of the despairing or helpless invalid about him; his shoulders are square, and his movements resolute; yet he knows, and I know, that his life hangs by a thread. I know whose fault it is, in part at least, that his days are numbered, that his chest is hollow, and that, despite his self-control, he cannot restrain every now and again that hacking cough.

I shall tell the story, not because I like to, but as a warning to those who are willing to make a winner, no matter what the risk or cost.

Late on an afternoon, just before the intercollegiate games of 188–, there sat on the gymnasium steps a group of college sports, with heavy brows and serious minds.

Even the weather was dubious, for the wind had worked round into the east, the clouds were gathering, and the air was damp and dismal. What few men there were on the track wore sweaters, and one or two had pulled long trousers over their trunks to keep their legs warm. The elms had got their heads together, as if conspiring mischief, and we had talked ourselves pretty well out with no good results.

We had that day given the team a serious "try out," and were fairly contented with its showing in all the events but the "half."

There was no question about it, Bates could not call the trick; that is, not with his present showing.

We all agreed that he was good enough, but he had no head at all. He ran his second quarter to the "queen's taste," and finished strong and well; but on his first lap he sogered like a Turk, and came in at least five seconds slow. He had no idea whatever of pace, was not a sprinter, and was easy for any opponent with a turn of speed, who would trail him round and pass him in the stretch.

We had told Sherman (who had no chance to win, and knew it) to run the first lap in fifty-nine, instructing Bates to stay with him. Bates stayed all right, but Sherman was as far off as the man he paced, — in the first trial running in sixty-three, which was as bad as ever; and in the second pulling him out to fifty-six, so that neither finished.

The question was, who should make pace for Bates.

There were, sprawling on the steps that night, beside myself, Griffith, Smith, "Doc," and of course Tom Furness, for Tom had missed few such conclaves in the last half-dozen years.

Now, the public knows pretty well who wins the events, but mighty little about the planning and contriving by which the athletic material of a college is developed and made the most of. Upon us five rested much of the responsibility for making winners of the team of 188–. With me it was a matter of business and professional standing; to the others, the glory of their college, and the personal satisfaction of having added to it. All of them were practical men, who had in days gone by carried their college colors, and Tom Furness had been a mighty good athlete, who had put a record where it stood untouched for a good five years. Tom was tall, fair, and sanguine. An optimist by nature, he never dreamed of anything but success, was a favorite with the graduates, while the college worshiped him. I never saw the man who could put heart into a losing team like Tom Furness.

Just below him sat "Doc" Peckham, dark and silent. He was short and brown bearded, the very opposite of Tom, and had a rather embarrassing way of puncturing Tom's pretty bubbles. He was not so well liked as Furness, but was after all fully as valuable an adviser. He had a good practice in the city, but managed, in some way, to leave it whenever he was needed. Griffith and Smith were men who, as a rule, agreed with the majority, and myself in particular; so they were quite as useful as if they had been perpetually inventing foolish plans.

We had been silent a full minute, which is not long for a crowd of college "graybeards," when Tom Furness jumped to his feet with the air of a man who has made up his mind, expects opposition, but is still confident of the integrity of his position, and said, "Teddy Atherton's our man."

"Teddy Atherton be blowed," said "Doc," who sat on the bottom step, his knees under his chin, drawing inspiration from his pipe. "He's run nothing but the 'quarter' for the last three years, and while he shows a fraction slower than Allen and Waite in practice, has a better head, and I would not give a toss-up for the difference between them."

"That's it," said Furness; "it's Teddy's good head that we want. Now listen to me. We have three 'quarter milers' who finish under a blanket, and any one of them is about good enough to win. Allen has shown a shade the best time, and we certainly cannot pull him out, while Waite would sulk like a bear with a sore head if asked to make pace, and probably be worse than useless. Atherton, beside having better judgment, is a particularly unselfish chap, and if handled right will consent, and fill the bill exactly."

"Deuced hard on Atherton," said Smith; "he's trained faithfully, has a chance to win in the 'quarter,' and yet we ask him to sacrifice himself in the 'half' because Bates is a duffer and will not use his head."

We discussed the matter a while longer, and had barely arrived at an agreement, when who should come briskly from the gymnasium but Teddy himself. He jumped down the steps, and was hurrying away, with a joke at our serious faces, when I spoke up and said (for such uncomfortable commissions were usually assigned to me), "Wait a minute, Atherton, we want a word with you."

"All right, old man," he said, "but be quick about it, for I've a dinner waiting for me that will be cold after seven o'clock." He was fresh from his shower-bath and rub-down, and looked as if he had stepped out of a bandbox. We could guess where the dinner was, for Atherton was very serious about Mollie Kittredge; and whether Mollie smiled or not, Mollie's mamma was complacent enough, and did her best to give Teddy a clear track and no contestants. Mollie was a howling favorite, "blond, bland, and beautiful," who, it was rumored, did not care to be won by a "walk-over," and would have liked Teddy better if he had been a bit more difficult.

Now, I believe it is best to go at once to the point with a disagreeable matter, so I said bluntly, "I'm sorry, Atherton, but we have decided to ask you to run in the 'half'; it is a late day to make the change, and it will, of course, give you no chance to win; but it seems to us the only thing to do under the circumstances."

The boy winced, looked at us keenly to see if we were serious, then grew grave and said, rather sarcastically, "Your reasons for selecting me in particular as the scapegoat are of course good and sufficient, and you will pardon me for asking what they are?"

I went over the matter with him in detail, assisted by Furness, giving all our reasons, doing my best to make the project as inviting as possible; and Atherton finally consented, as we expected. It was, however, a very serious face he carried off, and one very different from that which smiled upon us at the beginning. We were all mighty sorry for the boy, and I felt as if I had committed a petty theft, and deserved the penitentiary, or worse. I had only been the spokesman for the rest, and had racked my brains to think of some way to save Atherton from the sacrifice; but Tom was really unassailable in his position, and even "Doc" did not oppose him.

I watched the lithe figure as it disappeared around the corner of the fence, realizing how full of disappointment my message must have been, and was sorry enough about it.

Atherton had arrived at college without either athletic training or ambition. A student of the first rank, so that he was known at once where muscular ability is much more likely to obtain recognition than mental strength, it was not until his second year that I saw much of him.

He then took up running, not so much with a view of contesting, as to fill out his lungs and increase his strength. It was not long, however, before he began to show decided improvement, and steadily gaining, had run unplaced, but close up, in his junior year. He had brought himself out in this way without in the least losing rank as a scholar, and I knew it was his one remaining ambition to get a place in athletics, and win a point for the old college on this last competition to which he would be eligible. If he had been a musty bookworm I should not have cared so much, but he was a splendid fellow, of good family, and a great favorite of mine, because of his pluck and good nature.

He appeared next day on the track, as agreed, a little serious, but not at all disagreeable; which made me feel more guilty than ever. In fact, I tried to apologize, and for this received, as I deserved, a sharp answer, that the decision was doubtless correct, and there was no necessity for further talk.

He listened to my instructions carefully, took Bates along within a half second of the fifty-nine, and left him in the stretch to finish four seconds better than ever before. Teddy was badly used up, of course, for he was not at all accustomed to the distance, and when I gave him a shoulder to the gymnasium, he was as limp as possible. He took our congratulations with a half smile, and would not confess that he was much the worse for the effort.

Tom Furness was much elated, insisting there was no question but that we had made a change to the advantage of all but Teddy, and it was right that he should suffer for the good of the cause. It is wonderful with what complacency we look upon the sacrifice of others.

As I thought it over that night, I had serious doubts about Atherton's condition, and the next morning I told Furness just how badly he was used up; but I did not take a decided stand, as I should have done, and the reason was purely selfish and unworthy. I was, of course, anxious to win the cup; it meant much to me, and I decided to take the risk.

The day came round, particularly sultry and close. The sky was brassy, the sun a ball of fire, and what little wind there was felt like the breath of a furnace.

It was a day to break records, and to break a trainer's heart as well; for often a man who is right "on edge" will show up limp and lifeless under such conditions, going stale in a night.

I had changed rooms at the hotel so that the men might sleep with all the air possible, given them an early breakfast, and got them over to the grounds before the sun was very hot.

We settled ourselves in the dressing-rooms, and the men stripped at once for the sake of comfort and coolness. A beautiful sight it was. An athlete looks much like a city clerk with his clothes on, but stripped to the buff there is a mighty difference. No weak, skinny legs, no fat disfigured bodies, no bunched and rounded shoulders.

You may boast of your fine horses and beautiful women, but give me an athlete in perfect training, particularly if I have had the handling of him, and have seen the fat disappear and the strong, clean muscle take its place.

The boys are seated on the long benches or standing in front of the lockers. Here is the slender figure of a sprinter, not an ounce of superfluous flesh or unused muscle, the cords of his shapely legs standing out clear and firm through the satin skin. There is a shot-putter, stopping a moment to chaff with a friend, stripped to the waist, his shirt in his hand. See how the mighty muscles stretch across his breast and back! See the big, square neck, and that right arm and shoulder, round and firm and hard!

It is not men like the last that I worry about, for the heat will do nothing but good to an anatomy like this; but the thin and slender chaps, with not too much vitality at best, and trained close to the limit — these I look over closely and carefully. I was more anxious about Atherton than any other, and found him off in a corner by himself, near the window. Perhaps the most popular man on the team, he was not over jolly this morning, and the boys saw it, and left him alone. His clothes were already hung in his locker, in that particularly neat way that some of the boys might have copied to advantage. He had on his trunks and jersey, and was lacing his running-shoes.

I asked him how he felt. "All right," he said; but I knew better. The hot night had told on him, and he was a bit pale and tired looking. I told him to get into his wrap, find a cool and comfortable place, and take it easy until he was wanted. He followed instructions, as usual, and I saw almost nothing of him until the "half" was called, late in the afternoon. As usual, we had pulled off some unexpected wins, and lost several "lead-pipe cinches." The latter, however, were far more numerous, and I was decidedly on the anxious seat. Indeed, as near as I could figure, unless Bates won the "half" we were out of it.

Of Sherman we expected nothing; he was put in to fill out the string, and because a man will sometimes surprise those best informed of his incapacity.

Bates we hoped would win, and Atherton was expected to run his first lap in fifty-nine cutting wind and setting pace, to keep on in the second lap at the same speed until he reached the stretch, where he was to drop out (probably dead beat), leaving Bates to run in and break the tape. There was little glory in this programme for Atherton, and I had seen his face lengthen out when Allen and Waite romped in, first and second in the "quarter." It was "dollars to doughnuts" he would have made a strong third or better, and I saw he thought so himself, although he said nothing.

We had just won a first and third in the high jump, and I was feeling a little better when the men were called for the "half." I met Teddy in the middle of the field, and walked along with him to the start. He was looking very white and serious; but I said nothing at all to hearten him, for I knew he was clear grit and did not want it.

I did tell him that the race was more in his hands than

Bates', and that from those who knew he would receive all the credit of a win, if he brought Bates in first. He said not a word in answer, only nodded his head, threw me his wrap, and went to the mark.

As the numbers were being called, I had a chance to look around me. There was the usual crowd inside the ring, the officials, the reporters, and those infernal nuisances the men with the pull, who do nothing, and interfere with all who have duties to perform.

The grand stand was right in front of me, spread like the tail of a huge peacock, and a perfect riot of color, for every second person was a lady, and what better opportunity than this to wear what was loud and bright? As my eye wandered over the crowd, I began to pick out familiar faces, for I have a keen sight for a friend.

There was Jack Hart and Tom Finlay, two of my old boys, sitting together, one of them from Denver, and the other professor in a Maine college; there was Dr. Gorden a bit lower, and Fred Tillotson with his pretty wife; there was Charlie Thomas with a little fellow in a sweater, evidently a dead game sport already, and a chip of the old block, for his face is red with excitement, and his eyes like saucers with enthusiasm.

I was taking my eyes away to look at the men, when they fastened on a figure a few rows from the top. It was that of one of the most striking girls I have ever seen, as perfect a blonde as even Old England could show, and with a very British air of reserve, despite the excitement around her. She was a marvel, — tall and well-developed, groomed and gowned to the dot. I could see she was looking straight at Teddy in the calmest style imaginable, but still rather surprised that he did not return her glance.

But Teddy had for the moment quite forgotten her. He was bent over his mark, his eyes straight ahead, ready for the first sound of the pistol, for his instructions were to take the lead from the beginning.

There was a strapping field of a dozen or more, but most of the others were prepared to take the customary start for a "half" — easy away, and fast work when heart and lungs had worked up to it.

"Marks! Set!" the crack of the pistol, and Teddy shot out as if for a sprint, slowing immediately, however, when he had taken his place.

Bates pulled out of the ruck at the turn, and fell in behind him, following orders. Round the track they swung, stringing out, one and another coming up and going back as if on wires, but Teddy and Bates holding the lead. My watch showed fifty-eight and three-quarters as they finished the first lap, a beautiful performance on Teddy's part, though I had expected it, for he was a connoisseur on time, if I ever saw one.

There followed them over, and close up, a cadaverous-looking man from one of the minor colleges, whose style I did not like, but who was going very strong, and whom I might have thought dangerous had I not been told he never finished. Sherman was twenty-five yards back, in the rear of the lot, and running in a very hopeless fashion.

I was relieved to see how well Teddy did his work, and noticed the slight flush on his cheeks as he passed.

I could see that Mollie Kittredge too had a little added color in her cheeks, but in no other way did she show any particular interest in the race.

For the first half of the second lap our programme was followed out all right, Atherton still leading at a lively clip, Bates right at his heels, and the tall outsider barely holding his own.

Then the unexpected happened. Bates began to show signs of tiring, fell back inch by inch, and the tall outsider came up at the same rate. Just before the lower turn they got together, and there was a short struggle; but Bates was as arrant a cur as ever wore a shoe, and he yielded the place, though he had strength enough to run another lap, had he the heart to go with it.

Teddy was, perhaps, five yards to the good when he swung into the stretch, and looked over his shoulder, expecting to see his college mate close up and ready to take up the running. Instead, he saw an unexpected contestant, coming fast, and Bates was full five yards behind, slowing, and evidently out of it.

Now Atherton was, of course, well-nigh spent; he had followed instructions to the dot, and was not expected to finish.

There was a half-second's hesitation and a look of fear; but as quick as he realized the conditions, the little fellow swung his face to the front and set his teeth with the evident determination of making a fight for the race.

A mighty cheer went up from the spectators, for Teddy had many friends, and the whole college knew under what circumstances he was running; but I doubt if he heard anything but the crunch, crunch, crunch of the swift feet behind him. I knew it was a hopeless task, for his opponent was fresh as paint, and full of running. Gradually his longer stride drew him up, but when he tried to pass, Teddy still had a word to say, and met him with the most stubborn resistance. He was almost gone, his face white as death, his eyes glazed, and he kept his speed only by sheer force of will.

Somehow, I know not how, for I could hardly have taken my eyes from the runners, I knew that Mollie Kittredge was on her feet with a look of horror in her face.

Down the stretch they came, the little fellow with the drawn cheeks, and his opponent tall and strong and confident. Side by side they came, neither gaining, until perhaps fifteen yards from the finish, when the big fellow shot by.

Teddy staggered on, but lurched forward, and fell, a few feet short of the line, just as the winner broke the tape.

He fell without an effort to save himself, plowing through the cinders with his white face. There was a convulsive struggle to crawl over, and then he lay still, dead to the world, with one hand stretched out toward the line.

The half-dozen who finished ran by the motionless figure, and I was over it a second after. Tom Furness was almost as soon as myself, and together we lifted and placed it on the soft turf inside the track. We were surrounded by a crowd of contestants and track officials, but a cry, followed by a commotion in the grand stand, drew their attention, and we were left alone.

So full of agony was the cry, that I looked up myself, and was just in time to see the statuesque Mollie throw up her hands and fall back in a dead faint. Yes, blondes have hearts, after all.

We were not much troubled by the crowd, for they thought it was only a man "run out," and that he would be all right in a minute or two, and walk off as well as ever.

Alas! I knew better; it was a bad case, and I could find little sign of life in the limp body. We made an effort to revive him, but Tom could not get a drop from his flask through the clinched teeth, and one side of the face was bleeding, where it had slid over the cinders. The crowd was coming back, the spectators were beginning to notice us, so I told Tom to take the legs, and I took the head and shoulders, and we started for the dressing-room.

A pathetically light weight was it, and I was heart-sick, for though one hand was over the heart, I could feel no motion, through the thin jersey. "Doc" joined us at the door, and I was never so pleased to see any one in my life, for I knew that he would do all that could be done, and we need not experiment with some one we did not know.

When we got into a quiet room we placed Teddy on a rubbing-couch, and "Doc" immediately applied the most powerful remedies to revive him. They were at first unsuccessful, but by hypodermic injections of strychnine and brandy, the wearied heart and lungs were at last induced to start feebly on their accustomed tasks.

We were standing by the couch, watching the hint of color grow in the boy's cheeks, when suddenly the limp figure made a convulsive effort (consciousness taking up the thread where it had been broken, a few feet short of the tape), and he almost lifted himself to his feet before we could catch him. As he fell back in our arms, there came to his lips the bright-red blood-spots, precursors of a fearful hemorrhage.

It was almost impossible for us to check it, for the boy was delirious, would not lie still, and kept saying in a determined way, "I will win! I must win!"

He would turn his head, and call, "Bates! Bates!" in a frenzy of fear and disappointment. "Bates, where are you? My God, where are you? I'm sure I followed orders, and did not come too fast."

Then he would find Bates, and say contentedly, "There you are, old man, close up; I'll drop out now, I'm almost gone; push out and win."

Suddenly he would discover it was the outsider, and would cry out with fevered lips, and try to break away from us and run.

Then he would lie still, but in his mind was going over the agony of the finish again and again. He would turn to me and say excitedly, "You told me I need not finish. I can't run the 'half,' and you know it. It's dark, and they have run off with the tape. I finished long ago, and still you make me run."

Sometimes he would drop his hands and say despairingly, "I cannot do it, I cannot reach the worsted; O God, I cannot!"

Then he would discover Tom, who was almost as crazy as Teddy himself, and had been utterly useless from the time the hemorrhage set in. He would say to Tom, "Don't look at me like that, old man; I know I lost the race, but I did my best, my very best, and ran clear out. Look at my cheek, where I fell; you must see I was dead beat." He would try to argue with Tom, who had not a word to say, except of sorrow and self-reproach. He would look at Tom, and say, "Perhaps you're right, and I'll not complain, but why did you tell me to set pace, if you meant to make me finish?" Or he would say over and over again, "I was not strong enough; I did the best I could; I did the best I could."

Indeed, he did not cease talking all the time we were with him, until he was given opiates and taken to the hospital.

Here he spent many weary weeks, and was only pulled through after the most persistent care. But though he got on his feet again, he did not fully recover, and even a long trip to the Bermudas did not get his lungs in shape. He spent some months in Southern California, and settled finally among the Carolina hills, the nearest point to his old New England home where he could expect to prolong his days.

I have seen many gallant winners, many whose courage and determination made them such; but when I tell the story that comes closest to my heart, I tell of one a notch above them all. I tell of Teddy Atherton, of his last "half" which he *lost.*

LIVY (TITUS LIVIUS).

Livy (Titus Livius, surnamed Patavinus, from the place of his birth), a great Roman historian, born at Patavium, the modern Padua, 59 B.C.; died there, A.D. 17. He went to Rome, where he became prominent as a rhetorician, and was one of the brilliant circle, of which Virgil and Horace were members, that adorned the Court of the Emperor Augustus, at whose suggestion Livy set about his great history, called by himself the "Annals of Rome."

The "Annals," when entire, consisted of one hundred and forty-two "Books"; but of these only thirty-five are now extant, so that more than three-fourths have been lost. It was divided into "decades," or series of ten Books. The decades which we have are the first, the third, the fourth, a portion of the fifth, and a few fragments of others. The lost decades are those which — apart from their quantity — would have been far more valuable than those which remain, since they relate to the later history of Rome. This deficiency is, however, partially supplied by a very early abstract of the contents of the lost portions; and these abstracts are our only means of acquaintance with some of the most important periods of Roman history.

Horatius Cocles at the Sublician Bridge.

(From the Second Book of the "History of Rome.")

The Sublician bridge well-nigh afforded a passage to the enemy, had there not been one man, Horatius Cocles (that defense the fortune of Rome had on that day), who, happening to be posted on guard at the bridge, when he saw the Janiculum taken by a sudden assault, and that the enemy were pouring down from thence in full speed, and that his own party in terror and confusion were abandoning their arms and ranks, — laying hold of them one by one, standing in their way, and appealing to the faith of gods and men, he declared "That their flight would avail them nothing if they deserted their post; if they passed the bridge, and left it behind them, there would soon be more of the enemy in the Palatium and Capitol than in the Janiculum; for that reason he advised and charged them to demolish the bridge, by their sword, by fire, or by any means whatever; that he would stand the shock of the enemy as far as could be done by one man." He then advanced to the first entrance of the bridge, and being easily distinguished among those who showed their backs in retreating from the fight, facing about to engage the foe hand to hand, by his surprising bravery he terrified the enemy. Two indeed a sense of shame kept with him, — Spurius Lartius and Titus Herminius; men eminent for their birth, and renowned for their gallant exploits. With them he for a short time stood the first storm of the danger, and the severest brunt of the battle. But as they who demolished the bridge called upon them to retire, he obliged them also to withdraw to a place of safety on a small portion of the bridge still left. Then casting his stern eyes round all the officers of the Etrurians in a threatening manner, he sometimes challenged them singly, sometimes reproached them all: "the slaves of haughty tyrants, who, regardless of their own freedom, came to oppress the liberty of others." They hesitated for a considerable time, looking round one at the other, to commence the fight: shame then put the army in motion, and a shout being raised, they hurl their weapons from all sides on their single adversary; and when they all stuck in the shield held before him, and he with no less obstinacy kept possession of the bridge with firm step, they now endeavored to thrust him down from it by one push, when at once the crash of the falling bridge, at the same time a shout of the Romans raised for joy at having completed their purpose, checked their ardor with sudden panic. Then Cocles says, "Holy father Tiberinus, I pray that thou wouldst receive these arms and this thy soldier in thy propitious stream." Armed as he was, he leaped into the Tiber, and amid showers of darts hurled on him, swam across safe to his party, having dared an act which is likely to obtain more fame than belief with posterity. The State was grateful towards such valor: a statue was erected to him in the Comitium, and as much land was given to him as he plowed around in one day. The zeal of private individuals also was conspicuous among the public honors. For amid the great scarcity, each person contributed something to him according to his supply at home, depriving himself of his own support.

Porsena being repulsed in his first attempt, having changed his plans from a siege to a blockade, after he had placed a garrison in Janiculum, pitched his camp in the plain and on the banks of the Tiber. Then sending for boats from all parts, both to guard the river so as not to suffer any provision to be conveyed to Rome, and also to transport his soldiers across the river to plunder different places as occasion required, — in a short time he so harassed the entire country round Rome, that not only everything else from the country, but even their cattle, was driven into the city, and nobody durst venture thence without the gates. This liberty of action was granted to the Etrurians, not more through fear than from policy; for Valerius, intent on an opportunity of falling unawares upon a number of them, and when straggling, a remiss avenger in trifling matters, reserved the weight of his vengeance for more important occasions. Wherefore, to decoy the pillagers, he ordered his men to drive their cattle the next day out at the Esquiline gate, which was farthest from the enemy; presuming that they would get intelligence of it, because during the blockade and famine some slaves would turn traitors and desert. Accordingly they were informed of it by a deserter; and parties more numerous than usual, in hopes of seizing the entire body, crossed the river. Then Publius Valerius commanded Titus Herminius with a small body of men to lie concealed two miles from the city, on the Gabian road, and Spurius Lartius with a party of light-armed troops to post himself at the Colline gate, till the enemy should pass by, and then to throw himself in their way so that there might be no return to the river. The other consul, Titus Lucretius, marched out of the Nævin gate with some companies of soldiers; Valerius himself led some chosen cohorts down from the Cœlian Mount, and they were first descried by the enemy. Herminius, when he perceived the alarm, rose out of ambush and fell upon the rear of the Tuscans, who had charged Valerius. The shout was returned on the right and left, from the Colline gate on the one hand and the Nævian on the other. By this stratagem the plunderers were put to the sword between both, they not being a match in strength for fighting, and all the ways being blocked up to prevent escape: this put an end to the Etrurians strolling about in so disorderly a manner.

Nevertheless the blockade continued, and there was a scarcity of corn, with a very high price. Porsena entertained a hope that by continuing the siege he should take the city; when Caius Mucius, a young nobleman, to whom it seemed a disgrace that the Roman people, who when enslaved under kings had never been confined within their walls, in any war nor by any enemy, should now, when a free people, be blocked up by these very Etrurians whose armies they had often routed, — thinking that such indignity should be avenged by some great and daring effort, at first designed of his own accord to penetrate into the enemy's camp. Then, being afraid if he went without the permission of the consuls, or the knowledge of any one, he might be seized by the Roman guards and brought back as a deserter, the circumstances of the city at the time justifying the charge, he went to the Senate: "Fathers," says he, "I intend to cross the Tiber, and enter the enemy's camp, if I can; not as a plunderer, or as an avenger in our turn of their devastations. A greater deed is in my mind, if the gods assist." The Senate approved his design. He set out with a sword concealed under his garment. When he came thither, he stationed himself among the thickest of the crowd, near the King's tribunal. There, where the soldiers were receiving their pay, the King's secretary, sitting beside him dressed nearly in the same style, was busily engaged (and to him they commonly addressed themselves); being afraid to ask which of them was Porsena, lest by not knowing the King he should discover himself, as fortune blindly directed the blow he killed the secretary instead of the King. Then as he was going off thence, where with his bloody dagger he had made his way through the dismayed multitude, a concourse being attracted at the noise, the King's guards immediately seized and brought him back, standing alone before the King's tribunal; even then, amid such menaces of fortune, more capable of inspiring dread than of feeling it, — "I am," says he, "a Roman citizen; my name is Caius Mucius: an enemy, I wished to slay an enemy; nor have I less of resolution to suffer death than I had to inflict it. Both to act and to suffer with fortitude is a Roman's part. Nor have I alone harbored such feelings towards you; there is after me a long train of persons aspiring to the same honor. Therefore, if you choose it, prepare yourself for this peril, to contend for your life every hour; to have the sword and the enemy in the very entrance of your pavilion: this is the war which we, the Roman youth, declare against you; dread not an army in array, nor a battle, — the affair will be to yourself alone and with each of us singly."

When the King, highly incensed, and at the same time terrified at the danger, in a menacing manner commanded fires to be kindled about him, if he did not speedily explain the plots which by his threats he had darkly insinuated against him, then Mucius said, "Behold me, that you may be sensible of how little account the body is to those who have great glory in view;" and immediately he thrusts his right hand into the fire that was lighted for the sacrifice. When he continued to broil it as if he had been quite insensible, the King astonished at this surprising sight, after he had leaped from his throne and commanded the young man to be removed from the altar, says, "Begone, having acted more like an enemy towards thyself than me. I would encourage thee to persevere in thy valor, if that valor stood on the side of my country. I now dismiss thee untouched and unhurt, exempted from the right of war." Then Mucius, as if making a return for the kindness, says, "Since bravery is honored by you, so that you have obtained by kindness that which you could not by threats, three hundred of us, the chief of the Roman youth, have conspired to attack you in this manner. It was my lot first. The rest will follow, each in his turn, according as the lot shall set him forward, unless fortune shall afford an opportunity of slaying you."

Mucius being dismissed, — to whom the cognomen of Scævola was afterwards given, from the loss of his right hand, — ambassadors from Porsena followed him to Rome. The risk of the first attempt, from which nothing had saved him but the mistake of the assailant, and the risk to be encountered so often in proportion to the number of conspirators, made so strong an impression upon him [Porsena], that of his own accord he made propositions of peace to the Romans.

THE CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL.

(From the Twenty-first Book of the "History of Rome.")

HANNIBAL was sent to Spain, and instantly on his arrival attracted the admiration of the whole army. Young Hamilcar was restored to them, thought the veterans, as they saw in him the same animated look and penetrating eye, the same expression, the same features. Soon he made them feel that his father's memory was but a trifling aid to him in winning their esteem. Never had man a temper that adapted itself better to the widely diverse duties of obedience and command, till it was hard to decide whether he was more beloved by the general or the army.

There was no one whom Hasdrubal preferred to put in command, whenever courage and persistency were specially needed; no officer under whom the soldiers were more confident and more daring. Bold in the extreme in incurring peril, he was perfectly cool in its presence. No toil could weary his body or conquer his spirit. Heat and cold he bore with equal endurance; the cravings of nature, not the pleasure of the palate, determined the measure of his food and drink. His waking and sleeping hours were not regulated by day and night. Such time as business left him, he gave to repose; but it was not on a soft couch or in stillness that he sought it. Many a man often saw him wrapped in his military cloak, lying on the ground amid the sentries and pickets. His dress was not one whit superior to that of his comrades, but his accouterments and horses were conspicuously splendid. Among the cavalry or the infantry he was by far the first soldier; the first in battle, the last to leave it when once begun.

Hannibal's Passage of the Alps.

On the ninth day they came to a summit of the Alps, chiefly through places trackless; and after many mistakes of their way, which were caused either by the treachery of the guides; or, when they were not trusted, by entering valleys at random, on their own conjectures of the route. For two days they remained encamped on the summit; and rest was given to the soldiers, exhausted with toil and fighting; and several beasts of burden, which had fallen down among the rocks, by following the track of the army, arrived at the camp. A fall of snow — it being now the season of the setting of the constellation of the Pleiades — caused great fear to the soldiers, already worn out with weariness of so many hardships.

On the standards being moved forward at daybreak, when the army proceeded slowly over all places entirely blocked up with snow, and languor and despair strongly appeared in the countenances of all, Hannibal, having advanced before the standards, and ordered the soldiers to halt on a certain eminence, whence there was a prospect far and wide, points out to them Italy and the plains of the Po, extending themselves beneath the Alpine mountains; and said that they were now surmounting not only the ramparts of Italy, but also of the city of Rome; that the rest of the journey would be smooth and

HANNIBAL the CARTHAGINIAN GENERAL.

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down hill; that after one, or at most a second battle, they would have the citadel and capital of Italy in their power and possession.

The army then began to advance; the enemy now making no attempts beyond petty thefts, as opportunity offered. But the journey proved much more difficult than it had been in the ascent, as the declivity of the Alps being generally shorter on the side of Italy, is consequently steeper. Nearly all the road was precipitous, narrow, and slippery, so that neither those who made the least stumble could prevent themselves from falling, nor, when fallen, remain in the same place; but rolled, both men and beasts of burden, one upon another.

They then came to a rock much more narrow, and formed of such perpendicular ledges that a light-armed soldier — carefully making the attempt, and clinging with his hands to the bushes and roots around — could with difficulty lower himself down. The ground, even before very steep by nature, had been broken by a recent falling away of the earth into a precipice of nearly a thousand feet in depth. Here, when the cavalry had halted, as if at the end of their journey, it is announced to Hannibal, wondering what had obstructed the march, that the rock was impassable. Having then gone himself to view the place, it seemed clear to him that he must lead his army round it, by however great a circuit, through the pathless and untrodden regions around.

But this route also proved impracticable; for while the new snow of a moderate depth remained on the old, which had not been removed, their footsteps were planted with ease, as they walked upon the new snow, which was soft, and not too deep; but when it was dissolved by the trampling of so many men and beasts of burden, they then walked on the bare ice below, and through a dirty fluid formed by the melting snow.

Here there was a wretched struggle, both on account of the slippery ice not affording any foothold to the step, and giving away beneath the foot the more readily by reason of the slope; and whether they assisted themselves in rising by their hands or their knees, their supports themselves giving way, they would tumble again. Nor were there any stumps or roots near, by pressing against which one might with one hand or foot support himself; so that they only floundered on the smooth ice and amid the melted snow. The beasts of burden also cut into this lower ice by merely treading upon it; at others they broke it completely through by the violence with which they struck it with their hoofs in their struggling; so that most of them, as if taken in a trap, stuck in the hardened and deeply frozen ice.

At length, after the men and beasts of burden had been fatigued to no purpose, the camp was pitched on the summit, and the soldiers were set to make a way down the cliff, by which alone a passage could be effected; and it being necessary that they should cut through the rocks, having felled and lopped a number of large trees which grew around, they make a huge pile of timber; and as soon as a strong wind fit for exciting the flames arose, they set fire to it; and pouring vinegar on the heated stones, they rendered them soft and crumbling. They then open a way with iron instruments through the rock thus heated by the fire, and soften its declivities by gentle windings, so that not only the beasts of burden, but also the elephants, could be led down it.

Four days were spent about this rock, the beasts nearly perishing through hunger; for the summits of the mountains are for the most part bare, and if there is any pasture the snows bury it. The lower parts contain valleys, and some sunny hills, and rivulets flowing beside woods, and scenes more worthy of the abode of man. There the beasts of burden were sent out to pasture, and rest given for three days to the men, fatigued with forming the passage. They then descended into the plains — the country and the disposition of the inhabitants being now less rugged.

In this manner chiefly they came to Italy in the fifth month, having crossed the Alps in fifteen days. What number of forces Hannibal had when he passed into Italy, is by no means agreed upon by authors. Those who state them at the highest make mention of 100,000 foot and 20,000 horse; those who state them at the lowest, of 20,000 foot and 6,000 horse. Lucius Cincius Alimentus would influence me most as an authority, did he not confound the number by adding the Gauls and Ligurians. Including these (who, it is more probable, flocked to him afterward — and so some authors assert), he says that 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse were brought into Italy; and that he had heard from Hannibal himself that after crossing the Rhone he had lost 36,000 men, and an immense number of horses and other beasts of burden, among the Taurini, the next nation to the Gauls, as he descended into Italy.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE TRASIMENE.

(From the Twenty-second Book of the "History of Rome.")

HANNIBAL devastated with all the horrors of war the country between Cortona and Lake Trasumennus, seeking to infuriate the Romans into avenging the sufferings of their allies. They had now reached a spot made for an ambuscade, where the lake comes up close under the hills of Cortona. Between them is nothing but a very narrow road, for which room seems to have been purposely left. Further on is some comparatively broad level ground. From this rise the hills, and here in the open plain Hannibal pitched a camp for himself and his African and Spanish troops only; his slingers and other light-armed troops he marched to the rear of the hills; his cavalry he stationed at the mouth of the defile, behind some rising ground which conveniently sheltered them. When the Romans had once entered the pass and the cavalry had barred the way, all would be hemmed in by the lake and the hills.

Flaminius had reached the lake at sunset the day before. On the morrow, without reconnoitering and while the light was still uncertain, he traversed the narrow pass. As his army began to deploy into the widening plain, he could see only that part of the enemy's force which was in front of him; he knew nothing of the ambuscade in his rear and above his head. The Carthaginian saw his wish accomplished. He had his enemy shut in by the lake and the hills, and surrounded by his own troops. He gave the signal for a general charge, and the attacking columns flung themselves on the nearest points. To the Romans the attack was all the more sudden and unexpected because the mist from the lake lay thicker on the plains than on the heights, while the hostile columns on the various hills had been quite visible to each other and had therefore advanced in concert. As for the Romans, with the shout of battle rising all round them, before they could see plainly they found themselves surrounded; and fighting began in their front and their flanks before they could form in order, get ready their arms, or draw their swords.

Amidst universal panic the consul showed all the courage that could be expected in circumstances so alarming. The broken ranks, in which every one was turning to catch the discordant shouts, he re-formed as well as time and place permitted; and as far as his presence or his voice could reach, bade his men stand their ground and fight. "It is not by prayers," he cried, "or entreaties to the gods, but by strength and courage that you must win your way out. The sword cuts a path through the midst of the battle; and the less fear, there for the most part the less danger." But such was the uproar and confusion, neither encouragements nor commands could be heard; so far were the men from knowing their standards, their ranks, or their places, that they had scarcely presence of mind to snatch up their arms and address them to the fight, and some found them an overwhelming burden rather than a protection. So dense too was the mist, that the ear was of more service than the eye. The groans of the wounded, the sound of blows on body or armor, the mingled shouts of triumph or panic, made them turn this way and that an eager gaze. Some would rush in their flight on a dense knot of combatants, and become entangled in the mass; others returning to the battle would be carried away by the crowd of fugitives. But after awhile, when charges had been vainly tried in every direction, when it was seen that the hills and the lake shut them in on either side, and the hostile lines in front and rear, when it was manifest that the only hope of safety lay in their own right hands and swords, — then every man began to look to himself for guidance and for encouragement, and there began afresh what was indeed a new battle. No battle was it with its three ranks of combatants, its vanguard before the standards and its second line fighting behind them, with every soldier in his own legion, cohort, or company: chance massed them together, and each man's impulse assigned him his post, whether in the van or rear. So fierce was their excitement, so intent were they on the battle, that not one of the combatants felt the earthquake which laid whole quarters of many Italians cities in ruins, changed the channels of rapid streams, drove the sea far up into rivers, and brought down enormous landslips from the hills.

For nearly three hours they fought, fiercely everywhere, but with especial rage and fury round the consul. It was to him that the flower of the army attached themselves. He, wherever he found his troops hard pressed or distressed, was indefatigable in giving help; conspicuous in his splendid arms, the enemy assailed and his fellow Romans defended him with all their might. At last an Insubrian trooper (his name was Ducarius), recognizing him also by his face, cried to his comrades, "See! this is the man who slaughtered our legions, and laid waste our fields and our city: I will offer him as a sacrifice to the shades of my countrymen whom he so foully slew." Putting spurs to his horse, he charged through the thickest of the enemy, struck down the armor-bearer who threw himself in the way of his furious advance, and ran the consul through with his lance. When he would have stripped the body, some veterans thrust their shields between and hindered him.

Then began the flight of a great part of the army. And now neither lake nor mountain checked their rush of panic; by every defile and height they sought blindly to escape, and arms and men were heaped upon each other. Many, finding no possibility of flight, waded into the shallows at the edge of the lake, advanced until they had only head and shoulders above the water, and at last drowned themselves. Some in the frenzy of panic endeavored to escape by swimming; but the endeavor was endless and hopeless, and they either sunk in the depths when their courage failed them, or they wearied themselves in vain till they could hardly struggle back to the shallows, where they were slaughtered in crowds by the enemy's cavalry which had now entered the water. Nearly six thousand men of the vanguard made a determined rush through the enemy, and got clear out of the defile, knowing nothing of what was happening behind them. Halting on some high ground, they could only hear the shouts of men and clashing of arms, but could not learn or see for the mist how the day was going. It was when the battle was decided, that the increasing heat of the sun scattered the mist and cleared the sky. The bright light that now rested on hill and plain showed a ruinous defeat and a Roman army shamefully routed. Fearing that they might be seen in the distance and that the cavalry might be sent against them, they took up their standards and hurried away with all the speed they could. The next day, finding their situation generally desperate, and starvation also imminent, they capitulated to Hannibal, who had overtaken them with the whole of his cavalry, and who pledged his word that if they would surrender their arms, they should go free, each man having a single garment. The promise was kept with Punic faith by Hannibal, who put them all in chains.

Such was the famous fight at Trasumennus, memorable as few other disasters of the Roman people have been. Fifteen thousand men fell in the battle; ten thousand, flying in all directions over Etruria, made by different roads for Rome. Of the enemy two thousand five hundred fell in the battle. Many died afterwards of their wounds. Other authors speak of a loss on both sides many times greater. I am myself averse to the idle exaggeration to which writers are so commonly inclined; and I have here followed as my best authority Fabius, who was actually contemporary with the war. Hannibal released without ransom all the prisoners who claimed Latin citizenship; the Romans he imprisoned. He had the corpses of his own men separated from the vast heaps of dead, and buried. Careful search was also made for the body of Flaminius, to which he wished to pay due honor; but it could not be found.

THE DEATH OF HANNIBAL.

He had always anticipated some such end to his life [being delivered up to the Romans]; both because he knew the unrelenting hatred the Romans bore him, and because he had little faith in the honor of princes. He had taken refuge with Prusias, King of Bithynia; and the Roman General Flaminius demanded his death or rendition to them. He asked a slave for the poison which he had for some time kept ready for such an emergency. "Let us free Rome from this anxiety," said he, "since they think it long to wait for an old man's death." [His age was only forty-five.] "The triumph which Flaminius will win over an unarmed and aged man is neither great nor glorious; verily, this moment bears witness that the character of the Roman people has somewhat changed. Their fathers, when King Pyrrhus — an armed enemy — lay camped in Italy, forewarned him to beware of poison. These present men have sent one of their Consulars on such an errand as this — to urge Prusias to the base murder of his guest."

Then launching execrations against Prusias and his kingdom, and calling on the gods to witness his breach of faith and hospitalities, he swallowed the draught. Such was the end of Hannibal.

A CHARACTERISTIC EPISODE OF CLASSICAL WARFARE.

The Locrians had been treated with such insolence and cruelty by the Carthaginians since their revolt from the Romans, that they were able to endure severities of an ordinary kind not only with patience but almost with willingness. But indeed, so greatly did Pleminius surpass Hamilcar who had commanded the garrison, so greatly did the Roman soldiers in the garrison surpass the Carthaginians in villainy and rapacity, that it would appear that they endeavored to outdo each other not in arms but in vices. None of all those things which render the power of a superior hateful to the powerless was omitted towards the inhabitants, either by the general or his soldiers. The most shocking insults were committed against their own persons, their children, and their wives. . . .

One of Pleminius's men, while running away with a silver cup which he had stolen from the house of a townsman, the owners pursuing him, happened to meet Sergius and Matienus, the military tribunes. The cup having been taken away from him at the order of the tribunes, abuse and clamor ensued, and at last a fight arose between the soldiers of Pleminius and those of the tribunes; the numbers engaged and the tumult increasing at the same time, as either party was joined by their friends who happened to come up at the time. When the soldiers of Pleminius, who had been worsted, had run to him in crowds, not without loud clamoring and indignant feelings, showing their blood and wounds, and repeating the reproaches which had been heaped upon him during the dispute, Pleminius, fired with resentment, flung himself out of his house, ordered the tribunes to be summoned and stripped, and the rods to be brought out. During the time which was consumed in stripping them, — for they made resistance, and implored their men to aid them, — on a sudden the soldiers, flushed with their recent victory, ran together from every quarter, as if there had been a shout to arms against enemies; and when they saw the bodies of their tribunes now mangled with rods, then indeed, suddenly inflamed with much more ungovernable rage, without respect not only for the dignity of their commander but of humanity, they made an attack upon the lieutenant-general, having first mutilated the lictors in a shocking manner; they then cruelly lacerated the lieutenant-general himself, having cut him off from his party and hemmed him in, and after mutilating his nose and ears, left him almost lifeless.

Accounts of these occurrences arriving at Messana, Scipio, a few days after, passing over to Locri in a ship with six banks of oars, took cognizance of the cause of Pleminius and the tribunes. Having acquitted Pleminius and left him in command of the same place, and pronounced the tribunes guilty and thrown them into chains, that they might be sent to Rome to the Senate, he returned to Messana, and thence to Syracuse. Pleminius, unable to restrain his resentment, — for he thought the injury he had sustained had been treated negligently and too lightly by Scipio, and that no one could form an estimate of the punishment which ought to be inflicted in such a case except the man who had in his own person felt its atrocity, — ordered the tribunes to be dragged before him, and after lacerating them with every punishment which the human body could endure, put them to death; and not satisfied with the punishment inflicted on them while alive, cast them out unburied. The like cruelty he exercised towards the Locrian nobles, who he heard had gone to Scipio to complain of the injuries he had done them. The horrid acts, prompted by lust and rapacity, which he had before perpetrated upon his allies, he now multiplied from resentment; thus bringing infamy and odium not only upon himself, but upon the general also.

JOHN LOCKE.

John Locke, a celebrated English philosopher, born at Wrington, Somerset, Aug. 29, 1632; died at Oates, High Laver, Essex, Oct. 28, 1704. He studied at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he resided until 1644, when he became secretary to an embassy to the Court of Brandenburg, returning to England after a year.

In 1669 he was employed by Lord Shaftesbury, to draw up laws for the government of the colony of Carolina. In 1682 Shaftesbury was impeached, and took refuge in Holland, whither he was followed by Locke. While residing at Utrecht he wrote his noble essay on "Toleration." Returning to England, he received the office of Commissioner of Appeals, and in 1695 he was made one of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations.

The writings of Locke, in ten octavo volumes, appeared in 1823. His celebrity as a philosopher, however, rests mainly upon his two treatises, the "Essay on Human Understanding," begun in 1670, finished in 1687, but not published until 1690, and the shorter work entitled "The Conduct of the Understanding."

Pleasure and Pain.

(From the "Essay Concerning Human Understanding.")

The infinitely wise Author of our being, having given us the power over several parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at rest, as we think fit; and also, by the motion of them, to move ourselves and contiguous bodies, in which consists all the actions of our body; having also given a power to our mind, in several instances, to choose amongst its ideas which it will think on, and to pursue the inquiry of this or that subject with consideration and attention, — to excite us to these actions of thinking and motion that we are capable of, has been pleased to join to several thoughts and several sensations a perception of delight. If this were wholly separated from all our outward sensations and inward thoughts, we should have no reason to prefer one thought or action to another, negligence to attention, or motion to rest. And so we should neither stir our bodies nor employ our minds: but let our thoughts — if I may so call it — run adrift, without any direction or design; and suffer the ideas of our minds, like unregarded shadows, to make their appearance there as it happened, without attending to them. In which state, man, however furnished with the faculties of understanding and will, would be a very idle, inactive creature, and pass his time only in a lazy, lethargic dream. It has therefore pleased our wise Creator to annex to several objects, and the ideas which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure; and that in several objects to several degrees, that those faculties which he had endowed us with might not remain wholly idle and unemployed by us.

Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work that pleasure has, we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that as to pursue this; only this is worth our consideration, "that pain is often produced by the same objects and ideas that produce pleasure in us." This their near conjunction, which makes us often feel pain in the sensations where we expected pleasure, gives us new occasion of admiring the wisdom and goodness of our Maker; who, designing the preservation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm that they will do and as advices to withdraw from them. But he, not designing our preservation barely, but the preservation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath in many cases annexed pain to those very ideas which delight us. Thus heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it, — if increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes, — causes a very painful sensation: which is wisely and favorably so ordered by nature, that when any object does by the vehemency of its operation disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structures cannot but be very nice and delicate, we might by the pain be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order and so be unfitted for its proper function for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it may well persuade us that this is the end or use of pain. For though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all disease them; because that causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unharmed in its natural state. But yet excess of cold as well as heat pains us, because it is equally destructive to that temper which is necessary to the preservation of life and the exercise of the several functions of the body; and which consists in a moderate degree of warmth, or if you please a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him "with whom there is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

Injudicious Haste in Study.

The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hindrance to it. It still presses into further discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge; and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient view, to tell in general how the parts lie; and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morass and there a river, woodland in one part and savannas in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it: but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labor and thought and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that traveled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light towards further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

There is another haste that does often, and will, mislead the mind, if it be left to itself and its own conduct. The understanding is naturally forward, not only to learn its knowledge by variety, — which makes it skip over one to get speedily to another part of knowledge, — but also eager to enlarge its views by running too fast into general observations and conclusions, without a due examination of particulars enough thereon to found those general axioms. This seems to enlarge their stock, but it is of fancies, not realities; such theories, built upon narrow foundations, stand but weakly, and if they fall not themselves, are at least very hardly to be supported against the assaults of opposition. And thus men, being too hasty to erect to themselves general notions and ill-grounded theories, find themselves deceived in their stock of knowledge, when they come to examine their hastily assumed maxims themselves or to have them attacked by others. General observations, drawn from particulars, are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greater care and caution, lest if we take counterfeit for true, our loss and shame will be the greater when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny. One or two particulars may suggest hints of inquiry, and they do well who take those hints; but if they turn them into conclusions, and make them presently general rules, they are forward indeed, but it is only to impose on themselves by propositions assumed for truths without sufficient warrant. To make such observations is, as has been already remarked, to make the head a magazine of materials which can hardly be called knowledge, or at least it is but like a collection of lumber not reduced to use or order; and he that makes everything an observation has the same useless plenty, and much more falsehood mixed with it. The extremes on both sides are to be avoided; and he will be able to give the best account of his studies who keeps his understanding in the right mean between them.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

Frederick Locker-Lampson, an English poet, born at Greenwich, 1821; died, 1895. He wrote several volumes of "society verses"; among them: "London Lyrics" (1857); "Lyra Elegantiarum" (1867); "Patchwork" (1879), an olio of prose and verse, revealing himself as the poet of society singing out the hearts of polite London folk to their faces. He is best known however by his "Lyra Elegantiarum"; an anthology of airy graceful verse, which has exhausted the field where he gathered his gleanings.

To My Grandmother.

Suggested by a Picture by Mr. Romney.

This relative of mine —
Was she seventy-and-nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she looked at seventeen, —
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree
As she sits, her revery
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste, —
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

In bridal coronet,
Lace, ribbons, and *coquette*
Falbala;
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love, —
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb? —
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, "Come."

What funny fancy slips
From between these cherry lips?
Whisper me,
Sweet deity in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee?

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst.

Her locks (as white as snow)
Once shamed the swarthy crow.
By-and-by,
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cloven foot for spite
In her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine: —
Well I wot,
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit, —
Would she not?

Ah, perishable clay!
Her charms had dropped away
One by one.
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was, "Thy
Will be done."

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overprest, —
In mercy was she borne
Where the weary ones and worn
Are at rest.

I'm fain to meet you there; —
If as witching as you were,
Grandmamma!
This nether world agrees
That the better it must please
Grandpapa.

ADVICE TO A POET.

DEAR Poet, never rhyme at all:—
But if you must, don't tell your neighbors;
Or five in six, who cannot scrawl,
Will dub you donkey for your labors.
This epithet may seem unjust
To you — or any verse-begetter:
Oh, must we own — I fear we must! —
That nine in ten deserve no better.

Then let them bray with leathern lungs,
And match you with the beast that grazes;
Or wag their heads, and hold their tongues,
Or damn you with the faintest praises.
Be patient, — you will get your due
Of honors, or humiliations;
So look for sympathy — but do
Not look to find it from relations.

When strangers first approved my books,
My kindred marveled what the praise meant,
They now wear more respectful looks,
But can't get over their amazement.
Indeed, they've power to wound, beyond
That wielded by the fiercest hater;
For all the time they are so fond —
Which makes the aggravation greater.

Most warblers now but half express
The threadbare thoughts they feebly utter:
If they attempted naught — or less! —
They would not sink, and gasp, and flutter.
Fly low, my friend; then mount, and win
The niche for which the town's contesting:
And never mind your kith and kin —
But never give them cause for jesting.

A bard on entering the lists
Should form his plan; and having conned it,
Should know wherein his strength consists,
And never, never go beyond it.
Great Dryden all pretense discards;
Does Cowper ever strain his tether?
And Praed (Watteau of English Bards) —
How well he keeps his team together!

Hold Pegasus in hand — control
  A vein for ornament insnaring;
Simplicity is still the soul
  Of all that Time deems worth the sparing.
Long lays are not a lively sport;
  Reduce your own to half a quarter:
Unless your public thinks them short,
  Posterity will cut them shorter.

I look on bards who whine for praise
  With feelings of profoundest pity:
They hunger for the poet's bays,
  And swear one's spiteful when one's witty.
The critic's lot is passing hard:
  Between ourselves, I think reviewers,
When called to truss a crowing bard,
  Should not be sparing of the skewers.

We all — the foolish and the wise —
  Regard our verse with fascination,
Through asinine paternal eyes,
  And hues of Fancy's own creation;
Then pray, sir, pray, excuse a queer
  And sadly self-deluded rhymer,
Who thinks his beer (the smallest beer!)
  Has all the gust of *alt hochheimer.*

Dear Bard, the Muse is such a minx,
  So tricksy, it were wrong to let her
Rest satisfied with what she thinks
  Is perfect: try and teach her better.
And if you only use, perchance,
  One half the pains to learn that we, sir,
Still use to hide our ignorance —
  How very clever you will be, sir!

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

John Gibson Lockhart, a Scottish biographer, born at Cambusnethan, July 14, 1794; died at Abbotsford, Nov. 25, 1854. He studied at the University of Edinburgh and at Balliol College, Oxford, and in 1816 was called to the bar of Edinburgh. In 1820 he married a daughter of Sir Walter Scott. In 1826 he became editor of the London *Quarterly Review,* which he conducted until 1853. As early as 1817 he became a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine,* his most notable contribution to which was "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," some of which, however, were the production of Wilson, while Lockhart wrote portions of Wilson's "Christopher in his Tent," and "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Lockhart wrote several novels, the best of which are, "Adam Blair," and "Reginald Dalton." His spirited translations of the "Ancient Spanish Ballads," most of which had previously appeared in *Blackwood,* were collected into a volume in 1823. The principal of his other works are: "Life of Robert Burns" (1828); "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" (1829); "Life of Sir Walter Scott" (7 vols., 1836–1838).

Last Days of Sir Walter Scott.

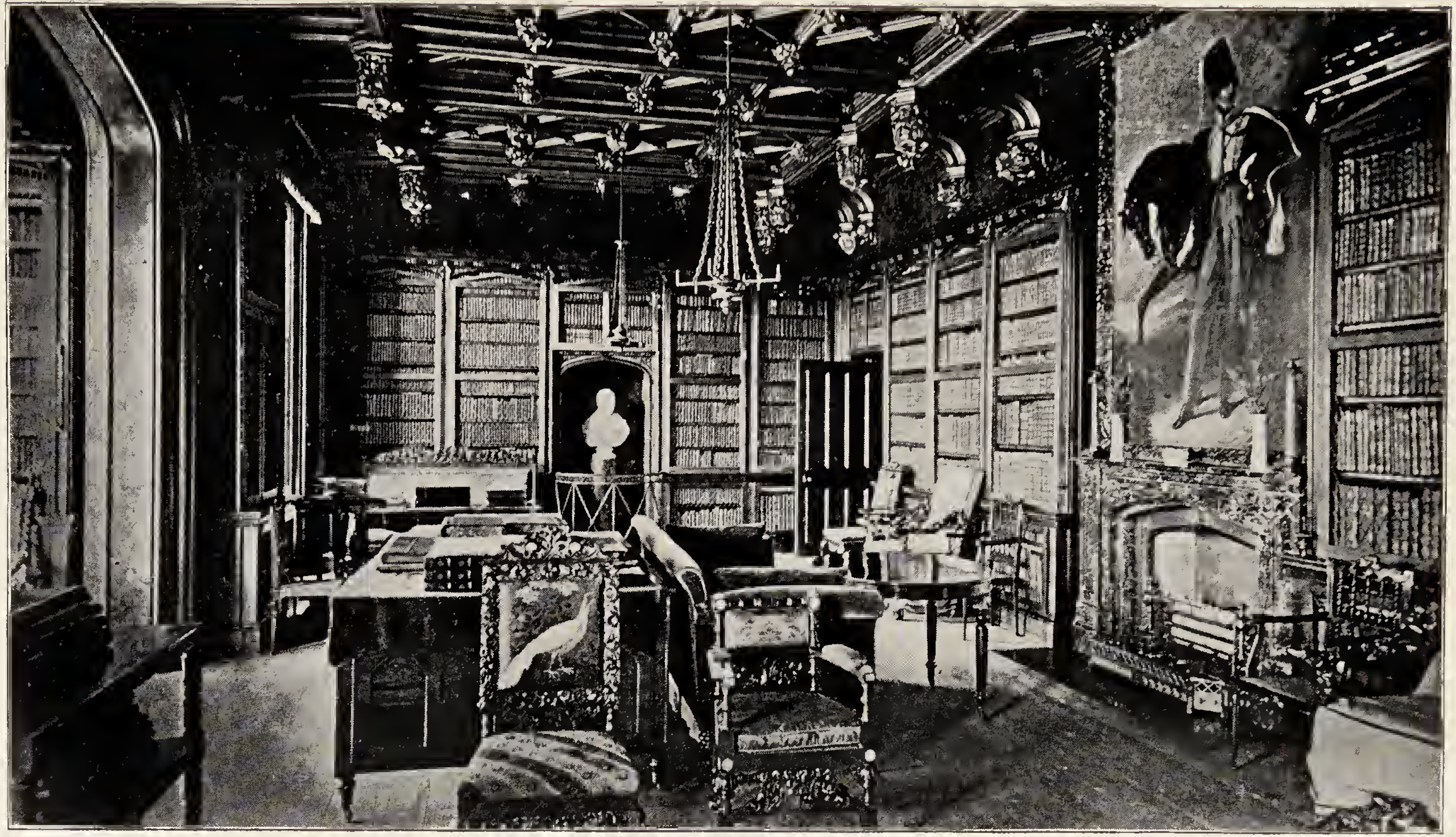
(From the "Life of Scott.")

On this his last journey Sir Walter was attended by his two daughters, Mr. Cadell, and myself; and also by Dr. James Watson, who (it being impossible for Dr. Ferguson to leave town at that moment) kindly undertook to see him safe at Abbotsford. We embarked in the James Watt steamboat, the master of which (Captain John Jamieson), as well as the agent of the proprietors, made every arrangement in their power for the convenience of the invalid. The Captain gave up for Sir Walter's use his own private cabin, which was a separate erection, a sort of cottage on the deck: and he seemed unconscious, after being laid in bed there, that any new removal had occurred. On arriving at Newhaven, late on the 9th, we found careful preparations made for his landing by the manager of the Shipping Company (Mr. Hamilton); and Sir Walter, prostrate in his carriage, was slung on shore, and conveyed from thence to Douglas's Hotel in St. Andrew's Square, in the same complete apparent unconsciousness. Mrs. Douglas had in former days been the Duke of Buccleuch's housekeeper at Bowhill, and she and her husband had also made the most suitable provision. At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 11th, we again placed him in his carriage; and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two: "Gala Water, surely — Buckholm — Torwoodlee." As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge; and during the time this occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicolson's, to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable.

Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in, lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then resting his eye on Laidlaw, said, "Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair; they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands; and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them until sleep oppressed him.

Dr. Watson, having consulted on all things with Mr. Clarkson and his father, resigned the patient to them and returned to London. None of them could have any hope but that of soothing irritation. Recovery was no longer to be thought of; but there might be *euthanasia.*

And yet something like a ray of hope did break in upon us next morning. Sir Walter awoke perfectly conscious where he was, and expressed an ardent wish to be carried out into his garden. We procured a Bath-chair from Huntly-Burn; and Laidlaw and I wheeled him out before his door, and up and down



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LIBRARY, ABBOTSFORD

for some time on the turf, and among the rose beds then in full bloom. The grandchildren admired the new vehicle, and would be helping in their way to push it about. He sat in silence, smiling placidly on them and the dogs their companions, and now and then admiring the house, the screen of the garden, and the flowers and trees. By-and-by he conversed a little, very composedly, with us: said he was happy to be at home, — that he felt better than he had ever done since he left it, and would perhaps disappoint the doctors after all.

He then desired to be wheeled through his rooms, and we moved him leisurely for an hour or more up and down the hall and the great library. "I have seen much," he kept saying, "but nothing like my ain house: give me one turn more!" He was gentle as an infant, and allowed himself to be put to bed again the moment we told him that we thought he had had enough for one day.

Next morning he was still better; after again enjoying the Bath-chair for perhaps a couple of hours out-of-doors, he desired to be drawn into the library and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him; and when I asked from what book, he said, "Need you ask? — there is but one." I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done, "Well, this is a great comfort: I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again." In this placid frame he was again put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber.

On the third day Mr. Laidlaw and I again wheeled him about the small piece of lawn and shrubbery in front of the house for some time; and the weather being delightful, and all the richness of summer around him, he seemed to taste fully the balmy influences of nature. The sun getting very strong, we halted the chair in a shady corner, just within the verge of his verdant arcade around the court-wall; and breathing the coolness of the spot, he said, "Read me some amusing thing; read me a bit of Crabbe." I brought out the first volume of his own favorite that I could lay hand on, and turned to what I remembered as one of his most favorite passages in it, — the description of the arrival of the Players in the Borough. He listened with great interest, and also, as I soon perceived, with great curiosity. Every now and then he exclaimed, "Capital — excellent — very good — Crabbe has lost nothing;" and we were too well satisfied that he considered himself as hearing a new production, when, chuckling over one couplet, he said, "Better and better — but how will poor Terry endure these cuts?" I went on with the poet's terrible sarcasms upon the theatrical life, and he listened eagerly, muttering, "Honest Dan!" — "Dan won't like this." At length I reached those lines —

"Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest;
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
Not warned by misery nor enriched by gain."

"Shut the book," said Sir Walter, — "I can't stand more of this: it will touch Terry to the very quick."

On the morning of Sunday the 15th he was again taken out into the little pleasaunce, and got as far as his favorite terrace walk between the garden and the river, from which he seemed to survey the valley and the hills with much satisfaction. On re-entering the house he desired me to read to him from the New Testament: and after that he again called for a little of Crabbe; but whatever I selected from that poet seemed to be listened to as if it made part of some new volume published while he was in Italy. He attended with this sense of novelty even to the tale of "Phœbe Dawson," which not many months before he could have repeated every line of, and which I chose for one of these readings because, as is known to every one, it had formed the last solace of Mr. Fox's death-bed. On the contrary, his recollection of whatever I read from the Bible appeared to be lively; and in the afternoon, when we made his grandson, a child of six years, repeat some of Dr. Watts's hymns by his chair, he seemed also to remember them perfectly. That evening he heard the Church service; and when I was about to close the book, said, "Why do you omit the visitation for the sick?" which I added accordingly.

On Monday he remained in bed and seemed extremely feeble; but after breakfast on Tuesday the 17th, he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said, "This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk."

He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order; and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said, "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavored to close his fingers upon it; but they refused their office — it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by-and-by, motioned to me to wheel him out-of-doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." "No, Willie," said he, — "no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. "Friends," said he, "don't let me expose myself — get me to bed — that's the only place."

With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day; and after another week he was unable even for this. During a few days he was in a state of painful irritation; and I saw realized all that he had himself prefigured in his description of the meeting between Crystal Croftangry and his paralytic friend. Dr. Ross came out from Edinburgh, bringing with him his wife, one of the dearest *nieces* of the Clerk's Table. Sir Walter with some difficulty recognized the Doctor, but on hearing Mrs. Ross's voice, exclaimed at once, "Isn't that Kate Hume?" These kind friends remained for two or three days with us. Clarkson's lancet was pronounced necessary; and the relief it afforded was, I am happy to say, very effectual.

After this he declined daily; but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed however to suffer no bodily pain; and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling with rare exceptions on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts. Now and then he imagined himself to be administering justice as sheriff; and once or twice he seemed to be ordering Tom Purdie about trees. A few times also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh; and "Burk Sir Walter" escaped him in a melancholy tone. But commonly whatever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah, and the Book of Job), or some petition in the Litany, or a verse of some psalm (in the old Scotch metrical version) or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Roman ritual, — in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connection with the church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the "Dies Iræ:" and I think the very last stanza that we could make out was the first of a still greater favorite: —

"Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius."

All this time he continued to recognize his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him; and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness. Mr. Clarkson too was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly might it be said that the gentleman survived the genius.

After two or three weeks had passed in this way, I was obliged to leave Sir Walter for a single day, and go into Edinburgh to transact business, on his account, with Mr. Henry Cockburn (now Lord Cockburn), then Solicitor-General for Scotland. . . .

Perceiving, towards the end of August, that the end was near, and thinking it very likely that Abbotsford might soon undergo many changes, and myself at all events never see it again, I felt a desire to have some image preserved of the interior apartments as occupied by their founder; and invited from Edinburgh for that purpose Sir Walter's dear friend, William Allan, — whose presence, I well knew, would even under the circumstances of that time be nowise troublesome to any of the family, but the contrary in all respects. Mr. Allan willingly complied, and executed a series of beautiful drawings, which may probably be engraved hereafter. He also shared our watchings, and witnessed all but the last moments. Sir Walter's cousins, the ladies of Ashestiel, came down frequently for a day or two at a time; and did whatever sisterly affection could prompt, both for the sufferer and his daughters. Miss Barbara Scott (daughter of his uncle Thomas), and Mrs. Scott of Harden did the like.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm, every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man — be virtuous — be religious — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." — He paused, and I said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night — God bless you all." With this he sunk into a very tranquil sleep, and indeed he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained a new leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one P. M. on the 21st of September Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day: so warm that every window was wide open; and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

ZARA'S EARRINGS.

(From the "Spanish Ballads.")

"My earrings! my earrings! they've dropt into the well,
And what to Muça I shall say, I cannot, cannot tell." —
'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez's daughter. —
"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell;
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My earrings! my earrings! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those earrings pale:

When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the
well —
Oh, what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

"My earrings! my earrings! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and silver, but of gold and glittering sheen;
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well:
Thus will he think — and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl unloosed;
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in — and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame,
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken, —
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My earrings! my earrings! oh, luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

"I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe —
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His earrings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well."

The Wandering Knight's Song.

(From the "Spanish Ballads.")

My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war;
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star.

My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee.

The Broadswords of Scotland.

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the brave —
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with the slave,
Whose libation comes slow while we honor his grave.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Though he died not, like him, amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on the shore,
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim;
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious name —
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the Graham.
All the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth,
Count the stars in the clear, cloudless heaven of the north;
Then go blazen their numbers, their names and their worth.
All the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

The highest in splendor, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,
For the private is brother in blood to his grace.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

Then sacred to each and all let it be
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh, the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh, the old Scottish broadswords!

EULOGY UPON CAPTAIN PATON.

HIS waistcoat, coat and breeches, were cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-color, of a modest gentry drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking round his neat, slim leg did go;
And his ruffles of the cambric fine, they were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order, at the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart that down his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee, that some inches up did grow;
And behind there was a long queue, that did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we foregathered, he took off his wee three oockit,
And he proffered you his snuff-box, which he drew from his side-pocket,
And on Burdett or Bonaparte he would make a remark or so;
And then along the plainstones like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo'e!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a distinguished American poet, born at Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. He entered Bowdoin College at fourteen, was graduated in 1825; was tutor there for a short time, and in 1826 was appointed Professor of Modern Languages. He then went to Europe; returning late in 1829, he entered upon his duties as Professor. In 1835 he was chosen to succeed George Ticknor as Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard College. He established himself in the old Craigie House, which had been Washington's headquarters in 1775–1776, which continued to be his home during the remainder of his life. He resigned his professorship in 1854. While a student at Bowdoin he contributed several short poems to the Boston *Literary Gazette*, which were afterward brought together under the title of "Earlier Poems." While Professor at Bowdoin he contributed several papers to the *North American Review*, one of which, on "The Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain," contained his translation of the "Coplas de Manrique."

Although Longfellow is most distinctively known as a poet, he wrote much graceful prose. Besides his college prelections and contributions to the *North American Review* he published "Outre Mer," a series of sketches from Europe (1826); "Hyperion," a romance (1839), and "Kavanagh," a tale of New England life (1849).

His poems include "Voices of the Night" (1839); "Ballads and Other Poems" (1842); "Poems on Slavery" (1842); "The Spanish Student" (1843). His important collection "Poets and Poetry of Europe," still a favorite anthology, was published in 1845. Then came "The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems" (1846); "Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie" (1847); "The Seaside and the Fireside" (1850); "A Volume of Poems" (1850); "The Golden Legend" (1851); "Song of Hiawatha" (1855); "Prose Works," a series of essays, collected (1857); "Poems," complete edition (1857); "Courtship of Miles Standish" (1858); "Tales of a Wayside Inn" (1863); "Household Poems" (1865). He translated and published Dante's "Divine Comedy" (in 1867); "A New England Tragedy" came next (1868); "The Building of the Ship" (1870); "Excelsior" (1872); "Aftermath" (1873); "The Hanging of the Crane" (1875); "The Masque of Pandora and Other Poems"

(1875). He edited his "Poems of Places" in 31 vols. (1876–1879); "Poems of the Old South Church" (1877); "The Skeleton in Armor" (1878); "Kéramos and Other Poems" (1879). "From my Armchair" was printed in 1879; "Michael Angelo" in 1879; "Ultima Thule" in 1882. Shortly after his death was published "In the Harbor," a small volume containing his last poems. Under the general title of "Christus," he brought together in 1879 three dramatic poems already published: "The Divine Tragedy," "The Golden Legend," and "The New England Tragedies." "Complete Poetical Works with Later Poems," with a biographical sketch by Octavius B. Frothingham, in 1880–1883.

Longfellow's translations — mainly from French, Italian, German, Spanish, and Swedish poets — are numerous. The collection entitled "The Poets and Poetry of Europe" (1845), contains many translations by himself which are now included in his Works.

The Forest Primeval.[1]

(From "Evangeline.")

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers, —
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

. . . .

EVANGELINE AND GABRIEL.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,

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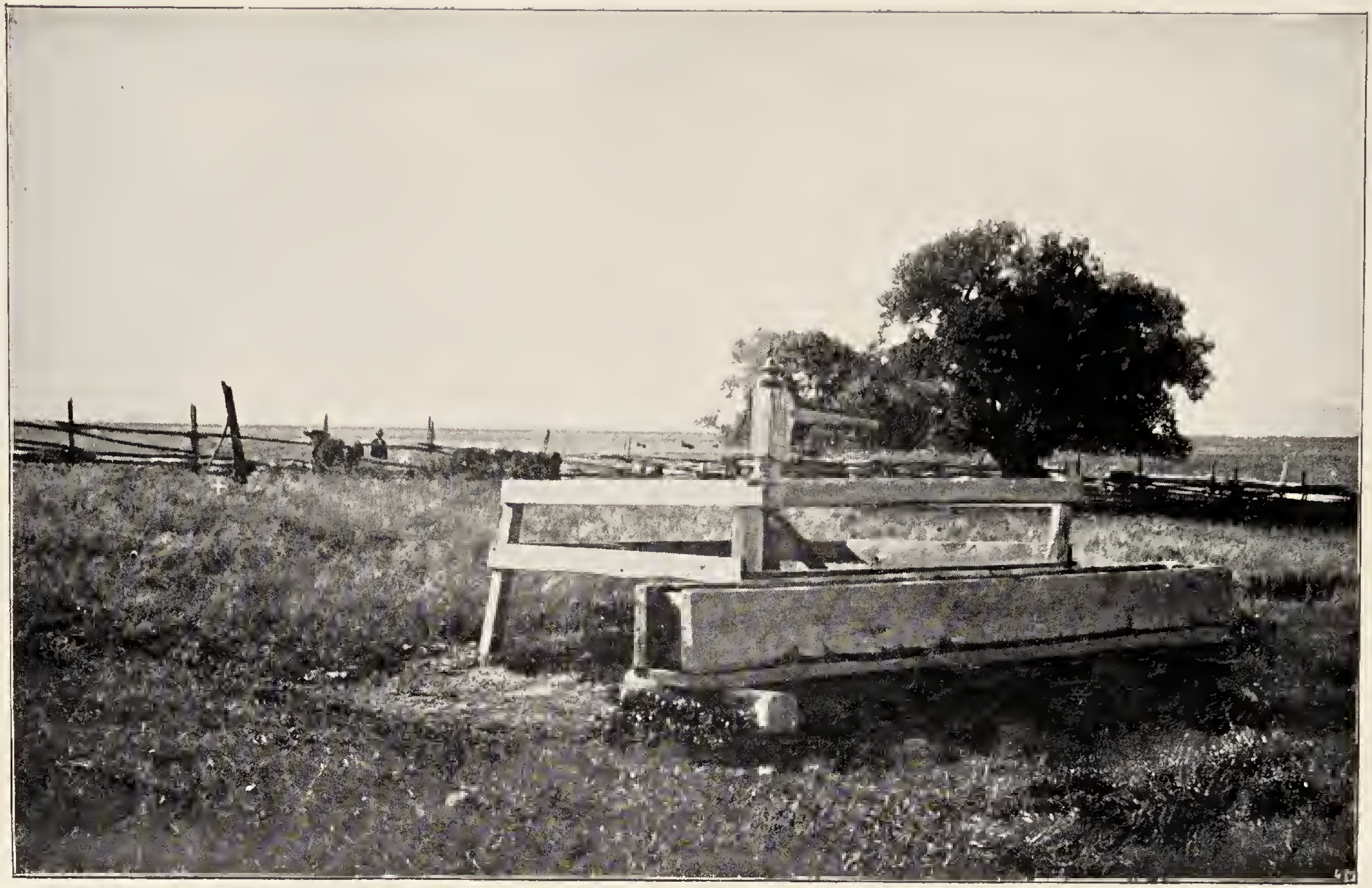


OLD WELL AND SITE OF CHAPEL AND PRIEST'S DWELLING

(*Grand Pré*)

Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

THE SEPARATION.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended, —
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smoldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

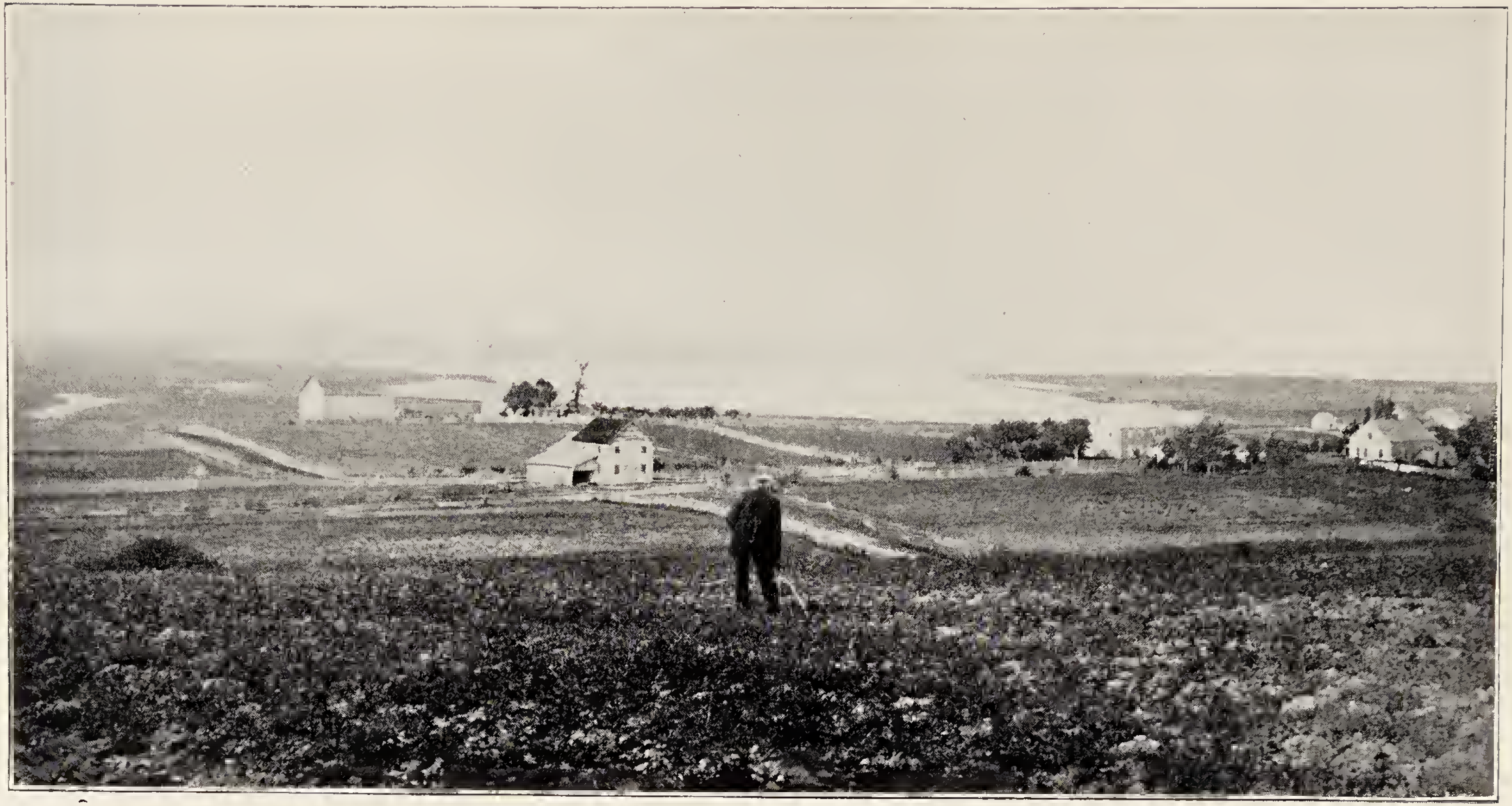
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,

Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions: —
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction, —
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered, —
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.
There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.

THE MEETING.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.



MOUTH OF THE GASPEREAU WHERE ACADIANS EMBARKED

(*Grand Pré*)

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, — "At length thy trials are ended";
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodland; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky cavern the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chaunting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed.

And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me, —
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen! —
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,

So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's bower,
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
— Thus the tale ended.

The Wreck of the Hesperus.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

[The tradition, upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland, and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.]

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revelers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking glass of crystal tall;
They call it the luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light,
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang! — with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift, the wild flames start;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

The Building of the Ship.

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
  Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
  And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.
A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee,

He answered, "Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and staunch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"

And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature;
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labor might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,
And above them all, and strangest of all
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.
And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,
Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the shipyard stood the Master,
  With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
  And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;

Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.
Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modeled o'er and o'er again; —
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.

Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!

Ah, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the shipyard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still.
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,
And ships that never came back again,
The chance and change of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,
And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.
And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
With all its terror and mystery,
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illume
The silent group in the twilight gloom,
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;
And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark,
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till, after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,

Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men: —

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
  Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
  And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band,
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land,
And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast!
And at the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mold,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modeled from the Master's daughter!
On many a dreary and misty night,
'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright!
Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain
Lay the snow,

They fell,—those lordly pines!
Those grand, majestic pines!
Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the mast head,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray, old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head.
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor —
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he: —

"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,

Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And, lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,—
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress

Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave and not the rock;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

THE EVENING STAR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,
  As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
  Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
  Falls the trail of its golden splendor,
And the gleam of that single star
  Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor rising out of the sea,
  Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,
Leaving the arms of Callirrhoë,
  Forever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
  Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly;
Is it a God, or is it a star
  That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!

CURFEW.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
  Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
  Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
  And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning,
  And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
  And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence,—
  All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
  No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
  Reign over all!

The book is completed,
  And closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it
  Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;
  Forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes,
  They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!" — JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw.
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,

It calmly repeats those words of awe, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night:
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
As in the days long-since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
"Forever — never!
Never — forever!"

"An ancient timepiece says to all,
'Forever — never!'"

From a Painting by Maud Goodman

The Arrow and the Song.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Excelsior.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

The Belfry of Bruges.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders, — mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armèd guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

SHOULD you ask me, Whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,

With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations
As of thunder in the mountain?
I should answer, I should tell you:—
"From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands
Where the heron, the Shuhshuhgah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer."
  Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you:—
"In the birds' nests of the forests,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison.
All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fenlands,
In the melancholy marshes;
Chetowaick, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose, Waway,
The blue heron, the Shuhshuhgah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!"
  If still further you should ask me
Saying, Who was Nawadaha?
Tell us of this Nawadaha,
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow:—
"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant watercourses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village,
Spread the meadows and the cornfields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the grove of singing pine-trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.
And the pleasant watercourses,
You could trace them through the valley

By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.
There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed, and how he fasted,
How he lived and toiled and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people."

THE DEPARTURE OF HIAWATHA.

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour;
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed, and labored;
How the Jews — the tribe accursed —
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.
  And the chief made answer, saying: —
"We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think of what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!"
  Then they rose up and departed.
Each one homeward to his wigwam;
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the stranger
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.
  Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer;
With a drowsy sound the forest

Whispered round the sultry wigwam;
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless
Sang the grasshopper, Paupukkeena;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.
  Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.
  From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests that slumbered: —
"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the northwest wind Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them;
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them;
Never danger or suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha."
  Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men;
Spake persuading, spake in this wise: —
"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey.
Many moons and many winters
Will have come and will have vanished
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you;

DEATH OF MINNEHAHA

From a Painting by W. L. Dodge

For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning."
  On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing;
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, "Westward! Westward!"
And with speed it darted forward.
  And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness;
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward, Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors,
Like the new moon, slowly, slowly,
Sinking in the purple distance.
  And they said, "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuhshuhgah,
From her haunts among the fenlands,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
  Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha, the belovèd,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessèd,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.

PIERRE LOTI.

Pierre Loti, pseudonym of Louis Marie Julien Viaud, a French novelist; (retained by him from an early nickname, given him for his modesty, and referring to a flower of Polynesia that hides itself); born at Rochefort, Jan. 14, 1850. He was educated in the naval school at Brest, 1867; became lieutenant in 1881, and made many voyages in Oceanica and to Japan, Senegal, etc. Participating in the French war against Anam (south of China) in 1883, his letters to *Figaro* led to his suspension from active service; he painted "too black" the conduct of the French soldiers in taking the forts of Hué. "From Lands of Exile" appeared in 1887. His other works are "Aziyadé" (1879); "Rarahu, a Polynesian Idyl" (1880), (reprinted under the title of "Marriage of Loti"); "The Romance of a Spahi" (Algerian soldier), (1881); "Flowers of Ennui," "Pasquala Ivanovitch," in which is included "Sueleima" (1882); "My Brother Yves" (1883); "The Three Women of Kasbah" (1884); "The Iceland Fisherman" (1886); "Madame Chrysanthème" (1887); "Japonneries d'Automne" (1889); "Au Maroc" (1890); "Le Roman d'un Enfant," an autobiography (1890); "Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort" (1891); "Fantôme d'Orient," a sequel to "Aziyadé" (1892); "Matelot" (1893). Of the above works, "From Lands of Exile," "Rarahu," "The Iceland Fisherman," and "Madame Chrysanthème," have been published in English.

Loti meets the Sultan of Morocco.

(From "Into Morocco.")

This morning we are to be presented to the Sultan, one day of our quarantine having been graciously remitted to us. At half past eight we all assembled in full uniform in the Moorish courtyard of the house occupied by the minister and his suite. Then comes the *Caid Introducer of Ambassadors*, a gigantic bull-necked mulatto carrying an enormous staff of some cheap metal. (To perform the duties of this office one of the largest men of the empire is always selected.) Four persons in long white robes enter in his suite and remain standing motionless behind him, all of them furnished with staves like his, which they hold in front of them at arms' length, just as a drum-major holds his cane. Their duty is simply to keep our road clear of people.

When we are ready to mount, we pass through the orange grove, where that same fine wintry rain is falling that has accompanied us so faithfully thus far on our journey, and direct our steps toward the low gateway which gives access to the street; here the horses are brought up, one by one. The street is so narrow that the animals cannot turn about in it nor proceed two abreast; we accordingly mount them as they come up, haphazard, hastily and without order.

From here to the palace is quite a long distance, and we have to pass through the same quarters that we did in coming here day before yesterday. In front of us, the sticks play here and there upon the backs of people who are obstructing the way, and we are surrounded by a file of terrified, red-uniformed soldiers who are constantly getting under our horses' heels, and whose bayonets, reaching to the height of our eyes, are a constant menace to us in the confusion of our rapid movements. As on the day of our entry, we cross the waste lands which lie between Old Fez and New Fez, with their rocks, aloe-trees, caves, tombs, ruins, and the heaps of decaying animals above which the birds of prey are wheeling. At length we arrive before the first inclosure of the palace, and make our entry into the court of the Ambassadors through a great ogival gateway.

This courtyard is of such immense extent that I know of no city in the world that possesses one of similar dimensions. It is surrounded by those lofty and forbidding walls that I have spoken of before, flanked by solid square bastions — in the same manner as are the walls of Stamboul and Damietta — with something about them still more dilapidated, more threatening, more awe-inspiring; the place is covered with coarse grass, and in the center is a marsh where the frogs are piping. The sky is black, filled with angry clouds; birds leave their niches in the towers and wheel in circles in the air.

Notwithstanding the thousands of men who are standing in dense array around its four sides under the old walls, the place seems empty. The spectators are the same as ever, the same colors also prevail; on one side, a white multitude in cloaks and cowls, on the other a red multitude, the troops of the Sultan, with their band at their head in their robes of orange, green, violet, brown and yellow. The central part of the immense court, where we have taken our position, is completely deserted. And the crowd, far distant from us as it is, and heaped up against the foot of these overpowering battlements, looks like a crowd of Lilliputians.

This place has communication with the inner precincts of the palace through one of its corner bastions. This bastion, in less ruinous condition than the others and newly whitewashed, has two charming great arched gateways, surrounded with pink and blue arabesques, and it is through one of these arches that the Sultan is to make his appearance.

We are requested to dismount, for no one may presume to remain mounted in the presence of the Commander of the Faithful. So our beasts are led away, and here we are, standing in the mud, among the wet grass.

There is a movement among the troops, and the red infantry and their parti-colored band come and form up in two ranks, making a wide avenue from the center of the court where we are stationed down to the bastion yonder from which the Sultan is to approach, and all eyes are fixed on the gate surrounded with arabesques, awaiting the holy apparition.

The gate is fully two hundred meters away from us, such is the great size of the courtyard, and the first ones to approach through the lane of troops are the great officers of state, the viziers: men whose visages are thoughtful and whose beards are growing white; they too, are on foot to-day, like ourselves, and walk with slow steps in the dignity of their white veils and floating bournouses. We know almost all these persons from having met them on our arrival day before yesterday, but they presented a prouder appearance then, mounted on their fine horses. There appears also the Caid Belal, the black court buffoon, with his indescribable turban shaped like a dome; he advances by himself with a distracting gait, swaying to and fro as if he were hung on wires, supported by an enormous bludgeon-like staff; there is an unspeakable repulsive and scoffing air about him, which seems to tell his consciousness of the favor which he enjoys with his master.

The rain still threatens; storm clouds, impelled by the high wind, drive through the heavens in company with the flocks of birds, giving an occasional glimpse of that deep blue which alone reminds us that we are in the country of light. The walls, the towers are in every direction bristling with their pointed battlements, rising in the air with the appearance of combs from which part of the teeth have been broken; they loom up gigantic, shutting us in as in a citadel of immense size and fantastic form. Time has endowed them with a golden-gray color that is very striking; they are broken, cracked, ready to fall; they produce upon the mind the impression of an antiquity that is lost in the night. Two or three storks are looking down upon the throng from their perches among the battlements; a donkey, too, that has in some way or other succeeded in getting up into one of the towers with his red-covered saddle upon his back, surveys the scene from his vantage ground.

Through the gateway that is bordered with pink and blue arabesques, upon which our attention is more and more closely fixed, there now streams a band of fifty little negro slaves, dressed in red with white surplices, like choir boys. They march awkwardly, huddling together like a flock of sheep.

Then six magnificent white horses are led forth, all saddled and caparisoned in silk, rearing and pawing the ground.

Then a gilded coach, of the time of Louis XV. — incongruous with the surroundings, and looking very trifling and ridiculous among all this rude grandeur. It has the distinction of being the only wheeled carriage in existence at Fez, and was the gift of Queen Victoria.

These events are succeeded by a few moments of silent waiting. Then suddenly the long lines of soldiers vibrate under a thrill of religious awe; the band, with its great brasses and its drums, strikes up a deafening, mournful air. The fifty little black slaves run, run as if their lives were at stake, deploying from their base like the sticks of a fan, resembling bees swarming, or a flock of birds. And yonder, in the shadowy light of the ogive, upon which all eyes are turned, there appears a tall, brown-faced mannikin, all veiled in white muslin, mounted on a splendid white horse led in hand by four slaves; over his head is held an umbrella of antique form, such an one as must have protected the Queen of Sheba, and two gigantic negroes, one in pink, the other in blue, wave fly-flaps around the person of the sovereign.

While the strange mannikin, or mummy, almost shapeless, but majestic notwithstanding in his robes of snowy white, is advancing towards us, the music, as if exasperated to madness, wails louder and louder, in a shriller key; it strikes up a slow and distressful religious air, the time of which is accentuated by a frightful beating of the bass-drums. The mannikin's horse rears wildly, restrained with difficulty by the four black slaves, and this music, so mournful and so strange to us, affects our nerves with an indescribable agonizing sensation.

Here, at last, drawn up close beside us, stands this last authentic descendant of Mahomet, crossed with Nubian blood. His attire, of the finest *mousseline-de-laine*, is of immaculate whiteness. His charger, too, is entirely white, his great stirrups are of gold, and his saddle and equipments are of a very pale green silk, lightly embroidered in a still paler shade of golden green. The slaves who hold his horse, the one who carries the great red umbrella, and the two — the pink and blue ones, — who shake napkins on the monarch's face to drive away imaginary flies, are all herculean negroes whose countenances are wrinkled into fierce smiles; they are all old men and their gray or white beards contrast with the blackness of their features. This ceremonial of a bygone age harmonizes with the wailing music, could not suit better with the huge walls around us, which rear their crumbling summits high in the air.

This man, who thus presents himself before us with the surroundings which I have described, is the last faithful exponent of a religion, a civilization that are about to die. He is the personification, in fact, of ancient Islam; for it is well known that pure Mussulmans look upon the Sultan of Stamboul almost in the light of a sacrilegious usurper and turn their eyes and their prayers toward the Moghreb, where dwells the man who is in their eyes the true successor of the Prophet.

What result can we expect to attain from an embassy to such a man, who, together with his people, spends his life torpid and motionless among ancient dreams of humanity that have almost disappeared from the surface of the earth? There is not a single point on which we can understand each other; the distance between us is nearly that which would separate us from a Caliph of Cordova or of Bagdad who should come to life again after a slumber of a thousand years. What do we wish to obtain from him, and why have we brought him forth from his impenetrable palace?

His brown, parchment-like face, in its setting of white muslin, has regular and noble features; dull, expressionless eyes, the whites of which appear beneath the balls that are half concealed by the drooping lashes; his expression is that of exceeding melancholy, a supreme lassitude, a supreme *ennui*. He has an appearance of benignity, and is really kind-hearted, according to what they say who know him. (If the people of Fez are to be believed, he is even too much so; he does not chop off as many heads as he ought for the holy cause of Islam.) But his kind-heartedness, no doubt, is relative in degree, as was often the case with ourselves in the middle ages; a mildness which is not over-sensitive in the face of shedding blood when there is a necessity for it, nor in the face of a string of human heads set up in a row over the fine gateway at the entrance to the palace. Assuredly, he is not cruel; he could not be so with that gentle, sad expression. He punishes with severity sometimes, as his divine authority gives him the right to do, but it is said that he finds a still keener pleasure in pardoning. He is a priest and a warrior, and carries each of these characters, perhaps, to excess; feeling as deeply as a prophet the responsibility of his heavenly mission, chaste in the midst of his seraglio, strict in his attention to onerous religious observances, and hereditarily very much of a fanatic, he aims to form himself upon Mohammed as perfectly as may be; all this, moreover, is legible in his eyes, upon his fine countenance, in the upright majesty of his bearing. He is a man whom we can neither understand nor judge in the times we live in, but he is surely a great man, a man of mark.

The minister presents his credentials to the Sultan in a bag of velvet embroidered with gold, which is received by one of the fly drivers. Then the customary short speeches are exchanged; that of the minister first, then that of the Sultan in reply, declaring his friendship for the French nation, spoken in a low tone of voice, with a wearied, condescending, extremely gentlemanly manner. Then come the presentation of individuals; our salutations, which the sovereign acknowledges by a courteous movement of the head — and it is all over. The Commander of the Faithful has displayed himself sufficiently to Nazarenes such as we. The handsome charger with the silken trappings is turned by the black slaves, the Scheriffian majesty turns his back on us, looking like a tall phantom in his cloudy wrappings. The music, which has been playing softly while the speeches are going on, bursts into a funereal crescendo, another band of pipes and tambourines yelps and squeaks at the same time on a higher key; the artillery commences to thunder close to our ears, startling the horses; the Sultan's steed rears and kicks, endeavoring to rid himself of his white mummy, who remains impassible; all the others, the six beautiful animals that were led in by the bit, make their escape with furious bounds; the one that is harnessed to the state carriage rears upright on his hind legs; the fifty little black boys again run madly hither and thither without any apparent object to their course; (this is a bit of etiquette that is always observed whenever the Sultan is on horseback).

While the bands maintain their exasperating crescendo, while the guns continue their deafening racket, the Caliph and his suite retire rapidly, like an apparition driven away by an excess of noise and stir; they disappear down yonder in the shadows of the archway that is bordered with arabesques of pink and blue. We behold one last plunge of the handsome white steed as he tries to the last to shake off his impassible rider, then they all disappear, including the red umbrella, and the fifty choir boys who pour in through the gateway like a wave of the sea. A shower begins to come down, and we have to run through the tall, wet grass after our horses, among the red-uniformed negro soldiers, who have broken ranks, among all this pitiful army of monkeys. A strange riot and disorder succeed the religious awe that but lately prevailed in this gigantic inclosure of ruinous walls and towers.

Loti Selects a Japanese Bride.

(From "Madame Chrysanthemum.")

"Ah! at last, brother," said Yves, "I believe, — yes, I really believe she is coming at last."

I look over his shoulder, and I see — a back view of a little doll, the finishing touches to whose toilet are being put in the solitary street; a last maternal glance given to the enormous bows of the sash, the folds at the waist. Her dress is a pearl gray silk, her *obi* (sash) of mauve satin; a sprig of silver flowers trembles in her black hair; a parting ray of sunlight touches the little figure; five or six persons accompany her. Yes! It is undoubtedly Mlle. Jasmain; they are bringing me my fiancée!

I rush to the ground floor, inhabited by old Mme. Prune, my landlady, and her aged husband; they are absorbed in prayer before the altar of their ancestors.

"Here they are, Mme. Prune," I cry in Japanese; "here they are! Bring at once the tea, the lamp, the embers, the little pipes for the ladies, the little bamboo pots for spittoons! Bring up as quickly as possible all the accessories for my reception!"

I hear the front door open, and hasten upstairs again. Wooden clogs are deposited upon the floor, the staircase creaks gently under the little bare feet. Yves and I look at each other, with a longing to laugh.

An old lady enters, — two old ladies, — three old ladies emerging from the doorway, one after another, with jerking and mechanical salutations, which we return as best we can, fully conscious of our inferiority in this particular style. Then come persons of intermediate age, — then quite young ones, a dozen at least, friends, neighbors, — the whole quarter, in fact. And the whole company, on arriving, become confusedly engaged in reciprocal salutations: I salute you, — you salute me, — I salute you again, and you return it, — and I re-salute you again, and I express that I shall never, never be able to return it according to your high merit, — and I bang my forehead against the ground, and you stick your nose between the planks of the flooring, and there they are, on all fours, one before the other; it is a polite dispute, all anxious to yield precedence as to sitting down, or passing first, and compliments without end are murmured in low tones, with faces against the floor.

They seat themselves at last, smiling, in a ceremonious circle; we two remaining standing, our eyes fixed on the staircase. And at length emerges, in due turn, the little aigrette of silver flowers, the ebony chignon, the gray silk robe and mauve sash of Mlle. Jasmin, my fiancée!

Heavens! why, I know her already! Long before setting foot in Japan I had met with her, on every fan, on every teacup — with her silly air, her puffy little visage, her tiny eyes, mere gimlet holes above those expanses of impossible pink and white which are her cheeks.

She is young, that is all I can say in her favor; she is even so young that I should almost scruple to accept her. The wish to laugh quits me suddenly, and instead, a profound chill fastens on my heart. What! share an hour of my life even with that little doll? Never!

The next question is, how to get out of it?

She advances, smiling, with an air of repressed triumph, and behind her looms M. Kangourou, in his suit of gray tweed. Fresh salutes, and behold her on all fours, she too, before my landlady and before my neighbors. Yves, the big Yves, who is not going to be married, stands behind me, with a comical grimace, hardly repressing his laughter, — while to give myself time to collect my ideas, I offer tea in little cups, little spittoons and embers to the company.

Nevertheless, my discomfited air does not escape my visitors. M. Kangourou anxiously inquires:

"How do I like her?" And I reply in a low voice, but with great resolution:

"Not at all! I won't have that one. Never!"

I believe that this remark was almost understood in the circle around me. Consternation was depicted on every face, the jaws dropped, the pipes went out. And now I address my reproaches to Kangourou: "Why had he brought her to me in such pomp, before friends and neighbors of both sexes, instead of showing her to me discreetly as if by chance, as I had wished? What an affront he will compel me now to put upon all these polite persons!"

The old ladies (the mamma, no doubt, and aunts) prick up their ears, and M. Kangourou translates to them, softening as much as possible, my heart-rending decision. I feel really almost sorry for them; and I endeavor to present the matter in the most flattering light:

"She is very young," I say; "and then she is too white, too much like our own women. I wished for a yellow one, just for a change."

"But that is only the paint they have put on her, sir. Beneath it, I assure you, she is yellow."

Yves leans towards me and whispers:

"Look over there, brother, in that corner by the last panel; have you seen the one who is sitting down?"

Not I. In my annoyance I had not observed her; she had her back to the light, was dressed in dark colors, and sat in the careless attitude of one who keeps in the background. The fact is, this one pleased me much better. Eyes with long lashes, rather narrow, but which would have been called good in any country in the world; almost an expression, almost a thought. A coppery tint on her rounded cheeks; a straight nose; slightly thick lips; but well modeled and with pretty corners. Less young than Mlle. Jasmin, about eighteen years of age perhaps, already more of a woman. She wore an expression of *ennui*, also of a little contempt, as if she regretted her attendance at a spectacle which dragged so much, and was so little amusing.

"M. Kangourou, who is that young lady over there, in dark blue?"

"Over there, sir. A young lady called Mlle. Chrysanthème. She came with the others you see here; she is only here as a spectator. She pleases you?" said he, with eager suddenness, espying a way out of his difficulty. Then, forgetting all his politeness, all his Japanesery, he takes her by the hand, forces her to rise, to stand in the dying daylight, to let herself be seen. And she, who has followed our eyes and begins to guess what is on foot, lowers her head in confusion, with a more decided but more charming pout, and tries to step back, half sulky, half smiling.

"It makes no difference," continues M. Kangourou, "it can be arranged just as well with this one; she is not married either, sir."

She is not married! Then why didn't the idiot propose her to me at once, instead of the other, for whom I have a feeling of the greatest pity, poor little soul, with her pearl-gray dress, her sprig of flowers, her expression which grows sadder, and her eyes which twinkle like those of a child about to cry.

"It can be arranged, sir!" repeats Kangourou again, and then ensue long discourses in Japanese arguments without end. While they talk Yves and I pass on to the verandah and we gaze down into the depths below us upon a misty and vague Nagasaki, a Nagasaki melting into a blue haze of darkness.

It is ten o'clock when all is finally settled and M. Kangourou comes to tell me:

"All is arranged, sir: her parents consent to her marriage with you for twenty dollars a month, — the same as Mlle. Jasmin."

On hearing this I am possessed suddenly with extreme vexation that I should have made up my mind so quickly to link myself with this little creature and dwell with her in this isolated house.

We come back into the room; she is the center of the circle and seated; and they have placed the aigrette of flowers in her hair.

Chrysanthème and I join hands. Yves, too, advances and touches the dainty little paw; — after all, if I wed her, it is chiefly his fault; I should never have remarked her without his observation that she was pretty.

The families having lighted their many-colored lanterns swinging at the ends of slight sticks, prepare to beat a retreat, with many compliments, bows, and courtesies. When it is a question of descending the stairs, no one is willing to go first, and at a given moment, the whole party is again on all fours, motionless, and murmuring polite phrases in undertones.

At length they all melt away, descend the stairs with a last buzzing accompaniment of civilities and polite phrases, finished from one step to another in voices which gradually die away. He and I remain alone in the unfriendly empty apartment, where the mats are still littered with the little cups of tea, the absurd little pipes, and the miniature trays.

Extract from Chapter IV. of "Jerusalem."

It was about three o'clock, after a long ride on the dusty road under a sun which at last had emerged from the morning mists and become very hot, that finally we arrived at Bethlehem.

While they were pitching our camp by the side of the road at the entrance to the town, as is the custom, and in one of those olive-tree inclosures which are abandoned to the passing traveler, we rode on through the streets on horseback.

No more of the first impression, to be sure. That was not earthly and it has fled from us forever. Yet Bethlehem is still, even to-day, in certain quarters at least, a town of the old Orient and not without interest to the eye.

As at Hebron, stone cubes arched with stones and which seem to have no roof. Narrow dark passages paved with big shining stones on which our horses slip. High dilapidated walls which appear as old as Herod, in which are very few and tiny arched windows. "Ah! the Moghrabis!" say the Syrians seated on their thresholds as they watch us approach. Between the houses the view plunges in long vistas upon the other declivity of the mountain which supports the town and sees gardens and orchards graded in endless terraces.

The special charm of Bethlehem lies in the beauty and the costume of the women. White and pink, with regular features and eyes of black velvet, they wear a high and stiff headdress, spangled with silver or gold, somewhat similar to the *hennin* of our western middle ages and which is covered by a veil "à la Vièrge" of white muslin hanging in large religious folds. Their bodices, brilliant in color and covered with embroidery in the old style, have sleeves down to the elbow, intended to show the very long pagoda sleeves, cut in a point after the manner of our fifteenth century, of the dress beneath which falls straight to the heels and which is generally of a somber green. In their clothes of the past ages, they walk slowly, upright with noble air — and, withal a naïve prettiness under the white veils which accentuate *a strange resemblance*, particularly when they hold on the shoulder a little child. At every turning of the street, one might imagine one sees the Virgin Mary, as the early painters pictured her.

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The wagonettes of the Cook's excursionists, carriages filled with tourists, for all of which one must draw aside under the doorways. An odious sign in French, "So-and-so, manufacturer of articles of piety at reduced prices." And, finally, we dismount on the grande place de Bethlehem, closed in yonder by the austere-looking walls of the Church of the Nativity. There are hotels, restaurants, shops with European windows filled with rosaries. There is a cab stand and a quantity of those beings who, with special impudence, make it their trade to fleece the traveler.

One is admitted by small groups and in turn into the Church and the grotto of the Nativity which adjoins a large convent of Franciscan monks, guides of these holy places.

We are received there by Italian monks who have common gestures and speech. They make us sit in a waiting-room and leave us alone. A dining-table occupies the center of the room. It is covered with a coarse oilcloth and has on it empty wine or beer glasses. On the walls there are "chromos" representing certain subjects. Queen Victoria, I think, and the Emperor of Austria. . . . Where, in truth, are we? In what public inn, in what low tavern? We had been warned, we expected to witness profanations, but not that! This name Bethlehem, so radiant, has just fallen pitifully at our feet, and all is over, everything crumbles in a mortal chill. We remain there silent and harsh, in a sadness without measure and in haughty disgust. Why did we come? why did not we go away at once, back to the desert this morning when, from the bottom of the lower valleys, Bethlehem still appeared to us mysterious and gentle?

It is our turn now. They call us, they are about to lead us into the grotto in which Christ was born.

Under the cloisters, as we pass along we meet others coming back — Russian pilgrims whose eyes, it is true, are veiled with tears but principally noisy tourists, "Bædeker" in hand. Great God, is it possible that this can be it? Is this place, prostituted to all, the Church of Bethlehem?

. . . .

The Church is in three divisions — Latin, Armenian and Greek. These three parts, each distinct and hostile, communicate, but a Turkish officer and soldiers, constantly armed, go from one to the other to maintain order and to prevent battles between Christians of different rites.

The grotto opens underneath, entirely subterranean at the present day. And very probably, as the traditions of the eleventh century bear witness, it was really the place of Christ's birth; for, situated formerly at the entrance to ancient Bethlehem, it served as a shelter to poor travelers who could not find a place at the inn.

Two staircases lead below, one for the Latins and the Armenians, the other for the Greeks. The narrow door is of white marble. All the partitions have become dirty and worn from the thousands of beings who have come in groups or in processions ever since the first Christian centuries. The grotto consists of a quantity of small compartments, little lobbies, in which are altars with lamps burning. The irregular roof of rock, damp and oozing, is seen here and there, through the hangings of faded damask; on all sides are cheap gildings, little pictures, vulgar "chromos." We expected at least some archaic luxury, some splendor, some golden treasure as in the crypt of Sinai. But no, nothing. Bethlehem has been pillaged so often that all there now is poor, unsightly, barely ancient. "Here the child was born," explains the monk. "Here he was laid in his couch, here the magi kings sat down, here were the ass and the ox." Distractedly, the mind closed and the heart chilled, we listened without hearing, impatient to leave the place.

Above the grotto, the three churches, in which they officiate and sing psalms at the same time, according to the rites and with the hatred of the neighbor, are plain and commonplace. In the Greek church, on seeing the antique tabernacle all of gold, a furtive religious impression, half heathen, stays our steps for a moment. A very old pope was singing quickly in a high nasal tone amid a cloud of incense and at each verse the crowd prostrates itself and rises — Bethlehem women each bearing on the bespangled *hennin* the long virginal veil, converted Arabs with naïve faith in their eyes bending their turban to the earth.

We escape through a fourth church, this a splendid monument, and more venerable than the others, but empty and abandoned, serving merely as a vestibule to the other churches. The basilica was commenced by St. Helen, finished about the year 330 by the Emperor Constantine, and in which eight centuries later, Christmas day 1101, Baudoin I. was consecrated King of Jerusalem. It is one of the oldest Christian sanctuaries in the world; it is two centuries older than the basilica of Sinai, and was spared by Saladin and by all the Arab conquerors. Miraculously preserved from destruction in former times, it only met with real damage at the beginning of our century at the hands of the contemporary Greeks, who walled up the choir in order to make their paltry little church of to-day. It is of a simple and elegant grandeur, retaining something of ancient Greece with its quadruple rows of Corinthian columns. Above the chapiter of acanthus the walls of the naves have preserved in part the gold mosaics placed there at the end of the twelfth century by the Lord Amaury, grand King of Jerusalem. The incense of the neighboring sanctuaries embalms it discreetly, and through its walls comes the muffled sound of the chanting of the pilgrims.

. . . .

Now we have nothing more to see that interests us in this profaned Bethlehem, and we cannot leave the place soon enough. On the square we remount to return to our tents, escaping from the cross and rosary venders who pull at our bridle, from the professional guides who pursue us offering their cards. And we depart carrying away bitter regret for having come, feeling at the bottom of our hearts the chill of irreparable deceptions.

. . . .

But towards evening, under the limpid twilight, as we meditate before our tents, our elbows resting as on a terrace on the little wall separating the road from our olive-tree inclosure the significance of the spot in which we are, comes slowly back to us strongly and once more almost soothes us. . . .

A little behind, yonder on our right, the first houses of Bethlehem, square and roofless, and alone characteristic of Judea. At our feet a great panorama which first descends to a vast depth, then in the distance runs up again to the lofty heights of the blue mountains. A peaceful and melancholy landscape, filled with olive-trees and stones, particularly gray stones whose pale shades become like vapor as the daylight fades. And dominating everything at inappreciable distances the immense blue chain of the Moab mountains which are on the other shore of the Dead Sea.

One hears on all sides the bells of the flocks returning from the fields and, in the distance, the chimes of the monasteries.

The flocks arrive. They begin to defile before us with their shepherds, and it is almost a biblical procession which passes before our eyes in the dim twilight which grows fainter and fainter.

Unexpectedly, there pass also a band of fifty children dancing, and singing that old French song "Au clair de la lune . . . prête moi ta plume." It is the Christian school returning from a picnic; fifty converted little Arabs, dressed in European style. The fathers conducting them sing the same air and dance, too. It is strange, but innocent and joyous.

Then the more archaic and graver cortège passes, the beasts and the shepherds.

The details of these immense plains stretching out before us, melt away before the invading darkness; soon the great lines of the horizon alone remain the same unchangeably, the same as in the days of the Crusades and in the time of Christ. And it is in this, in this eternal aspect, that the Great Souvenir still finds life.

Bethlehem! Bethlehem! This name begins once more to sing at the bottom of our less chilled souls. And, in the penumbra, the ages seem to roll silently on in their course, dragging us with them.

On the road the laborers and the shepherds still pass, in antique shadows against the vast backgrounds of the valleys and mountains, wending their weary way towards the town. Holding their children at their neck or else carrying them in the

BETHLEHEM

(General view)

Egyptian fashion seated on their shoulders, the women of Bethlehem slowly pass, with their long veils and long sleeves.

Bethlehem! This name now resounds joyously everywhere, in ourselves and in our melancholy surroundings, in the chirping of the crickets, in the tinkling of the flocks, in the chiming of the church bells. The age seems younger by eighteen centuries.

And now, one would think that the Virgin Mary in person were coming towards us with the infant Jesus in her arms. A few steps away she stops, leaning on the trunk of an olive-tree, her eyes bent to the ground, in the calm and pretty attitude of the madonnas. She was quite a young woman with pure features and dressed in blue and pink under a veil with long white folds. Other holy women follow her, tranquil and noble in their flowing robes and also attired with the *hennin* and veil. They form an ideal group, which the setting lights touch with a last glow. They speak and smile to our humble muleteers offering them water for us in amphoras and oranges in baskets.

Under the magic of the evening, in measure as a charmed serenity returns to us, we find ourselves full of indulgence, admitting and excusing all that had revolted us a short time before. Mon Dieu! the profanations, the innocent little barbarisms of the crypt — all that we might have expected. It was folly to regard it so loftily with our refined disdain. The thousand little chapels, the gildings and the coarse pictures, the rosaries, the tapers, the crosses,— all that consoles and enchants the innumerable crowd of simple folk for whom Jesus brought immortal hope. We who have learned only to look at Christ through the Gospel, perhaps conceive of Him an image less obscured than these pilgrims who in the grotto kneel before the little lamps of the altars, but the great enigma of his teaching and of his mission remains as inexplicable as ever. The Gospels, written almost a century after him, radiant as they may be, no doubt misinterpret him strangely. The slightest dogma is as inadmissible to our human reason as the pettish power of medals and scapularies. So by what right should we despise so much these poor little things. Behind all that — very far — at a boundless distance if you will — there is always the Christ, unexplained and ineffable, he who let approach the simple and the little children and who, if he saw come to him these half idolatrous believers, these peasants come to Bethlehem from distant Russia with their tapers in their hand and their eyes full of tears, would open his arms to welcome them. . . .

And now we consider with the most impartial indulgence this spot unique in the world, which is the church here; this spot filled eternally with the perfume of incense and the sound of chanting prayers.

The Marble Mountain of Anam.

(From "From Lands of Exile.")

The caverns are peopled with idols; the entrails of the rock are haunted; spells are sleeping in these deep recesses. Every incarnation of Buddha is here — and other, older images, of which the Bonzes no longer know the meaning. The gods are of the size of life; some standing up resplendent with gold, their eyes staring and fierce; others crouched and asleep, with half-closed eyes and a sempiternal smile. Some dwell alone, unexpected and startling apparitions in dark corners; others — numerous company — sit in a circle under a marble canopy in the green, dim light of a cavern; their attitudes and faces make one's flesh creep; they seem to be holding council. And each one has a red silk cowl over his head — in some pulled low over the eyes to hide their faces, all but the smile: one has to lift it to see them.

The gilding and Chinese gaudiness of their costumes have preserved a sort of vividness that is still gorgeous; nevertheless they are very old; their silken hoods are all worm-eaten; they are a sort of wonderfully preserved mummies. The walls of the temple are of the primeval marble rock, hung with stalactites, and worn and grooved in every direction by the trickling water oozing from the hill above.

And lower down, quite at the bottom, in the nethermost caverns, dwell other gods who have lost every trace of color, whose names are forgotten, who have stalactites in their beards and masks of saltpeter. These are as old — as old as the world; they were living gods when our western lands were still frozen, virgin forests, the home of the cave-bear and the giant elk. The inscriptions that surrounded them are not Chinese, they were traced by primeval man before any known era; these bas-reliefs seem earlier than the dark ages of Angcor. They are antediluvian gods, surrounded by inscrutable things. The Bonzes still venerate them, and their cavern smells of incense.

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